

THE

BEAUTIES

OF THE

ENGLISH DARMA.

VOL III.



239/5



BRITISH MUSEUM

ENGLISH DRAMA

VOL. III



T H E  
**B E A U T I E S**  
 O F T H E  
**E N G L I S H D R A M A ;**  
 D I G E S T E D

Alphabetically according to the Date of their  
 Performances.

Consisting of the most celebrated

Passages, Soliloques, Similies, Descriptions,

A N D O T H E R

**P O E T I C A L B E A U T I E S**

Contained in the Works of

SHAKESPEARE	ADDISON	STEELE	SMOLLETT
JOHNSON	ROWE	DAVENANT	PHILIPS
DRYDEN	YOUNG	RAWLEY	MASON
LEE	MALLETT	LILLY	FROWDE
OTWAY	FRANCIS	HILL	HAVARD
BEAUMONT	MILLER	HOMER	DENNIS
FLETCHER	SHIRLEY	CONGREVE	DUNCOMBE
MASSINGER	CHAPMAN	SAVAGE	MURPHY
LANDSDOWN	GLOVER	WHITEHEAD	CUMBERLAND
DENHAM	MIDDLETON	S. JOHNSON	BROOKE
SOUTHERN	C. JOHNSON	MILTON	KELLY, &c. &c.

With a copious Index to the Subjects, and a List of  
 the Plays made use of in the Work.

I N F O U R V O L U M E S.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row. 1777.



THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
OF THE  
ENGLISH DRAMA  
SELECTED

THE FIRST VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH DRAMA  
SELECTED  
BY  
JOHN GARDNER  
OF THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN



THE SECOND VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH DRAMA  
SELECTED  
BY  
JOHN GARDNER  
OF THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN

IN FOUR VOLUMES  
VOL. III

Printed for O. Forster, No. 2, Fenchurch Street, London.



THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF THE  
ENGLISH DRAMA.

*In LOVE with an ENEMY.*

**B**UT Love, with Malice, as an angry cur,  
Snarls while it feeds; so will I seize and stanch  
The hunger of my love on this proud beauty,  
And leave the scraps for slaves.

*DRYDEN's Oedipus.*

O horror! horror! after this alliance,  
Let tygers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep;  
And every creature couple with its foe.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

To love's no stranger than to live: A tax  
Impos'd on all by Nature; paid in kind,  
Familiar as our being—But is't not strange

VOL. III.

B

To



## L O V E

To love an enemy ? whom yester sun beheld,  
 Mustering her charms, and rolling, as she pass'd  
 By ev'ry squadron, her alluring eyes,  
 To edge her champions swords, and urge my ruin ?  
 The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannons,  
 Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murmuring noise ;  
 Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the sound  
 Her battle rais'd : Yet spite of me I love.

2. Thou love ! That odious mouth was never fram'd  
 To speak a word so soft :  
 Name Death again ; for that thou can'st pronounce  
 With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.  
 Love is for human hearts and not for thine,  
 Where the brute beast extinguishes the man.

1. ————— Insult not,  
 Too soon, proud beauty ; I confess to love :  
 Yet 'tis below my greatness to disown it.  
 I love thee implacably, yet hate thee too :  
 Would hunt thee barefoot in the mid-day sun,  
 Thro' the parch'd deserts, and the scorch'd sands,  
 T' enjoy thy love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

2. Lay by the lion's hide, vain conqueror,  
 And take the distaff ; for thy soul's my slave.

1. ————— Yes, I will wed thee ;  
 In spite of thee, and of myself I will,

2. For what ? To people Africa with monsters ?  
 Which that unnatural mixture must produce.

1. Serpent ! I will engender poison with thee ;  
 Join hate with hate ; add venom to the birth :  
 Our offspring, like the seed of dragons teeth,  
 Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

## P R O T E S T A T I O N S of L O V E.

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,  
 Towards Phœbus' lodgings ; such a charioteer  
 As Phaeton, would lash you to the West,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread



Spread thy close curtains, love-performing Night;  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
That jealous eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms untalk'd of, and unseen:  
Oh! give me Romeo, and when he shall die,  
Take him, and cut him out in little stars;  
And he will make the face of Heav'n so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with Night,  
And pay no worship to the gaudy sun.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.*

I love you more than Love can wield the matter,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, or liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare:  
No less than life, with Grace, Health, Beauty, Honour;  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father fond:  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee;  
And when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

—By Heaven, my Edith!

Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.  
The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still blowing  
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,  
In all their pride and pleasure, call thee mistress.

*BEAUMONT'S Rollo.*

Oh! she's the pride and glory of the world;  
Without her, all the rest is worthless dross:  
Life, a base slavery; empire, but a mock;  
And love, the soul of all, a bitter curse.

*ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,  
Since I behold my Aurengzebe appear;  
His name alone afforded me relief;  
Repeated as a charm to heal my grief.

B 2

I that



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4  
I that lov'd name did as some god invoke,  
And printed kisses on it, as I spoke.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind,  
Like fire that's borne by a tempestuous wind :  
Oh ! I could stifle you with eager haste,  
Devour your kisses, with my hungry taste,  
Rush on you, eat you, wander o'er each part  
Raving with pleasure, snatch you to my heart ;  
Then hold you off and gaze : then with new rage  
Invade you, till my conscious limbs presage  
Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'erflow ;  
So lost, so blest'd, as I but then could know, *Ibid.*

Not the Spring's mouth, nor breath of jessamin,  
Nor violets infant sweets, nor opening buds,  
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath !  
From every pore of him a perfume falls ;  
He kisses softer than a southern wind,  
Curls like a vine, and touches like a god !  
Then he will talk ! good gods ! how he will talk !  
Ev'n when the joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,  
Ev'n then he speaks such words, and looks such things,  
Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,  
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him !  
If I but mention him, the tears will fall :  
Sure there's not a letter in his name,  
But is a charm to melt a woman's eyes,

*Lee's Alexander.*

Hold off, and let me run into his arms !  
My dearest ! my all love ! my lord ! my king !  
Thou shalt not die, if that the soul and body  
Of thy Statira can restore thy life !  
Give me thy wonted kindness, bend me, break me  
With thy embraces, *Ibid.*

But, Oh ! there wants, to crown my happiness,  
Life of my empire ! treasure of my soul !  
Guide of my days, and goddess of my nights !

*M.*



My dear Statira ! Oh ! that heavenly beam !  
 Warmth of my brain, and fire of my heart !  
 Had she but shot to see me ! had she met me,  
 By this time I had been among the gods !  
 If any extasy can make a height,  
 Or any rapture hurl us to the Heavens. *Ibid.*

——— Oh ! the kissing joy !  
 Oh ! extasy ! my heart will burst my breast  
 To leap into thy bosom ! but, by Heav'n,  
 This night I will revenge me of thy beauties !  
 For the dear rack I have this day endur'd !  
 For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,  
 I'll have so many thousand burning loves ;  
 So swell thy lips, so fill me with thy sweetness ;  
 Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring eyes :  
 The smiling hours shall all be lov'd away,  
 We'll surfeit all the night, and languish all the day. *Ibid.*

O Mithridates ! mighty as thou art,  
 Before whose throne princes stand dumb as death,  
 With folded arms, and their eyes fix'd to earth ;  
 Dishonour brand me, if I would not choose  
 A private life with her whom my soul loves,  
 Rather than live like thee, with all thy titles,  
 The king of kings, without her.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

I swear upon the sword ; and, Oh !  
 Be witness Heaven, and all avenging powers,  
 Of the true love I give the prince Ziphars :  
 When I in thought forsake my plighted faith,  
 Much less in act, for empire change my love,  
 May this keen sword, by my own father's hand,  
 Be guided to my heart, rip veins and arteries,  
 And cut my faithless limbs from this hack'd body,  
 To feast the rav'nous birds and beasts of prey. *Ibid.*

That I do love you, O all you host of Heav'n  
 Be witness ! That you are dear to me,



Dearer than day to one whom sight must leave,  
 Dearer than life to one who fears to die ;  
 O thou bright power, be judge ; whom we adore !  
 Be witness of my truth ; be witness of my love !

*Ibid.*

So well I love, words cannot speak how well :  
 No pious son e'er lov'd his mother more  
 Than I my dear Jocasta.

*LEE's Oedipus.*

How I love Hector ! Need I say I love him ?  
 I am not, but in him.

*DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.*

——By all those holy vows,  
 Which, if there be a power above, are binding !  
 Or if there be a Hell below, are fearful !  
 May every imprecation which your rage  
 Can wish on me, take place if I am false.

*Ibid.*

All constant lovers shall, in future ages,  
 Approve their truth by Troilus : When their verse,  
 Full of protest and oaths, and big compare,  
 Want similes, as turtles to their mates,  
 As true as flowing tides are to the moon,  
 Earth to the centre, iron to the adamant ;  
 At last, when Truth is tir'd with repetition,  
 As true as Troilus, shall crown the verse,  
 And sanctify the numbers,

*Ibid.*

If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love,  
 When Time is old, and has forgot itself  
 In all things else, let it remember me ;  
 And after all comparisons of falsehood,  
 To stab the heart of perjury in maids,  
 Let it be said, as false as Cressida.

*Ibid.*

I said I lov'd you, and I love you still,  
 More than my life, and equal to my glory :  
 Methinks the warring spirits that inspire  
 This frame, this very genius of old Rome,

*That*



That makes me talk without the fear of death,  
And drives my daring soul to deeds of honour,  
Flames in your eyes; our thoughts too are a-kin,  
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.  
Now, by the gods, I lov'd you in your fury,  
In all the thunder that quite riv'd my hopes  
I lov'd you most, even when you did destroy me.

*Let's Theodosius.*

Know then, Eudofia; Ah! rather let me call thee  
By the lov'd name of Athenais still;  
That name that I so often have invok'd,  
And which was once auspicious to my vows,  
So oft at midnight sigh'd among the groves,  
The river's murmur, and the echo's burthen,  
Which every bird could sing, and wind did bear:  
By that dear name I make this protestation,  
By all that's good on earth, or blest in Heaven,  
I swear I love thee more, far more than ever. *Ibid.*

*Var.* Let me kneel and swear,  
And on thy hand seal my religious vow.  
Strait let the breath of gods blow me from earth,  
Swift from the book of Fame forgotten ever,  
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais!  
To all the Persian greatness.

*Athen.* I believe you,  
For I have heard you swear as much before.

*Var.* Oh! why then did I swear again?  
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,  
And could no better way express my passion.  
\* \* \* \* \* If there be more  
In Nature to convince thee of my love,  
Whisper it, O some god, into my ear,  
And on her breast thus to her list'ning soul  
I'll breathe the inspiration. *Ibid.*

She reigns more fully in my soul than ever:  
She garrisons my breast, and mans against me,  
Ev'n my own rebel thoughts, with thousand graces,



Ten thousand charms, and new discover'd beauties,  
 Oh ! hadst thou seen her when she lately blest me ;  
 What tears, what looks, what languishings she darted !  
 Love bath'd himself in the distilling balm ;  
 And, Oh ! the subtle god has made his entrance  
 Quite thro' my heart ! he shoots and triumphs there !  
 And all his cry is, Death, or Bellamira !  
 Oh ! Expectation burns me ! Heart ! how she in-  
 flames me !

Let's talk no more of war ! for now my theme's all  
 love !

The war, like winter, vanishes, 'tis gone ;  
 And Bellamira with eternal spring,  
 Dress'd in blue heaven's, and breathing vernal sweets,  
 Drops like a cherubim, in spoil before me.  
 Thus to a glorious coast thro' tempests hurl'd,  
 We sail like him, who fought the Indian world,  
 'Tis more, 'tis Paradise I go to prove,  
 And Bellamira is the land of Love !  
 I have her in my view, and hark ! she talks :  
 Fair, as the day when first the world began,  
 And I am doom'd to be the happy man !

*Lxx's Caesar Borgio.*

O my Monimia ! to my soul thou'rt dear  
 As honour to my name ; dear as the light,  
 To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness.

*Otway's Orphan.*

O she is dearer to my soul than rest  
 To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,  
 To great men power, or wealthy cities pride ! *Ibid.*

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life ;  
 Dear as those eyes that weep, in fondness, o'er thee,  
*Ibid.*

Where am I ? sure Paradise is round me !  
 Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here,  
 And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection !  
 To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,

*Till*



Till by attention he forgot his sorrows :  
 But, to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties  
 Would make him rage again with love, as I do ;  
 To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh !  
 Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece !  
 Sure, framing thee, Heav'n took unusual care,  
 As its own beauty, it design'd thee fair,  
 And form'd thee, by the best lov'd angel there.

*Ibid.*

Who can behold such beauty and be silent ?  
 Desire first taught us words : Man, when created  
 At first alone, long wander'd up and down  
 Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts :  
 But when a heav'n-born maid like you appear'd,  
 Strange passion fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,  
 Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love. *Ibid.*

If she can make me blest ! She only can :  
 Empire and wealth, and all she brings besides,  
 Are but the trains and trappings of her love :  
 The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,  
 In whose possession years roll round on years ;  
 And joys in circles meet new joys again ;  
 Kisses, embraces, languishings and deaths,  
 Still from each other to each other move,  
 To crown the various seasons of our Love :  
 And doubt you, if such love can make me happy ?

*DREYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

Oh ! bid me leap  
 From off the battlements of any tower,  
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are : Chain me with roaring bears ;  
 Or hide me nightly in some charnel-house,  
 O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapeless skulls :  
 Or bid me go into some new made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;  
 Things that to hear but told have made me tremble ;



And I'll go thro' it without fear or doubting,  
To keep my vows unspotted to my love!

*OTWAY's Cains Marius.*

O my Lavinia! if my heart e'er stray,  
Or any other beauty ever charm me;  
If I not live entirely only thine,  
In that curs'd moment when my soul forsakes thee,  
May I be hither brought a captive bound,  
T' adorn the triumph of my basest foe.

*Ibid.*

And if I live not faithful to the lord  
Of my first vows,  
May I be brought to poverty and scorn;  
Hooted by slaves forth from thy gates, O Rome!  
Till flying to the woods to avoid my shame,  
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse fate destroy me,  
And not a tree vouchsafe a leaf to hide me.

*Ibid.*

Lavinia! Oh! there's music in the name,  
That softening me to infant tenderness,  
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

*Ibid.*

———Who should be lov'd but you?  
So lov'd, that ev'n my crown and self are vile,  
When you are by.  
Come to my arms, and be thy Harry's angel;  
Shine thro' my cares, and make my crown sit easy.

*LEE's Duke of Guise.*

O thou soft dear! if ever I forsake thee,  
At my last hour may I despair of mercy:  
And may those saints, that knew the wrong I did thee,  
When at Heaven's gate I beg for entrance, answer,  
Remember what thou did'st to Fausta swear:  
Be gone, for ever leave this happy sphere,  
For perjur'd lovers have no mansion here.

*LEE's Constantine.*

———O best joy  
Of my abounding soul! what shall I call thee?

*By*



By Heaven, thou art all Heaven! All Paradise!  
My soul's best life, and my heart's grasp'd desire!  
Thou dearest of the world! The mother and her throes,  
After the rack, when hanging o'er her babe,  
With bleeding joys, wild looks, and yearning smiles,  
Loves not her darling more than I love Crispus.

*Ibid.*

If love be treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich:  
I have so much, my heart will surely break with it;  
Vows can't express it. When I would declare  
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought;  
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.  
O lead me to some desert, wide and wild,  
Barren, as our misfortunes: where my soul  
May have its vent; where I may tell aloud  
To the high Heavens, and every list'ning planet,  
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught!  
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,  
Give loose to love with kisses, kindling joy,  
And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

*Oswald's Venice Preserv'd.*

Oh? I will love thee! ev'n in madness love thee!  
Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,  
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart  
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine:  
Tho' the bare earth be all our resting place,  
Its roots our food, some elist our habitation,  
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;  
As thou fighting liest, and swell'd with sorrow,  
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of Love  
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;  
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

*Ibid.*

My lord, my love, my refuge!  
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!  
My heavy heart will leave its doleful bearing  
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joy.

*Ibid.*



O Pierre ! wert thou but she,  
 How I should pull thee down into my heart,  
 Gaze on thee till my eye-strings crack with Love,  
 Till all my sinews, with its fire extended,  
 Fix'd me upon the rack of ardent longing ;  
 Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest'd,  
 Come like a panting turtle to thy breast. *Ibid.*

Oh ! thou art my soul itself, Wealth, Friendship,  
 Honour !

All present joys, and earnest of all future,  
 Are summ'd in thee ! Methinks, when in thy arms,  
 Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more  
 Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours. *Ibid.*

I swear to you, by Heaven ! by all things sacred !  
 By all that's great and lovely upon earth !  
 By him ! by Guise ! by all the blessed moments  
 Of that dear life, which single I prefer  
 To millions of my own ! I love him more  
 Than you love Glory, Vengeance, and Ambition.  
*LEE's Massacre of Paris.*

For, Oh ! I love beyond all former passion.  
 Die for him ! that's too little : I could burn  
 Piece-meal away ; or bleed to death by drops :  
 Be flay'd alive ; then broke upon the wheel ;  
 Yet with a smile endure it all for Guise ;  
 And when let loose from torments, all one wound,  
 Run with my mangled arms, and crush him dead.  
*Ibid.*

Call then, my lords, call forth your fierce tormenters :  
 Propose to Marguerite flames and wounds,  
 And all the cruel arts of thoughtful Fury :  
 Or turn me forth a beggar to the world,  
 And make it death for any to relieve me :  
 Set the mad multitude, like dogs upon me,  
 To tear, to worry me like common flesh ;  
 To drag me to a ditch, and leave me gasping :

Yes



Yet with my last sighs I will groan to Heaven :

'Tis easier this than to be false to Guise.

*Ibid.*

The god of Love once more has shot his fires  
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him :

Almeyda now returns with all her charms :

I feel her, as she glides along my veins,

And dances in my blood ; so when Mahomet

Had long been hammering, in his lonely cell,

Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,

A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by :

Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,

And look'd behind, in hopes to be pursu'd :

He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair ;

And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

My dear Urania, miracle of women !

Was ever love so true, so great as thine.

Clasp'd in thy snowy arms I find more bliss,

Than scepter'd Pride, and crown'd Ambition taste.

*POWELL'S King of Naples.*

My Isabella ! O the joy of heart !

That I have leave at last to call you mine !

When I give that title to the charms

Of any other wish, be nothing mine.

*SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage*

Empire and Victory be all forsaken,

All but Chuseis ! Yes, ye partial powers,

To Plagues and Poverty, Disgrace and Shame ;

Strip me of all my dignities and crowns,

Not one of all your curses will be felt,

Whilst I can keep this blessing : Take, O take

Your sceptres back, and give them to my foes !

Give me but life, and love, and my Chuseis,

'Tis all I ask of Heaven.

*LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.*

The



The world's a worthless sacrifice for her!  
 More worth than thousand worlds!  
 The gods, that with unnumber'd eyes look down  
 From their high firmament, all stuck with lights,  
 See nothing half so glorious, or so bright.  
 Glory! that common mistress of mankind,  
 Courted by all, but by so few possess'd,  
 For which so many rivals hourly fall,  
 Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoyed:  
 But Love has led me to new realms of bliss,  
 Where pleasures blossom with eternal spring;  
 Enjoyment's made immortal by Desire,  
 And joys flow in on joys, and raptures stream:  
 All other sweets are visionary bliss,  
 Nothing but Love's substantial extasy. *Ibid.*

————— Let Chaos come,  
 Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part:  
 Interest, Ambition, Piety, Renown,  
 Pity, and Reason; I have weigh'd them all,  
 But, Oh! how light, when thou art in the scale. *Ibid.*

Love pleads for me;  
 And Love's enough; what argument so strong?  
 Absent, or present, thou art still the same;  
 My Faith's the same. What tho' the hunter fly,  
 The stricken stag bleeds on.  
 The impression that thou leav'st upon my soul,  
 Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,  
 That memory recalls no other thought,  
 But only Love, and only love of thee. *Ibid.*

I have a heart! But if it could be false  
 To my first vows, ever to love again,  
 These honest hands should tear it from my breast,  
 And throw the traitor from me.

*SOUTHERN'S Oronoko*

————— Let



Let me haste to tell thee,  
 What, and how dear Monefes has been to me.  
 What has he not been? All the names of Love,  
 Brothers, or fathers, husbands, all are poor.  
 Monefes is myself, in my fond heart,  
 Ev'n in my vital blood, he lives, and reigns:  
 The last dear object of my parting soul  
 Will be Monefes; the last breath, that lingers  
 Within my panting breast, shall sigh Monefes.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Oh! I want breath to speak! I die with extasy!  
 And my tumultuous thoughts above all words are rais'd!  
 Here let me with dumb eloquence express them:  
 Here pour out the abundance of my soul.

*Dennis's Iphigenia.*

Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch  
 Of this dear hand would kindle life a-new.  
 But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown,  
 And, Oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,  
 And my full heart is pain'd with ardent Love,  
 Allow me but to look on you, and sigh!  
 'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

*Rowe's Jane Grey.*

——— If I offend thee,  
 Let me be dumb for ever; let not life  
 Inform these breathing organs of my voice,  
 If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.  
 What is my peace and happiness to thine?

*Ibid.*

Here then I take thee to my heart for ever,  
 The dear companion of my future days;  
 Whatever Providence allots for each,  
 Be that the common portion of us both:  
 Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;  
 But if good Heav'n has any joy in store,  
 Let that be all thy own.

*Ibid.*

Thou



# L O V

Thou wond'rous goodness !  
 Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee;  
 And by the common course of things below,  
 (Where each delight is temper'd with affliction,)  
 Some evil, terrible and unforeseen,  
 Must sure ensue, to poize the scale against  
 This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure ;  
 But be it so, let it be Death and Ruin,  
 On any terms I take thee.

*Ibid.*

What was my transport then, when first I saw thee  
 Trembling, and in confusion pale and redd'ning  
 By turns ? when all thy charms were in a hurry ?  
 And the retreating, and returning blood,  
 Surpriz'd me with vicissitude of beauty !  
 How did my heart ? But, 'tis unutterable,  
 No words of rapture can express my passion,  
 Nor how I since have lov'd.

*TRAP's Abramule.*

Is it a fault my life's bound up in thee ?  
 That all my powers change with thy looks ?  
 That my eyes glote on thee, when thou'rt present ?  
 And ake and roll for light when thou'rt absent ?

*STEELE's Lying Lover.*

Leave thee ! forget thee ! blot thee from my heart !  
 Eraz the dear impression of thy charms !  
 Sooner thou'lt see me breathless, pale, and dead,  
 Intomb'd in the cold bosom of the earth,  
 Yet warmer far than my Irene's breast.

*GORING's Irene.*

Not the dear moment I beheld thee first,  
 When my fond soul stood hovering at my eyes,  
 And every passage of my yielding heart  
 Expanded wide to let the charmer in,  
 Not scatter'd half the flames around my breast,  
 As I this moment feel.

*Ibid.*

With



With bursting veins I'd climb 'gainst hills of fire;  
 Were you the prize, 'twould gain me: For your sake,  
 I'd plunge my shivering limbs in seas of snow,  
 And swim thro' all the freezing lakes of Winter:  
 Were you a prisoner, to restore your freedom,  
 I would rush on, and throw my naked breast  
 Upon the spears of armies—To reach you,  
 I would tear lions throats, and combat dragons:  
 I would descend to Hell, could Hell retain you:  
 But Hell would be no Hell when you were there!  
 I would do more than Fancy can impose,  
 Or woman wish, to gain you—But, by Heavens!  
 The very moment you depos'd your honour,  
 I would despise, forsake, and scorn to own you.

*HILL's Fair Inconstant.*

My heart bounds up to meet thee at my lips;  
 O take the little flutt'ring wanderer in!  
 Or let him grow thus to thy snowy bosom,  
 And be th' immortal guard of faithful Love!

*C. JOHNSON's Successful Pirate.*

To hear thee speak charms my distracted mind,  
 And makes all calm within. But when I see thee,  
 My greedy longing eyes would gaze for ever  
 Unsatisfy'd! Might I indulge their joy,  
 Swift hours would unregarded pass; whole years  
 As in a gentle slumber steal away;  
 The rapid stream of Time would, like one moment,  
 Flow back into Eternity again. *Ibid.*

Attest, ye powers,  
 Ye conscious powers who live in endless love,  
 Speak it my heart in every blushing vein,  
 Tell it my eyes in every gazing look,  
 And thou, my tongue, found nothing else but Love.

*SEWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Thou wond'rous goodness, darling of my life,  
 My all this world can give, my heav'n on earth,  
 Let me enclose thee in my eager arms,

And



And on thy bosom sigh my life away.  
 Believe me, my Ismena, Oh ! believe me,  
 If e'er I stray to seek out other charms,  
 Or even wander from thee in my thoughts,  
 May all my days in bitterness be spent,  
 And fell Remorse gnaw on my perjur'd soul.

*HANDESTORD'S Fatal Love.*

No, my soul's idol, you shall never have  
 The least occasion to complain of me ;  
 Nature shall change, and all to Chaos turn,  
 The sun shall cease to shine, the fire to burn ;  
 The stars shall lose their influence above,  
 E'er I, my dear Ismena, cease to love. *Ibid.*

Hail to the charming mistress of my soul !  
 As beautiful as Nature in the spring :  
 Sweet as the blooming season of the year,  
 When ev'ry view's delightful to the eye,  
 And every breeze is fraught with rich perfumes  
 Such, or less lovely, was the Cyprian queen,  
 When she with Pallas and the wife of Jove  
 A contest held, and Paris was the judge :  
 Had I been Paris, and you on Ida's top  
 To have disputed for the golden prize,  
 How soon should I have ended the debate,  
 By judging you the fairest of the four,  
 In whom, united, all their beauties meet. *Ibid.*

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light ?  
 Dost thou not circulate thro' all my veins,  
 Mingle with life, and form my very soul ?

*Young's Bessie.*

My joys are all deriv'd from thee,  
 Thou art their spring, their source : The rising dawn  
 Looks glad alone because it brings me thee.  
 The noon-tide flows, but at thy near approach ;  
 The day and night, the seasons and their changes,  
 Borrow their beauties from thy pleasing presence.

*BELLER'S Injured Innocence.*

—All



—————All my hopes, my soul is thine;  
 You take up ev'ry portion of my heart;  
 And here, to Death, I swear thee everlasting truth.

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

—————Be witness, Heaven!  
 Witness, ye soft desires that swell my veins,  
 And beat but to the music of her Love—  
 Dearly I love her! to distraction love!  
 Nor words can speak, nor thoughts can feel my passion.

*SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.*

—————To tell thee but how much I love her!  
 'Twould, like Eternity, admit no end. *Ibid.*

Hear me, thou soul of all my hopes and wishes!  
 And witness, Heaven, prime source of Love and  
 Joy!

Not a whole warring world combin'd against me,  
 Its pride, its splendour, its imposing forms,  
 Nor Interest, nor Ambition, nor the face  
 Of solemn State, not ev'n thy father's wisdom,  
 Shall ever shake my faith to Sigismunda.

*THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.*

—————Then tell Eugenia,  
 Let me conjure thee, tell her, that my heart  
 Ne'er felt the power of Beauty to another,  
 Nor hopes, nor fears, nor wishes; that my eye  
 Ne'er gaz'd with joy on any other form.  
 Witness, ye powers, who view our inmost thoughts,  
 And see the mind yet rising into action,  
 Did I e'er think of happiness without her,  
 Or feel a grief but as it gave her pain.

*FRANCIS'S Eugenia.*

Can'st thou suspect, that Fortune ruses my Love?  
 Thy power and honours may be snatch'd away,  
 Thy wide possessions pass to other lords,  
 And frowning Heav'n resume whate'er it gave,

ALL



All but my Love, which ne'er can know decay,  
But ev'n in ruin shall augment its fondness.

*GLOVER'S Boadicea.*

Think not that I fear  
The utmost rage of stern Adversity,  
Whilst thou art left. With thee I could be blest'd,  
Wreck'd on a pointed solitary rock,  
Tho' loud thro' night the spirits of the storm  
Howl'd on the hoary deep.

*DOWE'S Sethona.*

LOVER and MISTRESS.

In her, who to a husband is so kind,  
What raptures might a lover hope to find?

*ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.*

I cannot bear  
To owe the sweets of Love, which I have tasted,  
To the submissive duty of a wife:  
I would owe nothing to a name so dull,  
As husband is, but to a lover all.

*DRYDEN'S Ambition.*

My tenderness  
Surpasses that of husbands for their wives:  
Oh! that you lov'd like me! then you would find  
A thousand, thousand niceties in Love:  
The common love of sex to sex is brutal;  
But Love refin'd will fancy to itself  
Millions of gentle cares, and sweet disquiets.  
The being happy is not half the joy;  
The manner of the happiness is all!  
In me, my charming mistress, you behold  
A lover, that disdains a lawful title:  
Such as of monarchs to successive thrones:  
The generous lover holds by force of arms,  
And claims his crown by conquest.

*Ibid.*

The



The very name of wife and marriage  
Is poison to the dearest sweets of Love;  
To please my niceness, you must separate  
The lover from his mortal foe, the husband:  
Give to the yawning husband your cold virtue:  
But all your vigorous warmth, your melting sighs,  
Your am'rous murmurs be your lover's part. *Ibid.*

A lover is the very fool of Nature,  
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,  
His fever'd Fancy; while to your own charms  
Imputing all, you swell with boundless pride.  
Shame on the wretch, he should be driv'n from men,  
To live with Asian slaves, in one soft herd,  
All worthless, all ridiculous together.

*THOMSON'S Sopbonisba.*

I know to love you, Zara, with esteem,  
To trust your virtue, and to court your soul.  
Nobly confiding, I unveil my heart,  
And dare inform you, that 'tis all your own:  
My joys must, all be yours—only my cares  
Shall lie conceal'd.

*HILL'S Zara.*

Trust me—with women worth the being won,  
The softest lover ever best succeeds.

*HILL'S Alzira.*

# L O Y A L T Y,

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly; Yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place in the story.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Antony and Cleopatra.*

Remember,  
We are but subjects, Maximus: Obedience  
To what is done well, and grief for what is done ill,



Is all we can call ours ; The hearts of princes  
Are like the temples of the gods ; pure incense,  
Until unhallow'd hands defile the offerings,  
Burns ever there ; we must not put them out,  
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Valentinian.*

Allegiance, tempted too far, is like  
A sword well temper'd on an anvil try'd ;  
That press'd too hardly may in pieces fly,  
An over-burthen'd trust may treach'ry prove,  
And be too late repented.

*MASSINGER's* —————

————— Love with bounty levied  
Is a sure guard ; obedience forc'd from fear,  
Paper fortification ; which, in danger,  
Will yield to the impression of a reed,  
Or of itself fall off.

*Ibid.*

The laws of friendship we ourselves create,  
And 'tis but simple villainy to break 'em ;  
But faith to princes broke, is sacrilege,  
An injury to the gods : And that lost wretch,  
Whose breast is poison'd with so vile a purpose,  
Tears thunder down from Heaven on his head,  
And leaves a curse to his posterity

*ROCHESTER's Valentinian.*

Let fools the name of loyalty divide,  
Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.

*SEDLEY's Antony and Cleopatra.*

————— I would serve my king ;  
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,  
And serve him with my person in the wars ;  
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for  
him,  
As every true-born subject ought.

*OWEN's Orphan.*

———— I have



I have served him :

In this old body yet the marks remain  
Of many wounds : I've with this tongue proclaim'd  
His right, ev'n in the face of rank Rebellion :  
And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd  
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,  
Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,  
I rush'd and clave the rebel to the chine. *Ibid.*

What gen'rous man can live with that constraint  
Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter,  
A court like this ? Can I sooth tyranny ?  
Seem pleas'd to see my royal master murder'd ?  
His crown usurp'd, a distaff on the throne ?  
A council made of such as dare not speak ?  
And could not, if they durst ? Whence honest men  
Banish themselves, for shame of being there ?  
A government, which knowing not true wisdom,  
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

One boon

Is all I crave.

*Alfred.* Good shepherd, speak thy wish.

*Corin.* Permission, in your wars, to serve your  
grace;

For tho' here lost in solitary shades,  
A simple swain, I learn an English heart ;  
A heart that burns with rage to see those Danes,  
Those foreign ruffians, those inhuman pirates,  
Oft our inferiors prov'd, thus lord it o'er us.

*Alfred.* 'Tis such as thou,  
Who from affection serve, and free-born zeal,  
To guard whate'er is dear and sacred to them,  
That are a king's best honour and defence.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

L U S T.



## L U S T.

—As Virtue never will be mov'd,  
 Tho' Lewdness court it in the shape of Heav'n:  
 So Lust, tho' to a radiant angel join'd,  
 Will seat itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*

Look here upon this picture, and on this;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;  
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
 Hyperion's curls; the seat of Jove himself;  
 An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command;  
 A station, like the herald Mercury,  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
 A combination, and a form indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man!  
 This was your husband—Look you now what follows;  
 Here is your husband—like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
 Could you in this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor? Ah! have you eyes?  
 You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment  
 Would step from this, to this: sense sure you have,  
 Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense  
 Is apoplex'd: For madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was e'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice  
 To serve in such a difference—What devil was't,  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.—



O Shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious Hell,  
 If thou can'st mutiny in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let Virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
 And Reason panders will. *Ibid.*

It is not Love, but strong libidinous will,  
 That triumphs o'er me ; and to satiate that,  
 What difference 'twixt this Moor, and her fair dame ?  
 Night makes their hues alike, their use is so :  
 Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,  
 If he do wink and touch them ; Lust being blind,  
 Never in woman did distinction find.

*BEAUMONT's Knight of Malta.*

Thy lust is more insatiate than the grave,  
 And like infectious airs engenders plagues,  
 'To murder all that's chaste or good in woman.

*BEAUMONT's Queen of Corinth.*

---

Lust is a vice  
 Sooner condemn'd than banish'd : Eas'ly spoke a-  
 gainst,  
 But yet 'twill fawn as smoothly on our flesh,  
 As Circe on the Grecian travellers  
 When she detain'd them in the shape of beasts.

*MASON's Muleasses.*

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,  
 What most we ought to fear ; the head-strong beast  
 Rushes along, impatient of the course ;  
 Nor hears the rider's call ; nor feels the rein.

*ROWE's Royal Convert.*

---

When vile Lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and lewd talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,



Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,  
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself in carnal sensuality  
 To a degen'rate and degraded state.

*MILTON's Comus.*

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal Lust,  
 Is meanly, selfish; when resisted, cruel;  
 And, like the blast of pestilential winds,  
 Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms.

*Ibid.*

Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;  
 Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,  
 Scarce visible in Joy's meridian height;  
 But downward as its blaze declining speeds  
 The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

*Ibid.*

——May Scorn pursue her wanton arts,  
 And all the painted charms that Vice can wear;  
 Yet oft o'er credulous youth such syrens triumph,  
 And lead their captive Sense in chains as strong  
 As links of adamant.

*Ibid.*

Are these the pleasures of unlawful love?  
 Are these the promis'd joys, so ill exchang'd  
 For those that Innocence alone can give?  
 How strong is the delusion of our Fancy?  
 That with false colours dresses up a dream  
 Of empty joys and visionary bliss.

*Knova's Philotas.*

——Servile inclinations, and gross love,  
 The guilty bent of vicious Appetite;

*At*



At first a sin, a horror ev'n in bliss,  
 Deprave the senses, and lay waste the man :  
 Passions irregular, and next a loathing  
 Quickly succeed to dash the wild desire,

*HAVARD'S Scanderbeg.*

— Am I then so vile,  
 So lost to Reason, Honour, common Sense,  
 As without Love, that all-compelling fury,  
 Without debasing, thoughtless, blind, blind Love,  
 To bow me from the height of happy life  
 To this low fearful state of coward Shame ?

*THOMSON'S Agamemnon.*

Go, Castor, range thro' all the wanton world ;  
 There are a thousand beauties to ensnare,  
 Who will with equal warmth receive your flame ;  
 They take neglect as kindly as your love.  
 There are of women, or report is false,  
 Who like your sex prove passion in extreme ;  
 Whose raging raptures do, like flaming spirits,  
 Exhaust themselves, and burn away to nothing.

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

## L U X U R Y.

We will eat such at a meal :  
 The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,  
 The brains of peacocks and of ostriches,  
 Shall be our food ; and could we eat the phoenix,  
 Tho' Nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

*B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.*

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuf ;  
 Down is too hard : And then, my oval room  
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took  
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine  
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,  
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse

C 2

And



And multiply the figures, as I walk  
 Naked between my Succubæ ; my mists  
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,  
 To lose ourselves in ; and my baths, like pits  
 To fall into ; from whence we will come forth,  
 And rowl us dry in gossamore and roses :  
 And my flatterers  
 Shall be the purest, and gravest of divines,  
 That I can get for money. My meet fools,  
 Eloquent burgessees ; and then my poet  
 The same that writ so subtilly of the fart :  
 Whom I will entertain still for that subject.  
 The few that would give out themselves to be  
 Court and town stallions, and each where bely  
 Ladies, who are known most innocent ; for them,  
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of :  
 And they shall fan me with ten ostrich tails  
 A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.  
 My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,  
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded  
 With em'ralds, sapphirs, hyacinths, and rubies :  
 With tongues of carps, dormice, and camels heels,  
 Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl ;  
 Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy :  
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,  
 Knots, godwits, lampreys ; I myself will have  
 The beards of barbels serv'd instead of fallads ;  
 Oil'd mushrooms ; and the swelling unctuous pape  
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
 Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce ;  
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold ;  
 Go forth, and be a knight. My shirts  
 I'll have of taffata sarfnet, soft and light  
 As cob-webs ; and for all my other raiment,  
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,  
 Were he to teach the world riot anew ;

My



My gloves of fishes, and bird-skins, perfum'd  
With gums of Paradise, and eastern air.

*B. JOHNSON'S Alchymist.*

————— Gather all the flowers  
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way :  
Translate my bow'rs to Caria's rosy banks,  
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,  
Make it continual spring : If the sun's rays  
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,  
Fan him with filken wings of mildest air,  
Breathe'd by Etesian winds : the briskest nectar  
Shall be his drink ; and all th' ambrosial cates  
Art can devise for wanton appetite  
Furnish his banquet : As his senses tire,  
Vary the object : Let Delight be link'd  
So in a circled chain, no end may see,  
Pleasure is only my Eternity.

*NABB'S Microcosm.*

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds  
Of Virtue in him, springing unto glory,  
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,  
And slave to Luxury ; to drown his spirits  
In lees of sloth ; to yield up the weak day  
To wine, to lust, and banquets.  
I would have you proceed, and seek for Fame  
In brave exploits ; like those, that snatch their  
honour

Out of the talons of the Roman eagle,  
And pull her golden feathers in the field :  
Those are brave men ; not you, that stay at home  
And dress yourself up, like a pageant,  
With thousand antic and exotic shapes ;  
That make an idol of your looking-glass,  
Sprucing yourselves two hours by it, with such  
Gestures and postures, that a waiting wench  
Would be ashamed of you ; and then come forth  
To adorn your mistress' fan, or tell your dream ;  
Ravish a kiss from her white glove, and then



Compare it with her hand ; to praise her gown,  
 Her tire, and discourse of the fashion ;  
 Make discov'ry which lady paints, which not ;  
 Which lord plays best at gleek, which best at racket :  
 These are fine elements.

*SHACKERLY'S Marmion.*

There, in her den, lay pompous Luxury,  
 Stretch'd out at length ; no vice cou'd boast such high  
 And gen'ral victories as she had won ;  
 Of which, proud trophies there at large were shewn.  
 Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,  
 Those mighty monarchies, that had o'erspread  
 The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conq'ring  
                   arms  
 From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms  
 Were quite consum'd : there lay imperial Rome,  
 That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome :  
 Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there ;  
 The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear ;  
 With others numberless, lamenting by :  
 Examples of the power of Luxury.

*MAY'S Henry II.*

Alas ! Antigona, thy country's manners  
 Have well reveng'd the conquest of her realms ;  
 While now by Luxury, thy softer climate  
 Boasts a more ample triumph o'er our souls :  
 Thence the rough honesty of Greece is fled ;  
 And all those golden rules her sages taught,  
 Men that approach'd divinity forgot.

*BROWN'S Philotas.*

This is the fruit of Corinth's Luxury,  
 That nurse of Tyranny ! that bane of Virtue !  
 Where'er the insinuating poison spreads,  
 Our sense it weakens, sinks us into brutes,  
 It plunges us in Sloth, in Poverty,  
 In Guilt, Corruption, Slavery and Ruin.

*TRACY'S Periander.*

· · · · · L Y I N G .



## L Y I N G.

————— I know them; yea,  
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;  
 Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-mongring boys,  
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,  
 Go anticly, and shew an outward hideousness,  
 And speak of half a dozen dangerous words,  
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,  
 And this is all.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Much ado about Nothing*

————— Two beggars told me  
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
 A punishment or trial? Yes! no wonder  
 When rich ones scarce can tell true: To lapse in  
 fullness  
 Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood  
 Is worse in kings than beggars.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Cymbeline.*

## M A D N E S S.

*K. John.* I' MARRY, now my soul hath elbow  
 room,

It would not out at windows, nor at doors:  
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
 Upon a parchment: and against this fire  
 Do I shrink up.

*Henry.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd! ill fare: Dead, forsook, cast  
 off;



And none of you will bid the Winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw :  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Thro' my burnt bosom ; nor intreat the North  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold.

*SHAKESPEARE's King John.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason,  
Like sweet bells jangl'd, out of tune and harsh ;  
Mad as the seas and winds, when both contend  
Which is the mightier.  
She hems, and beats her breast ;  
Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense :  
Yet her unshaped use of speech does move  
The hearers to collection : They aim at it,  
And her words up fit to their own thoughts ;  
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,  
Indeed, would make one think there would be thoughts,  
Tho' nothing suit, yet much unhappily.

*SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.*

Mad as the vexed sea fingering aloud,  
Crown'd with rank fenitar and furrow weeds,  
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

*SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.*

————— I have bethought myself,  
To take the basest, and the poorest shape  
That ever Penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,  
Blanket my loins, put all my hair in knots ;  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,  
Strike into their numb'd and mortified arms,

Pine,



Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
 Sometimes with lunatic bands, sometimes with prayers,  
 Enforce their charity. *Ibid.*

Observe the gallantry of her distraction :  
 Hark ! how she mouths the Heavens, and mates the  
 gods ;

Her blazing eyes darting the wand'ring stars :  
 While with her thunder voice she threatens high,  
 And ev'ry accent twangs with smarting sorrow.

*LEE's Oedipus,*

To my charm'd ears no more of woman tell,  
 Name not a woman, and I shall be well :  
 Like a poor lunatic, that makes his moan,  
 And for a while beguiles his lookers on :  
 He reasons well, his eyes their wildness lose ;  
 He vows the keepers his wrong'd sense abuse :  
 But if you hit the cause that hurts his brain,  
 Then his teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his chain,  
 His eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. }

*LEE's Caesar Borgia.*

— Her unregarded locks  
 Matted like Fury's tresses, her poor limbs  
 Chain'd to the ground ; and 'stead of those delights,  
 Which happy lovers taste, her keeper's stripes,  
 A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish  
 Of wretched sustenance. *OWEN's Orphan.*

— He raves, his words are loose  
 As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense :  
 So high he's mounted in his airy throne,  
 That now the wind has got into his head,  
 And turns his brains to frenzy.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,  
 Which none but madmen know.

*Ibid.*



Madmen ought not to be mad,  
But who can help their frenzy. *ibid.*

If on ship-board I should see my friend  
Grown frantic in a raging calenture,  
And he, imagining vain flow'ry meads,  
Would plunge himself into the deep,  
Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,  
Till his sick Fancy were by Reason cur'd.  
*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

The moon has roll'd o'er his head and turn'd it,  
As peals of thunder pour the gen'rous wine.  
*DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

Mad as the winds,  
When for the empire of the main they strive.  
*DENNIS'S Appius and Virginia.*

Hark ! methinks the gods grow loud : Hark how  
Their humble thunder grumbles in the sky !  
See how the fiery balls fly whizzing by,  
Dealing Amazement and Destruction all around !

Ha ! ha ! ha !  
See yon old miser laden with swelling bags  
Of ill-got gold, with how much awkward haste  
He limps away to shelter ! See how he ducks,  
And dives, and doges with the gods ; and all  
Only in hope to avoid for some few days,  
Perhaps, the just reward of his own sad extortion.  
The hot adulterer, now all chill and impotent,  
With fear leaps from the polluted bed,  
And crams himself into a cranny !  
Those mighty men of blood, who make a trade  
Of murder, forget their wonted fierceness ;  
Out-nois'd, they shrink aside, and shake for fear  
O' th' louder threat'nings of the angry gods.

*FILMER'S Unnatural Brother.*

But



But now her grief has wore her into frenzy,  
 The images her troubled Fancy forms  
 Are incoherent, wild, her words disjointed :  
 Sometimes she raves for music, light, air :  
 Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains :  
 Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,  
 And moves, and bounds with vigour not her own.  
 Then life is on the wing ; then most she sinks,  
 When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,  
 That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,  
 And bubbles to the brim ; ev'n then most wasting,  
 When most it swells.

*SMITH'S Phœdra and Hippolitus.*

### M A G I C I A N.

Since that the powers divine refuse to clear  
 The mystic deed, I'll to the grove of furies ;  
 There I can force th' infernal gods to shew  
 Their horrid forms, each trembling ghost shall rise,  
 And leave their grisly king without a waiter.

*DRYDEN'S Oedipus.*

—Infernal gods !

Must you have music too ? Then tune your voices,  
 And let them have such sounds as Hell ne'er heard,  
 Since Orpheus brib'd the shades. *Ibid.*

—Hear those laments,

Those groans of ghosts, that cleave the earth with pain,  
 And heave it up ; they pant, and stick half way.

*Ibid.*

All Nature lies subjected to my charms,  
 I give her rest, and rouse her with alarms :  
 My arbitrary voice she hears with awe,  
 And standing fix'd, suspends th' eternal law.  
 I to the tempest make the poles resound,  
 And the conflicting elements confound.  
 At my command

The



The thunder rushes out on flaming wings;  
And all the hollow deep of Hell with hideous uproar  
rings. *DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.*

Thou know'st how far her dreadful power extends,  
That power that sets Earth, Hell, and Heav'n in up-  
roar,

While Chaos hush'd, stands list'ning to the noise,  
And wonders at confusion not his own.  
But hark! already she begins: already  
Hell's grisly tyrant takes the dire alarm,  
In frantic haste ev'n now the furies arm:  
Th' infernal trumpet thro' th' abyss profound,  
Horribly rumbles with its dreary sound.

Hark! in that roar Hell's dreadful bounds it past;  
Hark! how the vaulted Heavens restore the dismal  
blast. *Ibid.*

With silent awe attend my potent charm;  
And thou, O Air! that murmur'st on the mountain,  
Be hush'd at my command: Silence, ye winds,  
That make outrageous war upon the ocean:  
And thou, old Ocean, lull thy wond'ring waves;  
Ye warring elements, be hush'd as Death,  
While I impose my dread commands on Hell:  
And thou, profoundest Hell, whose dreadful sway  
Is given to me by Fate and Demogorgon;  
Hear, hear my powerful voice thro' all thy regions,  
And from thy gloomy caverns thunder the reply. *Ibid.*

I oft have heard but ne'er believ'd till now,  
There are, who can by potent magic spells  
Bend to their crooked purpose Nature's laws,  
Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,  
Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,  
And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom  
Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light.

*MILTON's COMUS.*

'Tis



'Tis [their wond'rous magic standard]  
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
At midnight's blackest hour; when the sick moon,  
Wrapt in eclipse, by their enchanting song,  
Down thro' the turbid clouds its influence shed  
Of baleful power. The sisters ever sung—  
" Shake, standard, shake destruction o'er our foes."

*Mallet's Alfred.*

M A I D E N.

Where may a maiden live securely free,  
Keeping her honour safe: not with the living;  
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,  
And make them truths; they draw a nourishment  
Out of defamings; grow upon disgraces;  
And when they see a virtue fortified  
Strongly above the battery of their tongues;  
Oh! how they cast to sink it; and defeated  
(Soul sick with poison) strike the monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,  
And the cold marble melt.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.*

MALECONTENTS.

There's still

A dangerous wheel at work, a thoughtful villain;  
One, who has rais'd his fortune by the jars  
And discords of his country; like a fly  
O'er flesh, he buzzes about itching ears,  
'Till he has vented his infections there,  
To fester into rancour and sedition.

*Orwar's Cains Marini.*

That talking knave

Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,  
And sows sedition up and down the city;  
Picking up discontented fools, belying

The



The senators and government; destroying  
Faith among honest men, and praising knaves. *Ibid.*

Great discontents there are, and many murmurs :  
The doors are all shut up : The wealthier sort  
With arms a-cross, and hats upon their eyes,  
Walk to and fro before their silent shops ;  
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers doors,  
To call in money : Those who have none, mark  
Where money goes ; for when they rise 'tis plunder.  
*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

No safety can be here for virtue ;  
Where all agree to spoil the public good,  
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours :  
We've neither safety, unity, nor peace ;  
For the foundation's lost of common good :  
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us :  
The laws corrupted to their ends that make them,  
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,  
That every day starts up t'enslave us deeper.

*Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

Oh ! the curs'd fate of Venice,  
Where brothers, friends, and fathers are all false ;  
Where there's no trust, no truth ; where Innocence  
Stoops under vile Oppression, and Vice lords it. *Ibid.*

The public stocks' a beggar : One Venetian  
Trusts not another : Look into their stores  
Of general safety, empty magazines ;  
A tatter'd fleet, a murmuring unpaid army :  
Bankrupt nobility, a factious, giddy and  
Divided senate, a harra's'd commonalty,  
Is all the strength of Venice ! Let's destroy it ;  
Let's fill the magazine with arms to awe them :  
Man out their fleet, and make their trade maintain it :  
Let loose the murmuring army on their masters,  
To pay themselves with plunder : Lop their nobles  
To the base roots, whence most of them first sprang :  
Enslave the rout, whom smarting will make humble :  
Turn



Turn out their doating senate, and possess  
 That seat of empire, which our souls were fram'd for.  
*Ibid.*

To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,  
 And own myself a man ! to see our senators  
 Cheat the deluded people with a shew  
 Of Liberty, which yet they never must taste of :  
 They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,  
 Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds ;  
 Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow,  
 Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,  
 Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction :  
 All that bear this, are villains ! and I one,  
 Not to rouse at the great call of Nature,  
 And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,  
 That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.  
*Ibid.*

The state is out of tune, distracting fears,  
 And jealous doubts jar in our public counsels ;  
 Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,  
 Lewd railings and reproach on those that rule ;  
 With open scorn of government : Hence credit  
 And public trust 'twixt man and man are broken,  
 The golden streams of commerce are withheld,  
 Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,  
 Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.  
*Row's Jane Shore.*

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,  
 When shall our long divided land have rest,  
 If every peevish, moody malecontent  
 Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,  
 Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,  
 Each day with some fantastic giddy change ?  
*Ibid.*

'The resty knaves are over-run with ease,  
 As plenty ever is the nurse of faction.  
*Ibid.*



## M A N.

Now by two headed Janus  
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
 Some that will evermore peep thro' their eyes,  
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;  
 And others of such vinegar aspect,  
 That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,  
 Tho' Neither swear the jest be laughable.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.*

There's nothing situate under Heav'n's eye,  
 But hath its bound in earth, in sea and sky :  
 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
 Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls :  
 Man's more divine, the master of all these,  
 Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas,  
 Endu'd with intellectual sense and soul,  
 Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowl ;  
 Are masters to their females, and their lords,  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Comedy of Errors.*

This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes, To-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost !  
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,  
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls as I do.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VIII.*

His nature is too noble for the world,  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
 Or Jove for his power to thunder: His heart's his mouth,  
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
 And being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of Death.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.*

Hia



His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world this was a man.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.

What is man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more!  
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason,  
To rust in us unus'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Aye! in the catalogue, ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shocks, water rugs, and demy wolves, are 'clep'd  
All by the name of dogs; the valu'd file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, ev'ry one  
According to the gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Macbeth*.

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Is man no more than this? Consider him well,  
Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide,  
The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.  
Thou art the thing itself;  
Unaccommodated man is no more, but such a poor  
Barefork'd animal as thou art.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*.

These our times are not the same, Aruntius  
The men are not the same—'tis we are base,  
Poor, and degenerate, from th' exalted strain  
Of our great fathers, where is now the soul

Of



Of godlike Cato? he that durst be good,  
 When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power  
 Scorning to live his slave, to die his master?  
 Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof  
 Against all charm of benefits, did strike  
 So brave a blow into the monster's heart,  
 That fought unkindly to enslave his country?  
 O, they are fled the light! those mighty spirits  
 Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,  
 And not a spark of their eternal fire  
 Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,  
 Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so;  
 There's nothing Roman in us: nothing good;  
 Gallant, or great; 'tis true what Cordus says,  
 Brave Cassius was the last of all the race.

*JOHNSON'S Sejanus.*

—————As there is by nature  
 In ev'ry thing created contrariety;  
 So likewise is there unity and league  
 Between them in their kind: But man, th'abstract  
 Of all perfection, which the workmanship  
 Of Heav'n hath modell'd; in himself contains  
 Passions of several qualities; the music  
 Of man's fair composition best accords  
 When 'tis in concert, not in single strains,  
 My heart has been untun'd these many months,  
 Wanting her presence, in whose equal love  
 True harmony consisted: living here,  
 We are Heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

*Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

I will sooner trust a crocodile,  
 When he sheds tears; for he kills suddenly,  
 And ends our cares at once; or any thing  
 That's evil to our nature, than a man.  
 I find there is no end of his deceivings,  
 Nor no avoiding them, if we give way.

*BAUMONT'S Concombs.*

Have



Have I not taught thee  
 The falshood, and the perjuries of men?  
 On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,  
 Is to be cruel to herself; the sovereignty,  
 Proud, imperious men usurp upon us,  
 We confer on ourselves, and love those fetters  
 We fasten to our freedoms.

*BEAUMONT'S Sea Voyage.*

Mankind each other's stories still repeat,  
 And man to man is a succeeding cheat.

*HOWARD'S Duke of Lerma.*

How poor a thing is man, whom Death itself  
 Cannot protect from injuries? O, ye gods!  
 Is't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd  
 On dang'rous seas, but we must stand in fear  
 Of pirates in the haven too? Heav'n made us  
 So many butts of clay, at which the gods  
 In cruel sport shoot miseries.

*RANDOLPH'S Jealous Lovers.*

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving too, and full as vain:  
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,  
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;  
 But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
 To the world's open view.

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

O wretched man! whose too, too busy thoughts  
 Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'n's round,  
 With an eternal hurry of the soul?  
 Nay, there's a time, when even the rolling year  
 Seems to stand still, dead calms are in the ocean,  
 When not a breath disturbs the drowsy waves:  
 But man! the very monster of the world,  
 Is ne'er at rest, his soul for ever wakes.

*DRYDEN'S Oedipus.*

*Be-*



Behold of ev'ry age ! ripe manhood see,  
 Decrepit years, and helpless infancy :  
 Those who by ling'ring sickness lose their breath,  
 And those who, by despair, suborn their death :  
 See you mad fools, who for some trivial right,  
 For love, or for mistaken honour, fight :  
 See those more mad who throw their lives away  
 In needless wars, the stakes which monarchs lay,  
 When for each others provinces they play.  
 Then as if earth too narrow were for Fate,  
 On open seas their quarrels they debate ;  
 In hollow wood they floating armies bear ;  
 And force imprison'd winds to bring 'em near.

*DRYDEN'S Fall of Man.*

Trust not a man, we are by nature false,  
 Dissembling, subtil, cruel, and inconstant,  
 When a man talks of love, with caution hear him,  
 But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

Fly from his charms betimes,  
 There is no other safety : If you think  
 To stand, and guard the passes to your heart,  
 You are undone : Oh ! I've heard him talk  
 Like the first-born child of Love, when every word  
 Spoke in his eyes, and wept to be believ'd,  
 And all to ruin me. Had I more time  
 To tell my story out, 'twould move your pity.

*SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.*

Men are not still the same ; our appetites  
 Are various, and inconstant as the moon,  
 That never shines with the same face again :  
 'Tis Nature's curse never to be resolv'd ;  
 Busy to-day in the pursuit of what  
 To-morrow's eldest judgment may despise.

*Ibid.*

Man is but man, inconstant still, and various :  
 There's no to-morrow in him, like to-day :  
 Perhaps the atoms whirling in his brain,

Make



Make him think honestly this present hour;  
 The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts  
 May mount aloft.  
 Who would trust Chance since all men have the seeds  
 Of good or ill, which should work upward first.

*DRYDEN's Cleomenes.*

'Tis better be a dog, than be a man;  
 Instinct of nature is the only guide,  
 Unerring, vain light of Reason! Ah! how frail!  
 Put out by every accidental breath,  
 That Passion blows!

What fool would be a man, who had the choice  
 Of his own being? the best, most perfect,  
 Are so allay'd, the good so mix'd with bad,  
 Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,  
 The noble part's not current for the base.

*LANDSDOWN's Heroic Love.*

With what unequal tempers are we fram'd!  
 One day, the soul supine with ease and fulness,  
 Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,  
 The hour of Evil can return no more:  
 The next, the spirits, pall'd and sick of riot,  
 Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings;  
 Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,  
 And bitterness and anguish.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

How could my tongue  
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!  
 How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!  
 Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,  
 And in-born truth, unknowing to dissemble:  
 Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,  
 In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

*Rowe's Jane Grey.*

Now you pull off the vizard you have worn,  
 And shew me what you are, a perfect man,  
 Bred up in guile, and practis'd in deceit.

*BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.*

How



How curst is man, thro' ev'ry scene of life !  
 Our life is one continued toil for fame ;  
 Like ants we toil, and raise a little molehill,  
 That ev'ry brute can level—In old age,  
 Hope—ev'n that too is deny'd us—Hope !  
 Youth's best prerogative—Its sweetest blessing !  
 The poor man's feast—the sick man's richest cordial :  
 In youth the winds may blow, the rains may beat  
 Still green, still gay, still lovely does it flourish ;  
 But nipp'd in age, it droops, it fades, and dies.

*MARTYN'S Timoleon.*

---

Woman's the cause,  
 A cause can Nature change, can turn a man  
 Into a brute, or worse than a meer brute,  
 A brute rational, the worst of brutes ;  
 For brutes by instinct follow Nature's laws,  
 Whilst man alone still Nature's laws inverts.  
 The gen'rous lion ranging o'er the plains  
 Will never hurt the trav'ler on his way,  
 Unless he's injur'd, or in quest of prey ;  
 But monster man, will man to death pursue,  
 For base revenge, or any private view.

*WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.*

Let base degenerate man,  
 Now boast his lordship o'er the brute creation,  
 Excell'd in honesty and gratitude by beasts :  
 Curs will defend the master that was kind,  
 Guard him awake and watch him when he sleeps ;  
 But man, perfidious man ! will smile and fawn,  
 The surer, when intrusted, to betray.

*DARCY'S Love and Ambition.*

No mortal footing treads so firm in Virtue,  
 As always to abide the slipp'ry path,  
 Nor deviate with the bias—Some have few,  
 But each man has his failing, some defect  
 Wherein to slide temptation.—

*BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.*

Where



Where lives the man whose Reason slumbers not?  
Skill pure, still blameless, if at wonted dawn  
Again he wakes to Virtue.

*Ibid.*

Men are machines, with all their boasted freedom,  
Their movements turn upon some fav'rite passion;  
Let Art but find the latent foible out,  
We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.

*Ibid.*

What is man,  
When the worst heart can wear the brow of Virtue,  
And false Appearance smile us to Destruction?  
And yet, what is he not, when crown'd with Truth,  
With every social Virtue.

*HARVARD'S REGULUS.*

Short-sighted man, scarce farther sees before him  
Than the blind mole, tenant of earth's dark womb,  
Who scorns the beam of light, he can't enjoy.

\* \* \* \* \*

And yet this man, short-sighted as he is,  
Will in Presumption's prospect, plume his hopes  
(Unconscious of the weakness of his being)  
And wing his daring flight at heav'nly knowledge;  
Will arrogate Perfection to himself,  
And strip the shrines of worship to adorn him.

*Ibid.*

Alas, what monsters find we amongst men;  
If the great end of being can be lost,  
And thus perverted to the worst of crimes;  
Let us shake off deprav'd Humanity,  
Exchange conditions with the savage brute,  
And for his blameless instinct barter Reason.

*Ibid.*

So weak is man when destin'd to destruction,  
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

*St. JOHNSON'S ARENA.*

When social laws first harmoniz'd the world,  
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,

The



The scale of Justice and the sword of Pow'r,  
Nor left us aught but flattery and state. *Ibid.*

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,  
Too much to fear or trust, is equal weakness.  
Sometimes the wretch unaw'd by Heav'n or Hell,  
With mad Devotion idolizes Honour. *Ibid.*

What is the mind of man, a restless scene  
Of vanity and weakness; shifting still,  
As shift the lights of our uncertain knowledge;  
Or as the various gale of Passion breathes.  
*THOMSON'S Coriolanus.*

The human race are sons of Sorrow born:  
And each must have its portion. Vulgar minds  
Refuse to crouch beneath their load: The brave  
Bear theirs without repining. *MALLET'S Alfred.*

Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the  
knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted to be  
known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were man  
to appear what he really is, we should fly from him  
as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he  
appears, we should be happy in him as in a sincere  
one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels,  
and when the door is shut on us, exert the devil.

*FIELDING'S Wedding Day.*

Man's common course of Nature is distress;  
His joys are prodigies; and like them too  
Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts  
And trembles at the perils of a bliss.  
To hope, how hold? How daring to be fond,  
When, what our fondness grasps, is not immortal?  
*YOUNG'S Brothers.*

As the swollen columns of ascending smoke,  
So solid swells thy grandeur, pigmy man! *Ibid.*  
—God.



God-like man was made  
For nobler purposes of general good ;  
For action, not for rest.

*WHITEHEAD's Creusa.*

I have read the instructed volume  
Of human Nature, there long since have learn'd  
The way to conquer men is by their passions ;  
Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,  
And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.

*TOLSON's Earl of Warwick.*

Such, such is man,  
By simple Nature kind, nay oft times good,  
But if provok'd, his vengeance is unbounded.

*MURPHY's Zobeide.*

## M A N K I N D.

What strange creatures are the greatest part of mankind ! What a composition of contradictions ! always pursuing happiness, yet generally thro' such ways as lead to misery : Admiring every Virtue in others, indulging themselves in every Vice : Fond of Fame, yet labouring for Infamy.

*DODSLEY's Blind Beggar.*

## M A R R I A G E.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife ?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth happiness,  
And is a pattern of celestial bliss.

*SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.*

Take thus much of my council ; marry not  
In haste : for she that takes the best of husbands,  
Puts but on a golden fetter ; for husbands

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Are



Are like to painted fruit, which promises much,  
 But still deceive us, when we come to touch.  
 If you match with a courtier, he'll have a  
 Dozen mistresses at least, and repent  
 His marriage within four and twenty hours  
 At most; swearing a wife is fit for none  
 But an old justice, or a country gentleman:  
 If you marry a citizen, though you  
 Live never so honest, yet he shall be venturing  
 Abroad, when he might deal a great deal more  
 Safe at home. And this take of me, that 'mongst  
 The best, there is none good, all bad;  
 She's married best, that's wedded to her will.

*Mrs. S——'s Cupid's Whirligig.*

What do you think of marriage?  
 I take't, as those that deny purgatory:  
 It locally contains or Heav'n or Hell;  
 There's no third place in it.

*WEBSTER'S Duchess of Malfi.*

The joys of marriage are the heav'n on earth,  
 Life's Paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,  
 Sinews of concord, earth by immortality,  
 Eternity of pleasures.

*FORD'S Broken Heart.*

Fondness is still the effect of new delight;  
 Marriage is but the pleasure of a day;  
 The metal's base, the gilding worn away.

*DRYDEN'S Aurengzeib.*

Is not Love, Love, without a priest and altar?  
 The temples are inanimate, and know not  
 What vows are made in them: The priest stands ready  
 For's hire, and cares not what hearts he couples:  
 Love alone is marriage.

*DRYDEN'S Affignation.*

When to my arms thou brought'st thy virgin love,  
 Fair angels sung our bridal hymns above:

*Th' Eter-*



Th' Eternal, nodding, shook the firmament,  
 And conscious Nature gave her glad consent:  
 Roses unbud, and every fragrant flower  
 Flew from their stalks, to strew thy nuptial bower:  
 The furr'd and feather'd kind the triumph did pursue,  
 And fishes leap'd above the stream the passing pomp to  
 view. *DRYDEN's State of Innocence.*

Marriage, thou curse of love, and snare of life!  
 That first debas'd a mistress to a wife!  
 Love, like a scene, at distance should appear,  
 But marriage views the gross daub'd landscape near:  
 Love's nauseous care; thou cloy'st whom thou should'st  
 please,  
 And when thou cur'st, then thou art the disease.  
 When hearts are loose, thy chain our body ties;  
 Love couples friends, but marriage enemies.  
*DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.*

Marriage to maids, is like a war to men;  
 The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes  
 Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.  
*LEE's Mitridates.*

When fix'd to one, Love safe at anchor rides,  
 And dares the fury of the wind and tides;  
 But losing once that hold, to the wide ocean born,  
 It drives away at will, to every wave or scorn.  
*DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.*

I would not wed her:  
 No! were she all desire could wish, as fair  
 As would the vainest of her sex be thought,  
 With wealth beyond what woman's pride could  
 waste,  
 She should not cheat me of my freedom. *Marry!*  
 When I grow old and weary of the world,  
 I may grow desperate,  
 And take a wife to mortify withal.

*OWEN's Orphan.*



Curs'd be the memory, nay, doubly curs'd,  
 Of her that wedded age for interest first!  
 Tho' worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,  
 'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.  
 Who wed with fools, indeed, lead happy lives:  
 Fools are the fittest finest things for wives:  
 Yet old men profit bring, as fools bring ease,  
 And both make youth and wit much better please.

*OTWAY'S Soldier's Fortune.*

Good gods! What is this marriage? that so soon  
 Depraves our appetites, that thus prefers  
 Vile things to precious? It comes like frost  
 Upon a forward spring: The flower of youth,  
 Wanton in gay desires, here nipt, shrink in  
 With all its sweets, drooping the tender head  
 Upon its stalk, no worthier than a weed.

*SOUTHERN'S Spartan Dame.*

O curse of marriage! Plenty makes its wants?  
 And what was meant Love's food, starves all its  
 joys:

The feast comes quicker than the appetite:  
 Yet forcing Nature still, at last we cloy,  
 And surfeit ev'n to loathing.

*Ibid.*

Marriage is a bold venture at the best:  
 But when we please ourselves we venture least.

*SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.*

If you would have the nuptial union last,  
 Let Virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

*ROWE'S Fair Penitent.*

— I scent the air  
 Of blessings, when I came but near the house;  
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth;  
 The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
 Is like a banquetting house, built in a garden,  
 On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight  
 To cast their modest odours; when base Lust,

With



With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,  
Is but a fair house built in a morass.

*MIDDLETON's Woman beware of Woman.*

Reverend and honourable Matrimony !  
Mother of lawful sweets, unsham'd mornings :  
Dangerless pleasures ; thou that mak'st the bed  
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful : Without thee  
All the whole world were soiled bastardy.  
Thou art the only, and the greatest form,  
That putt'st a difference 'tween our desires,  
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts.

*MIDDLETON's Phœnix.*

This was the day, the eager wish'd-for day,  
My greedy soul had treasur'd up so long,  
And in contracting Fancy half possess'd  
To blot out every blacker hour of life,  
And pay with double interest of joys,  
Courtship's dull toils, and Expectation's pangs ;  
The day is now arriv'd, but how unlike  
That day deceiv'd Imagination form'd !

*BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.*

Sink, sink, dire Remembrance !  
Be blotted out the time when first I saw thee !  
Perish the hours that aided to my shame,  
And witness'd when I woo'd thy treach'rous charms !  
Curs'd be my blindness, and thy own deceit !  
Curs'd be thy father, when he gave consent ;  
The priest that join'd us in the fatal tie,  
And all that were assistant to my ruin ! *Ibid.*

Wedded Love is founded on esteem,  
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,  
For those are charms that never can decay ;  
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,  
Improves their lustre.

*FENTON's Marianne.*



Too oft by parents join'd, unknowing, innocent,  
 Artless and young the tender virgin takes,  
 A master, not a lover to her arms ;  
 The momentary transports soon decay ;  
 A dull and sullen servitude succeeds ;  
 For life succeeds. Honour forbids Divorce,  
 And every creature hopes for liberty,  
 But the poor captive of the marriage-bed.

*CH. JOHNSON'S Medea.*

O marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,  
 Where hands alone consent and hearts abhor !

*HILL'S Alzira.*

Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate  
 resolution. He that takes time for deliberation, will  
 never accomplish either.

*FIELDING'S Wedding Day.*

Let no man, after me, a woman wed,  
 Whose heart he knows he has not ; tho' she brings  
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dow'ry,  
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,  
 Cold and contemplative ;—he cannot trust her ;  
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;  
 The worst of sorrows and the worst of shames !

*HUME'S Douglas.*

## M A R T Y R.

To minds resolv'd the threats of death are vain,  
 They run to fire, and there enjoy their pain.

*DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.*

The martyrs, tho' but drawn with painted flames,  
 Amaze me with th' image of their sufferings.

*LEE'S Theodosius.*

To die thus for religion, O Cavagnes !  
 It puts the soul in everlasting tune,  
 And sounds already in the ears of angels :

And,



And, Oh? what cause had ever such foundation?  
 I tell thee, that the root shall reach the centre,  
 Spread to the poles, and with their top touch Heav'n.

*LEE's Massacre.*

### M A S S A C R E.

Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself,  
 To seem more large; whilst to his stain'd thighs  
 The gore he drew flow'd up, and carry'd down  
 Whole heaps of limbs, and bodies thro' his arch:  
 No age was spar'd, no sex, nay, no degree,  
 Not infants in the porch of life were free;  
 'The sick, the old, who could but hope a day  
 Longer by Nature's bounty, not let stay;  
 Virgins and widows, matrons, and pregnant wives,  
 All died; 'twas crime enough that they had lives;  
 To strike but only those who could do hurt,  
 Was dull and poor; some fell to make the number,  
 As some the prey. The rugged Charon fainted,  
 And ask'd a navy rather than a fleet,  
 To ferry over the sad world that came:  
 The maws and dens could not receive  
 The bodies that their souls were frighted from,  
 And even the graves were fill'd with men yet living  
 Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.

*B. JOHNSON's Cataline.*

We'll bring destruction to this cursed city!  
 Let not one stone of all her towers stand safe:  
 Let not her temples, nor her gods escape:  
 Let husbands in their wives embraces perish:  
 Let youth be massacred, her virgins ravish'd.

*OTWAY's Cains Marius.*

The matrons, and the virgins cries,  
 The screams of dying infants, and the groans  
 Of murder'd men, are music to appease me. *Ibid.*

Whither, Oh! whither shall we fly for safety?  
 Already reeking Murder's in our streets:



Matrons with infants in their arms are butcher'd,  
And Rome appears one noisome house of slaughter.

*Ibid.*

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Methinks I see  
The glutton Death gorg'd with devouring lives ;  
Nothing but images of horror round me :  
Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,  
The sacred fire put out ; robb'd mothers shriek,  
Deaf'ning the gods with clamours for their babes,  
That sprawl'd aloft upon the soldiers spears :  
The beard of age pluck'd off by barb'rous hands,  
While from their piteous wounds, and horrid gashes,  
The lab'ring life flow'd faster than the blood.

*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

---

He amongst us  
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,  
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the face  
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood !  
I, and the glorious partner of my fortunes,  
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead,  
Still to new waste ; whilst thou far off in safety,  
Smiling shall see the wonders of our daring.

*OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.*

Imagine all the horrors of that night,  
Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,  
Confusedly raging.

*Ibid.*

Think thou already hear'st the dying screams  
Of harmless infants :  
Think that thou seest their sad distracted mothers  
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity,  
With torn dishevell'd hair, and streaming eyes,  
Their naked mangled breasts besmear'd with blood ;  
And ev'n the milk, with which their fondled babes  
Softly they hush'd, drop in anguish from them. *Ibid.*

Behold the furious and un pitying soldier  
Pulling his reeking dagger from the bosoms

Of



Of gasping wretches : Death in every quarter,  
 With all that sad Disorder can produce  
 To make a spectacle of horror.

*Ibid.*

'Twere needless to recount the midnight hour,  
 In which the fatal last assault was made ;  
 Or how the Greeks, whether by force or fraud,  
 Enter'd the gates. Not with more rage the torrent  
 That foaming roars impetuous o'er its mounds,  
 Covers the fields, and marks its way with ruin.  
 Then Horror dress'd in its most grisly form  
 Was seen, and havock reign'd in every quarter.  
 There dying soldiers groan, while in their turn  
 The victors with the vanquish'd bite the ground :  
 There venerable matrons, screaming maids,  
 With hands uplifted, begg'd in vain for pity.

*FROWDE'S Philotas.*

Old Tagus blush'd with many a crimson tide  
 Sluic'd from the noblest veins in Portugal.  
 The extirminating sword knew no distinction.  
 Princes, and prelates, venerable age,  
 Matrons, and helpless virgins fell together,  
 'Till cloy'd and sick of slaughter, the tir'd soldier  
 With grim Content flung down his reeking steel,  
 And glutt'd Rage gave way to Massacre.

*JEPHSON'S Braganza.*

## M A Y.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries  
 wear;

If not the first the fairest of the year ;  
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,  
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs ;  
 When thy short reign is past, the ferv'ish sun  
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

*DRYDEN'S Pal. and Arc.*



## M E D I O C R I T Y.

O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,  
 Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense  
 No more can feel, but his own wringing !  
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
 That private men enjoy ?  
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
 Save ceremony ?  
 And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony ?  
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?  
 What are thy rents ? What are thy comings in ?  
 O Ceremony ! shew me but thy worth :  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
 Creating fear and awe in other men ?  
 Wherein thou art more happy being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing ?  
 What drink'st thou of, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery ? O be sick, great Greatness !  
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure !  
 Think'st thou, thy fiery fever will go out,  
 With titles blown from adulation ?  
 Will it give place to flexure, and low bending ?  
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of't ? No, thou proud dream,  
 That plays so subtilly with a king's repose !  
 I am a king that find thee, and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,  
 The sacred title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,  
 That beats from off the high shore of this world ;  
 No, not all these thrice gorgeous Ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly, as the weary'd slave.  
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,



Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,  
 Never sees horrid Night, the child of Hell,  
 But like a lacquey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium. Next day after dawn,  
 Rises and helps Hyperion to his horse,  
 And follows so, the ever-running year,  
 With profitable labour to his grave:  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Has the forehand and 'vantage of a king.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

— O mediocrity!  
 Thou prizeless jewel only mean men have;  
 But cannot value; like the precious gem,  
 Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock.

BEAUMONT'S *Queen of Corinth.*

Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,  
 The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?

OTWAY'S *Orphan.*

Had I been born a servant, my low life  
 Had steady stood from all these miseries,  
 The waving reeds stand free from every gulf,  
 When the tall oaks are rent up by the roots,  
 I see that ev'n course that must be kept  
 To shun two dang'rous gulphs; the middle tract  
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; the small isthmus  
 That suffers not the Egean tide to meet  
 The violent rage of th' Ionian wave.  
 I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea,  
 Free and safe passage to the wary step;  
 But he, whose wantonness or folly dares  
 Decline to either side, falls desperate  
 Into certain ruin. Dwell with me,  
 Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun  
 As to complain of his neighbourhood, and be scorch'd  
 With his directer beams; nor so remote  
 From his bright rays, as to be situate  
 Under the icy pole of the cold bear,



But in a temp'rate zone : 'tis I am she,  
I am the golden Mediocrity.

*RANDOLPH's Muse's Looking-Glass.*

Greatness, the earnest of malicious fate,  
For future woe was never meant a good :  
Baited with gilded ruin, 'tis cast out  
To catch poor easy man. What is't to be a prince ?  
To have a keener sense of our misfortunes :  
That's all our wretched gain.  
The vulgar think us happy ; and at distance,  
Like some sam'd ruinous pile, we seem to flourish :  
But we who live at home, alone can tell  
The sad disquiets, and decays of peace,  
That always haunt the dwelling. O Ambition !  
Had my kind fate design'd my fortune here,  
Bred among swains, with my Semanthe by me,  
The conqu'ring beauty of some neighbouring village,  
What ages of content might I have pass'd,  
Till time had quench'd both life and love together.

*SOUTHERN's Loyal Brothers.*

Empty and insignificant are greatness,  
Splendor and wealth, magnificence and pomp ;  
That with false brightness dazzle vulgar eyes,  
And make the fawning croud admire and tremble,  
If sweet tranquility of mind be wanting :  
And vain are all soft blandishments to gain,  
Or sooth the troubled soul. A careless swain  
Stow'd in a little cottage with content,  
Is happier far than I : His slender wealth  
In bleating flocks, and low'ring herds consists ;  
Him, flow'ry lawns, and limpid streams delight ;  
Few are his wishes, and his joys are boundless ;  
Sings all the day, and sweetly sleeps at night.

*E. HARWOOD's Fair Captive.*

## M E E T I N G.

My soul, for thou giv'st new life to my spirit,  
Myriads of joys, tho' short in number of

Thy



Thy virtues, fall on thee ! O my Eugenia !  
 Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes  
 My twenty years of sorrow but a dream :  
 And by the nectar which I take from thee,  
 I feel my age restor'd, and like old Æson,  
 Grow young again. *BEAUMONT's Martial Maiden.*

Just so, when welcome light begins to rise,  
 An unknown comfort steals on troubled eyes.  
*HOWARD's Vestal Virgin.*

But here she comes !  
 In the calm harbour of whose gentle breast,  
 My tempest beaten soul may safely rest.  
 O my heart's joy ! whate'er my sorrows be,  
 They cease and vanish in beholding thee :  
 Care shuns thy walk, as at the chearful light  
 The groaning ghosts and birds obscene take flight :  
 By this one view all my past pains are paid,  
 And all I have to come more easy made.  
*DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.*

'Tis he himself, 'himself ! by holy friendship !  
 Art thou return'd at last, my better half ?  
 Come, give me all myself.  
*DRYDEN's All for Love.*

I must be silent, for my soul is busy  
 About a noble work : She's now come home,  
 Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er  
 Each room, a stranger to her own, to see  
 If all be safe. *Ibid.*

My griefs shall fly like clouds before Semandra :  
 But see the sun that drives them ! O my star !  
 Thou day, that gild'st my little world of comfort !  
*LEX's Mithridates.*

I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,  
 For public miseries and for private fears,  
 But this bless'd meeting has o'erpaid them all.  
*DRYDEN's Oedipus.*  
 Thou



— Thou mightiest pleasure,  
And greatest blessing, that kind Heav'n could send me!  
Oh! when I look on thee, new starts of glory  
Spring in my breast, and with a backward bound,  
I run the race of lusty youth again;

*LEE's Theodosius.*

Oh! were I proof against the darts of love!  
And cold to beauty, as the marble lover,  
That lies without a thought upon his tomb;  
Would not this glorious dawn of life run thro' me,  
And waken Death itself? Why am I slow then?  
What hinders now, but that in spite of rules,  
I burst thro' all the bands of Death that hold me,  
And fly with such a haste to that appearance,  
As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons? *Ibid.*

He comes, my lord, with all th' expecting joys  
Of a young promis'd lover: From his eyes  
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms  
Nothing but Theodosius still before him:  
His thought, his every word is Theodosius. *Ibid.*

Where is my friend? Oh! where is my beloved?  
My Theodosius? Point him out, ye gods!  
That I may press him dead betwixt my arms;  
Devour him thus with over-hasty joys  
That languish at his breast, quite out of breath,  
And cannot utter more. *Ibid.*

O my sister! let me hold thee  
Long in my arms; I've not beheld thy face  
These many days. By night I've often seen thee  
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul  
With fancy'd joys; till morning cares awak'd me.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

— O Teraminta! come,  
Come to my arms, thou only joy of Titus!  
Hush to my cares, thou maid of hoarded sweets!  
Selected hour of all life's happy moments!

*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

— Bu



But see, she comes!  
Bright as the virgin blushes of the morn,  
Rising upon the darkness of my fate,  
And darts a day of comfort thro' my soul.

*SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brothers.*

Oh! let my arms thus press thee to my heart!  
That labours with the longings of my love;  
Struggles and heaves, and vain would out to meet thee.

*SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.*

No mother that has mourn'd her long lost infant,  
Rejoices half so much to find her darling;  
Or views the lovely babe with half the fondness  
I look on thee.

*HOPKINS'S Pyrrhus.*

O my Antigone!  
What shall I say to tell thee, that my soul  
Is full with joy? How shall I pour it forth?  
To see thee still the same, to see thee mine,  
Is all the gods could grant, or I could ask.

*Ibid.*

Talk not of fears and griefs,  
Affliction is no more, now thou art found:  
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms?  
My arms, which ach to hold thee fast, and grow  
To thee with twining.

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,  
His voice! I know him now: I know him all!  
Oh! take me to thy arms, and bear me hence  
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep;  
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt:  
Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou charm'd  
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this,  
That thus relenting, they have given thee back  
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?

*Ibid.*

Oh! I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,  
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,

To



To meet again in life : To know I have thee,  
 Is knowing more than any circumstance  
 Or means by which I have thee ;  
 To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,  
 And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,  
 I have not leisure to reflect, or know,  
 Or trifle time in thinking.

*Ibid.*

'Tis not in words, to tell thee what I've felt,  
 The sorrows and the fears, ev'n yet I tremble ;  
 Ev'n yet the fierce ideas shock my soul,  
 And hardly yield to wonder and to joy.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

But see he comes ! the tyrant comes !  
 He rushes on me like a blaze of light !  
 I cannot bear the transport of his presence,  
 But sink oppress'd with woe.

*SMITH's Phædra and Hyppolitus.*

Hail, charming maid, how does thy beauty smooch  
 The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile !  
 At sight of thee, my heart shakes off its sorrows :  
 I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me.

*ADDISON's Cato.*

Welcome Almeyda to my longing arms,  
 Welcome, thrice welcome to the glad Alucius :  
 Nor were the few remains of man more pleas'd,  
 After the deluge of th' unpeopled earth,  
 To see the mountains and the hills appear,  
 The burthen'd plains shake off th' oppressive waves :  
 Than is Alucius, to behold his love,  
 His dear, his lov'd Almeyda once again.

*BECKINGHAM's Scipio.*

— Is Heav'n so kind,  
 To bless me with Alucius, let me now  
 Be wrapt in the eternal shades of night  
 That I may end thus with the taste of bliss,  
 Thus, thus, embracing thee.

*Ibid.*



So when the feather'd choir have faint'd long  
 Beneath the dog-star's heat; if kindly rains  
 Revive them from above, they meet half way  
 The blessing, perch'd on some tall poplar's height;  
 Refresh their plumes, and prune their drooping wings;  
 Drink the descending shower, and sing its welcome.

*JEFFREY'S Edwin.*

Welcome thou dearer to my soul than empire;  
 What I have felt in separation from thee,  
 Could be repaired by nothing but the joy  
 Thy presence brings. O be my witness, Heaven!  
 If ought of bliss imperial power bestows,  
 It is with thee to share it, and become  
 More worthy of thy beauty and thy love.

*E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh.*

Now, by the transports in my thrilling veins,  
 My throbbing heart, that leaps with joy to meet thee,  
 Most welcome to these arms. Ah! my loved lord,  
 Could you conceive the fears your absence gave,  
 The kind suggestions of our female softness,  
 Whilst every singing dart, each brandished spear  
 Imagination levell'd at your breast!  
 You, from that thought, might guess my present rapture.

*Faowol's Philotas.*

*Lys.* What shall I say? My over-hasty soul,  
 That would unlade its happy freight at once,  
 And pour the torrent out, among the croud  
 Of hurrying words, yet fails of utterance.  
 Oh! how can I describe—how bear the painful joy!

*Zai.* If after absence it be joy to meet;  
 After a gloom, if the sun shines more bright;  
 If happiness refines by sorrows past;  
 Such then is ours, exalted, and above  
 The common rank.—

*HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.*

—Oh!



Oh! my Clytemnestra!  
 Now, in this dear embrace, I lose the toils  
 Of ten years war; absence, with all its pains,  
 Is by this charming moment wip'd away.  
 All-bounteous gods! sure, never was a heart  
 So full, so blest as mine.—

*THOMSON'S Agamemnon.*

Oh, Ariana, is it given me then  
 To clasp thee thus, thus fondly to my bosom! I  
 This tender minute pays an age of care;  
 Expels all fears, all torments from my mind,  
 While feeble hope gives way to fiercest joy!  
 Let me devour thy beauties, feed to death:  
 Oh, we will never, never part again.

*SHIRLEY'S Patricide.*

Look ever thus; with that bright glance of joy  
 Thus always meet my transports. Let these arms  
 Thus ever fold me; and this cheek, that blooms  
 With all health's op'ning roses, press my lips,  
 Warm as at this blest moment.

*MASON'S Elfrida.*

It cannot be, my senses all deceive me—  
 And yet it is.—Oh, let me gaze upon thee,  
 Recall each trace which marks thee for my own,  
 And gives me back the image of my heart.

*WHITEHEAD'S Cymon.*

My kindling heart  
 At thy approach, with sympathetic love  
 To meet thee springs, and with thy gen'rous flame  
 Transported, longs to meet its faithful fires.

*CRISP'S Virginia.*

## M E L A N C H O L Y.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
 Now coming towards me, grieves my inmost soul.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.*

Against



Against ill chances men are ever merry,  
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is it that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth  
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
To thick-ey'd Musing, and curs'd Melancholy?

*Ibid.*

I am as melancholy as a gell cat,  
Or a lugg'd bear, or an old lion, or  
A lover's lute, yea or the drone of a  
Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Ibid.*

—Oh, Melancholy!  
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack  
Might earliest harbour in.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Cymbeline*

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,  
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,  
Which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,  
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is  
Ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;  
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,  
Which is all these; but it is a melancholy  
Of mine own, compounded of many simples,  
Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,  
The sundry contemplation of my travels,  
In which my often rumination wraps me  
In a most humorous sadness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *As you like it.*

I have set with him in his cabin a day together,  
Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us;  
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief

And



And melancholy at that instant would  
Choke up his vital spirits; and now and then  
A tear or two, as in derision of  
The roughness of his rugged temper, would  
Fall on his hollow cheeks; which but once felt,  
A sudden flash of fury did dry up.

*MASSINGER's Unnatural Combat.*

It is not as you conceive, an indisposition  
Of body, but the mind's disease: So Extacy,  
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rapture,  
Of mere imagination differ partly  
From Melancholy; which is briefly this;  
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharg'd  
With fear and sorrow; first begat i'th' brain,  
The seat of Reason: and from thence deriv'd  
As suddenly into the heart, the seat  
Of our Affection.

*FORD's Lover's Melancholy.*

A heavy melancholy hangs upon his mind,  
And in his eyes inhabit most sad shadows.

*BLAUMONT's Double Marriage.*

Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,  
I think, and think on things impossible,  
Yet love to wander in the golden maze.

*DRYDEN's Rival Ladies.*

Sure some ill fate's upon me:  
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,  
And apprehension shakes my tim'rous soul.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

—My mind's not well:  
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart,  
I droop, and sigh, and yet I know not why. *Ibid.*

There's something hangs most heavy on my heart,  
And my brain's sick with dulness.

*OTWAY's Cains Mariner.*

My



My melancholy haunts me every where,  
And not one kindly gleam pierces the gloom  
Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort.

*SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brothers.*

A sudden damp has seiz'd my spirits,  
And, like a heavy weight,  
Hangs on their active springs.

*LEE'S Duke of Guise.*

Unusual weight hangs on my lab'ring soul,  
Prefaging inauspicious joys.

*HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.*

This melancholy flatters but unmans you ;  
What is it else but penury of soul ?  
A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind,  
That locks up all the vigour to attempt,  
By barely crying, 'tis impossible ?

*DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.*

A kind of weight hangs heavy on my heart,  
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,  
Like fowl in air too damp, and lags along,  
As if she were a body in a body,  
And not a mounting substance made of fire.  
My senses too, are dull and stupify'd,  
Their edge rebated : Sure some ill approaches,  
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my breast,  
To tell me Fate's at hand.

*Ibid.*

He droops, and hangs his discontented head,  
Like Merit scorn'd by insolent Authority.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

## M E M O R Y.

— Remember thee ;  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while Memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe : Remember thee !  
Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll



I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All faas of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copy'd there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

I would most gladly have forgot it;  
 But, Oh! afresh it comes o'er my memory,  
 As does the raven o'er th' infectious house,  
 Boding to all!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*.

Now all the pleasures I have known, beat thick  
 On my remembrance. How I long for night!  
 That both the sweets of mutual love may try,  
 And triumph once o'er Cæsar e'er we die!

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

————— I never can forget him:  
 He once was mine; and once, tho' now 'tis gone,  
 Leaves a faint image of possession still. *Ibid.*

Tho' Time has plough'd that face  
 With many furrows, since I saw it first;  
 Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground,  
 Quite to forget it. *LEE'S Oedipus.*

A confus'd report pass'd thro' my ears,  
 But full of hurry, like a morning dream,  
 It vanish'd in the bus'ness of the day. *Ibid.*

————— 'Tis lost,  
 Like what we think can never shun remembrance,  
 Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds. *Ibid.*

The sad remembrance  
 Quite blasts my soul. *Ibid.*

While I have breath, I will remember thee:  
 To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,  
 And



And all my meditations shall be thine;  
The image of my woes my soul shall fill,  
Fate and my end, and thy remembrance fill.

*LXX's Theodosius.*

Oh Remembrance!

Why dost thou open all my wounds again?  
And from my heart call down those warmer drops,  
That make us die with shame.

*Ibid.*

Have a care, Memory, drive that thought no further:  
Oh! for a long sound sleep, and to forget it!

*OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.*

The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;  
Out of thy reach, behind Eternity;  
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;  
But blest remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

*DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

Something like

That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard,  
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off,  
Beyond my ken of soul.

*Ibid.*

Why was I ever blest? Why is remembrance  
Rich with a thousand pleasing images  
Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but to plague me?  
To think of all the golden minutes past;  
To think, that thou were kind, and I was happy:  
But like an angel fallen from bliss, to curse  
My present state, and mourn the Heav'n I've lost!

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

But, Oh! the torment, and the rack of soul!  
To keep our thoughts for ever on the bent!  
Upon themselves! still labouring to forget,  
What by the labour we remember more!

*SOUTHERN's Fate of Capua.*

Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory,  
To conjure up my wrongs to life again?

I have



I have long labour'd to forget myself ;  
 To think on all time backward like a space  
 Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being ;  
 But thou hast peopled it again :  
 Oh ! thou hast set my busy brain at work !  
 And now she musters up a train of images,  
 Which, to preserve my peace, I'd cast aside,  
 And sink in deep oblivion.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

### M E R C H A N T.

I in my private bark already wreck'd,  
 Like a poor merchant driv'n on unknown land,  
 That had by chance pack'd up his dearest treasure  
 In one rich casket, and sav'd only that :  
 Since I must wander farther on the shore,  
 Thus hug my little, but my precious store,  
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

*Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

The merchant stranded, and his fortunes lost ;  
 Fix'd on the floating mast, each god implores :  
 With longing eyes the distant mountain views,  
 And vows he'll never trust the ocean more :  
 But when escap'd, all his resolves are vain :  
 Thus I relapsing re-assume my chain,  
 Forget the danger, and renew the pain.

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

So when the merchant sees his vessel lost,  
 Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast :  
 Gladly for life, the treasure he would give,  
 And only wishes to escape, and live :  
 Gold and his gains no more employ his mind,  
 But driving o'er the billows with the wind,  
 Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest  
 behind.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

M E R C Y.



## MERCY.

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword;  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does.

Alas! the souls of all men once were forfeit,  
And he that might th' advantage best have taken,  
Found out the remedy: How would ye be,  
If he, who is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,  
And Mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like new made man.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Measure for Measure.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heav'n  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to power and majesty;  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When Mercy seasons Justice.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.*

Thy injuries would teach Patience to blaspheme:  
Yet still thou art a dove.

*BEAUMONT'S Double Marriage.*

Oh! think, think upwards on the thrones above!  
Disdain not Mercy, for they Mercy love:



If mercy were not mingled with their power,  
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

*DAVENANT's Siege of Rhodes.*

Weigh well the various turns of human fate,  
And seek by mercy to secure your state.

*DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.*

— The powers above are slow  
In punishing; and should not we resemble them?

*DRYDEN's Tempest.*

— Heav'n has but  
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights  
To pardon erring man; sweet Mercy seems  
Its darling attribute, which limits Justice;  
As if there were degrees in infinite,  
And infinite would rather want perfection,  
Than punish to extent.

*DRYDEN's All for Love.*

Mercy is good: A very good dull virtue;  
But kings mistake its timing, and are mild,  
When manly courage bids 'em be severe.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

Mercy is still a virtue, and most priz'd,  
When hope of pardon leaves us.

*SOUTHERN's Loyal Brothers.*

Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated crimes,  
Till lightning flashes round to guard the throne,  
And the curb'd thunder grumbles to be gone.

*DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.*

A mercy unexpected, undeserv'd,  
Surprises more.

*DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

Of all the attributes that Jove can boast,  
Mercy's the most divine: And of all men,  
The merciful are pleasing to the gods.

*LANSBOWN's Heroic Love.*

Oh!



Oh! do not thus with Cruelty's keen breath  
 Blow off and scatter the sweet dew of Mercy,  
 When from the heav'n of power that soft rain falls,  
 The thriving state looks fresh, Dominion prospers,  
 And parch'd Rebellion shuts her drowsy gaping;  
 Mercy is the becoming smile of Justice:  
 This makes her lovely as her rigour dreadful,  
 Either alone defective, but when join'd,  
 Like clay and water in the potter's hand,  
 They mingle influence and together rise  
 In form, which neither separate cou'd bestow.

*Hill's Henry V.*

**Mercy is a topic**  
 Copious and fair, but men who counsel monarchs,  
 Must smile at simple Nature's moral dreams,  
 And skill'd in manly rigour, cast off Pity:  
 Pity! that wastes of a prince's safety.  
 What! shall a villain hind defy his king,  
 Spurn at his laws, and then cry, Help me, Mercy!  
 I would have us'd my sovereign like a slave,  
 And therefore must have mercy, out upon't!  
 'Tis the priest's rattle, Heav'n's ambrosial diet,  
 Too thin a food for mortals, man wou'd starve on't.

*Ibid.*

**Think on Mercy!**  
 Mercy! the brightest diadem of empire!  
 Mercy! that does distinguish men from brutes!  
 And kings that use it right, from common men!

*Mortley's Imperial Captive.*

To pardon failings, and by innate Virtue,  
 Be made incapable of yielding to them,  
 Is the exact resemblance of the Deity,  
 And only the prerogative of Heaven.

*E. Harwood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-  
 Lunenburg.*

Tho' infinite Justice is Heav'n's attribute,  
 So is its Mercy infinite likewise;



Therefore repent, tho' late, and don't despair.

*WANDSFORD'S Fatal Love.*

Thine be the task to move compassion ; mine,  
To teach this maxim, and enforce its truth ;  
That when the mightiest monarch would display  
His amplest rule, and full extent of sway ;  
Mercy, the noblest triumph of the throne,  
His great prerogative, should then be shewn.

*FROWDE'S Philotas.*

'Tis sometimes safer, always nobler done,  
To overlook, than punish an offence.  
Kings shou'd, like Heav'n, whose delegates they stand,  
Temper their justice with allays of mercy,  
Forgive the slight invaders of their laws,  
And never punish in a doubtful cause.

*DARCY'S Love and Ambition.*

'Tis God-like to forgive ; yet oftentimes  
That mercy sinks into a weakness, as it gives  
A second opportunity to those  
Who miss the first.

*HAVARD'S Scanderbeg.*

Now by your hopes of mercy plead this cause,  
Know it a labour that will pay itself,  
E'en in this world—and, when you mount above,  
You will behold it of so vast a value,  
It will outweigh th' offences of your life.

*HAVARD'S Charles L.*

Of all the paths, which lead to human bliss,  
The most secure and grateful to our steps  
With Mercy and Humanity is mark'd.  
The sweet tongu'd rumour of a gracious deed  
Can charm from hostile hands the uplifted blade,  
The gall of Anger into milk transform,  
And dress the brows of Enmity in smiles.

*GLOVER'S Boadicea.*

Mercy—not Justice, is the throne of princes ;  
For what is power, tho' boundless and Almighty ?



A deity of awefulness and fear.  
 But in the whirlwind of its wrath, when flies  
 The burning shaft, if Mercy's saving hand  
 Arrests its flight; then we kneel and worship,  
 And mix our praise with Gratitude and Love.

*Francis's Constantine.*

Oh mercilefs!  
 Yet, Righteous Powers! what claim have I to mercy!  
 Did I shew mercy, on this fatal morn  
 To my poor bleeding country; when this arm  
 Made widows childless!—Dar'st thou then, bold wretch,  
 Dar'st thou against th' afflicting hand of Heav'n  
 To rise and plead for mercy! Rather bow thee  
 Low in the dust.

*Brown's Athelstan.*

## M E R I T.

—Let none presume  
 Without the stamp of Merit to obtain.  
 Oh! that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour  
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
 How many then would cover, who stand bare!  
 How many be commanded who command!  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour,  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd.

*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.*

There's a proud modesty in merit!  
 Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay.  
 Ten times the gift it asks.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,  
 Beggars all wealth.—

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

I tell thee then, whoever amidst the sons  
 Of Reason, Valour, Liberty, and Virtue,



Displays distinguish'd Merit, is a noble  
 Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,  
 Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?  
 And such in radiant bands will rise again,  
 In yon immortal city, that, when most  
 Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,  
 Returns, as with an energy divine,  
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.—

*THOMSON'S Coriolanus.*

The diamond, Merit, in the quarry hid,  
 Being unknown, unseen, attracts no eyes,  
 But dig'd up by the lab'rer's curiosity,  
 And polish'd by the hand of Gratitude,  
 It shines the ornament of human life.

*HAYARD'S King Charles I.*

### M E R M A I D.

————— I sat upon a promontory,  
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious sounds,  
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream.*

### M I N D.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:  
 And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,  
 So Honour 'peareth in the meanest habit.  
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

*SHAKESPEARE'S Taming of the Shrew.*

————— Know, Sir, that the wings  
 On which my soul is mounted have long since

Borne



Borne her too high to stoop to any prey  
 That soars not upwards : sordid and dunghill  
 Minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross element  
 Fix all their happiness ; but purer spirits,  
 Purg'd and refin'd, shake off that clog of  
 Human frailty. *BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's*—

## M I R T H.

From the crown of his head to the sole of  
 His foot, he's all mirth ; he hath twice or  
 Thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little  
 Hangman dare not shoot at him : he hath a  
 Heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is  
 The clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.  
*SHAKESPEARE's Much ado about Nothing,*

— A merrier man  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal ;  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
 For ev'ry object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth moving jest ;  
 Which his fair tongue, Conceit's expolitor,  
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
 And younger hearings are quite ravish'd ;  
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*SHAKESPEARE's Love's Labour's lost.*

— While I am compass'd round  
 With mirth my soul lies hid in shades of grief ;  
 Whence like the bird of night, with half shut eyes,  
 She peeps and sickens at the sight of day.  
*DAYDEN's Rival Ladies.*

— Then all was jollity,  
 Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,  
 Piping and playing, minstrelries and masking,  
 Till life fled from us, like an idle dream ;  
 A shew of momey without a meaning.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*



## M I S C H I E F.

When once the mind is to destruction bent,  
How easy 'tis new mischiefs to invent.

*SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.*

————— O Mischief, thou art swift,  
To catch the straggling thoughts of desp'rate men.

*SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.*

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*SHAKESPEARE's Othello.*

————— Mischiefs feed,  
Like beasts, 'till they are fat, and then they bleed.

*B. JOHNSON's Volpone.*

Mischiefs are like the cockatrice's eye,  
If they see first, they kill; if seen they die.

*SUCKLING's Sad One.*

Methinks, if Mischief had but this to vaunt,  
That like a god none knows her but herself,  
It were enough to mount her o'er the world.

*LEE's Caesar Borgia.*

How eloquent is Mischief to persuade!

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

Down, rising Mischief, down, or I will kill thee,  
Ew'n in the cause, and strangle new-born Pity.

*DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.*

Mischief to some, to others must be good. *Ibid.*

M I S E R.



## M I S E R.

Good morning to the day, and next, my gold!  
 Open the shrine, that I may see my saint:  
 Hail the world's soul and mine! more glad, than is  
 The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun  
 Peep thro' the horns of the celestial ram,  
 Am I, to view thy spendor, dark'ning his;  
 That lying here amongst my other hoards,  
 Shew'st like a flame by night; or like the day,  
 Struck out of Chaos, when all darkness fled  
 Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol!  
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss  
 With adoration thee, and every relict  
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.  
 Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,  
 Title that age, which they would have the best,  
 That being the best of things, and far transcending  
 All style of joy in children, parents, friends,  
 Or any other waking dream on earth.  
 Thy looks, when they to Venus did ascribe,  
 They should have given twenty thousand Cupids;  
 Such are thy beauties and our loves; dear saint,  
 Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,  
 That can't do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things!  
 The price of souls! ev'n Hell, with thee to boot,  
 Is made worth Heav'n! Thou art Virtue, Fame,  
 Honour, and all things else! Who can get thee,  
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.

*B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.*

— Like a miser 'midst his store,  
 Who grasps, and grasps, 'till he can hold no more;  
 And when his strength is wanting to his mind,  
 Looks back, and sighs, on what he left behind.

*DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.*

At midnight thus the usurer steals untrack'd,  
 To make a visit to his hoarded gold,  
 And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.

*OTHELLAR'S Orphan.*



Spare not usurers :  
Plunder their souls : you'll find them in their bags.  
*SMITH'S Prince of Parma.*

Slaves, who ne'er knew mercy !  
Sour unrelenting money-loving villains !  
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,  
And are like fiends, the factors of Destruction !  
*ROWE'S Fair Penitent.*

The miser true,  
Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear  
Of wasting what he heaps. *HAYWARD'S Scanderbeg.*

## M I S E R Y.

Is Wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death ? *SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

Nothing almost sees miracles, but Misery. *Ibid.*

I'll give thee Misery : for here she dwells :  
This is her house, where the sun never dawns :  
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof ;  
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom ;  
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.  
*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted :  
See with what sad and sober cheer she comes :  
Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,  
Or Grief besets her hard.  
But thus it is when rude Calamity  
Lays its strong gripes upon these mincing minions ;  
The dainty gewgaw forms dissolve at once,  
And shiver at the shock. *Ibid.*

Alas ! her gentle nature was not made  
To buffet with adversity. *Ibid.*

I am not now, what I once was,  
For since I parted from thee, fate has tarnish'd  
My



My glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with misfortunes.

*TRAP'S Abramule.*

I'll not complain,  
Children and cowards rail at their misfortunes;  
I will curb my grief, and in my breast  
Confine the struggling passion.

*Ibid.*

For angry Heav'n has laid in store for you,  
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,  
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,  
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

*SMITH'S Phœdra and Hippolytus.*

My breast is darker than this dreadful night,  
And feels a fiercer tempest rage within.

*Young's Busiris.*

Misery has sure a mournful right  
To pity, even to reverence.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

## MISFORTUNE.

Where is your ancient courage; you were us'd  
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves  
A noble cunning.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.*

Nothing is a misery  
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:  
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves  
In any thing that's manly, than to make  
Ill fortune as contemptible to us  
As it makes us to others.

*BENJAMONT and FLETCHER'S*

I pray, Sir, deal with men in misery,  
Like one that may himself be miserable:  
Insult not too much upon men distressed.

E. 6.

Play.



Play not too much upon my wretchedness ;  
The noble minds still will not, when they can.

*HEYWOOD's Royal King.*

——— If Misfortune comes, she brings along,  
The bravest virtues. And so many great  
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with Woe,  
Have in her school been taught, as are enough  
To consecrate Distress, and make Ambition  
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of Fortune.

*THOMSON's Sophonisba.*

Justice strikes ; and sufferers must submit.  
Woes are good counsellors ; and, kindly show,  
What prosperous Error never lets us know.

*HILL's Alzira.*

——— Misfortune does not always wait on Vice ;  
Nor is Success the constant guest of Virtue :  
Perhaps the gods more amiably design  
To shew the hero struggling in the toils  
Of unforeseen, unmerited Distress ;  
The great example beams instruction forth,  
And better serves the purposes of Heav'n :  
As such consider'd.

*HAYARD's Regulus.*

Who has not known Ill-fortune, never knew  
Himself, or his own virtue.

*MALLET's Alfred.*

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance.  
They shew us, virtue may be much distress'd,  
And give us their example how to suffer.

*FRANCIS's Eugenia.*

Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent  
Over the world, and he who wounds another,  
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,  
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

*YOUNG's Brothers.*



## M I S T

Like a deep mist that thickens all the air,  
And stains the sun with fog, and sometimes clouds,  
When they do hug him in their reeking bosoms.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.*

A fog, that steaming from the mouth of Hell,  
Doubles the native horrors of the night.

*DENNIS'S Rinaldo and Armida.*

## M I S T R E S S.

Here's a health to them that best deserves  
The attribute of the fair; whose white and red  
Prove what's life's mixture; from whose form's exact-  
ness,

Rules of proportion might be better drawn  
Than from Art's principles; to her, whose youth  
Warms Winter's icy bosom with her spring;  
As it goes round, each give his mistress some  
Commending character.

Why then a health to her, whose beauties are  
Not a gross earth with painted superficies;  
But a more sprightly element with purer fire:  
Within whose sphere, a glorious mind doth move  
All th' orbs of Virtue with celestial flame:  
Whose active clamb'rings carry her desires  
To th' utmost height of nobleness and honour.

*Nash's Covent-Garden.*

I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,  
A load unty'd, a lilly trod upon!  
A fragrant flower crop'd by another hand,  
My colour fully'd, and my odour chang'd!

*BAUMONT'S Knights of Malta.*

You bear the specious title of a wife.  
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world  
To favour it: The world condemns poor me:

For



For I have lost my honour, lost my fame;  
And stain'd the glory of my royal house;  
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

*Leon.* O Athenais! let me see thee dead,  
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth;  
So I may say, she's chaste, and dy'd a virgin;  
Rather than view thee with those wounded eyes,  
Seated upon the throne of Isdigerter,  
The blast of common tongues, the nobles scorn;  
Thy father's curse, that is, the prince's whore:  
No, Athenais! when the day beholds thee  
So scandalously ruin'd, Pride cast thee down,  
The scorn of Honour, and the people's prey!

*Athen.* No, cruel Leontine! not to redeem  
Thy aged head from the descending ax:  
Not tho' I saw thy trembling body rack'd,  
Thy wrinkles too about thee fill'd with blood:  
Would I for empire, to the man I love,  
Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.

*Leon.* Oh! preserve thy virtue!  
And since he does disdain thee for his bride,  
Scorn thou to be his whore.

*Athen.* Hold, Sir! Oh! hold! forbear!  
For my nice soul abhors the very sound:  
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire  
Of an immortal name, I am inspir'd:  
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me;  
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,  
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

*Leon.* On, Athenais, on; 'tis bright before thee:  
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.

*Athen.* O, Leontine! I swear, my noble father,  
That I will starve, e'er once forego my virtue:  
And thus let's join to contradict the world;  
That empire could not tempt a poor old man,  
To sell his prince the honour of his daughter;  
And she too match'd the spirit of her father;

*Tho'*



Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,  
 She, for her fame, refus'd a royal bed:  
 Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the hour,  
 Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by pow'r.  
 Patterns like these, will guilty courts improve,  
 And teach the fair to blush at conscious love:  
 Then let all maids, for Honour, come in view,  
 If any maid can more for glory do.

*Act's Theodosius.]*

Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton;  
 Shun their enticements: Ruin, like a vulture,  
 Waits on their conquests; Falshood too's their business:  
 They put false beauty off to all the world,  
 Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em;  
 And when they marry, to their silly husbands  
 They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortunes.

*Orator's Orphan.*

Oh! I fain would hide me  
 From the base world, from Malice and from Shame:  
 For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul;  
 Never to live with public loss of honour!  
 'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence  
 Of each affected she, that tells my story,  
 And blesses her good stars, that she is virtuous:  
 To be a tale for fools! scorn'd by the women!  
 And pity'd by the men!

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

How durst thou dare to think that I would live  
 A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures:  
 To be a wretched woman for thy leisure,  
 To toy and waste an hour of idle time with.

*Idid.*

Have I not set at nought my noble birth,  
 A spotless fame and an unblemish'd race,  
 The peace of Innocence and pride of Virtue;  
 My prodigality has given thee all,  
 And now I've nothing left me to bestow,  
 You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

M. O. B.



## M O B.

What would you have, ye curs,  
 That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud; he that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
 Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that,  
 Which would encrease his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes; hang ye, trust ye,  
 With ev'ry minute you do change a mind,  
 And call him noble that was now your hate;  
 Him vile that was your garland.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
 And as the air blows it to me again;  
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows;  
 Commanded always by the greater gust:  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

And since the rabble now is ours;  
 Keep the fools hot, preach dangers in their ears;  
 Spread false reports o' th' senate; working up  
 Their madness to a fury quick and desp'rate;  
 Till they run headlong into civil discords,  
 And do our bus'ness with their own destruction.

OTWAY'S *Caius Marius*.

---

Some popular chief,  
 More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,

And



And in a trice the bellowing herd came out ;  
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd ;  
And one and all's the word : True cocks o' th' game !  
They never ask for what, or whom they fight ;  
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe ;  
Cry Liberty, and that's a cause for quarrel.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

The captain of the rabble issu'd out  
With a black shirtless train ; each was an host ;  
A million strong of vermin, every villain :  
No part of government ; but lords of Anarchy :  
Chaos of Power, and privileg'd Destruction ;  
Outlaws of Nature ! Yet the great must use 'em,  
Sometimes as necessary tools of Tumult.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

But curs'd be they,  
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,  
Whose blindfold madness is but to destroy ;  
And like the fire commission'd by the winds,  
Begins on sheds, but rolling in a round,  
On palaces returns.

*Ibid*

Ye mongrel work of Heaven in human shapes,  
Not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breathe and perish.

*Ibid.*

Chafe not thyself about the rabble's censure ;  
They blame or praise, but as one leads the other ;  
Unthinking souls ! that when consider'd singly,  
How few we find deserve the name of men ;  
Yet in conjunction grow they formidable.

*FRONDE'S Fall of Saguntum.*

M O D E S T Y.

Tho' thought will have no bound,  
A virgin's tongue should shame to hint a thought  
At which a virgin's cheek should blush.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.*

*Id. Of*



1. Of all flowers methinks a rose is best.

2. Why, gentle madam?

1. It is the emblem of a maid:

For when the West winds court her gently,  
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
With her chaste blushes? When the North comes near  
her

Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,  
She locks her beauties in her bnd again,  
And leave him to base briars.

*Rowley's Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Then we are fair, and fit for men's embraces,  
When, like towns, they lie before us ages,  
Yet not carry'd, hold out their strongest batt'ries;  
Then compound too with loss of Honour;  
And march off with our fair wedding colours flying.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.*

Is but the wax, whose seals on virgins stay:  
Let it approach Love's fires, 'twill melt away.

*Dryden's Conquest of Granada.*

—Modesty!

The virgin's troublesome and constant guest.

*Lee's Pleas'd.*

That modest grace subdu'd my soul,  
That chastity of look which seems to hang,  
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,  
And by forbidding most enflames Desire.

*Young's Buena.*

All emperor as he is, I cannot stoop  
To honours, that bring Shame and Disgrace with them.  
Reason and Pride, those props of Modesty,  
Sustain my guarded heart, and strengthen Virtue;  
Rather than sink to Infamy, let chains  
Embrace me, with a joy, such Love denies.

*Mind's Zard.*

MONARCH



# MON

## MONARCH.

Dost thou preach to me  
The pedant maxims of those sons of Earth,  
Whom the gross vulgar fondly title wise?  
Slaves, who to shades and solitude condemn'd,  
Pine there with all-shunned Penury and Scorn.  
A monarch is above them, and takes counsel  
Of his unbounded will and high ambition,  
That counts the world his own. *Cæsar's Euridice.*

Can it be just, that one should reign alone  
And lord it uncontroll'd o'er thousand slaves?  
Can it be just, a creature, such as this,  
A man of passion, and of frailties made,  
Should to another nobler than himself,  
Say, wretch, it is my pleasure you should die? *Tracy's Pericles.*

Why has the monarch so much use for life?  
Yet in his health is levell'd with the peasant!  
O painful majesty! unequal state!  
Not all the gorgeous pomp, thy flags of power,  
Thy dignities, dominions, ceremonies,  
The crown, the sceptre, and the royal ball,  
The purple robe, nor princely crowds, whose press  
Of duty intercepts the who'elome air;  
Not all these glories, for one precious hour,  
Can buy the beggar's health or appetite. *Cæsar's King John.*

## MONASTIC LIFE.

I will devote the sad remains of life  
To the blest company of holy men!  
Learn contemplation, and the dress of life  
Purg'd off, taste clearer and more sprightly joys;  
Partake their transports in the brightest visions;  
See op'ning Heavens, and the descending gods:  
Then,



Then, as I view the dazzling track of angel,  
Sigh to my heart, and cry, See there, and there,  
In full perfection thousand Bellamiras.

*LEE's Caesar Borgia.*

To see this day the emperor of the East  
Leave all the pleasures that the Earth can yield,  
That Nature can bestow, or Art invent;  
In his life's spring and bloom of gaudy years  
To undergo the penance of a cloister;  
Confin'd to narrow rooms, and gloomy walks;  
Fasting, and exercises of devotion,  
Which from his bed at midnight must awake him:  
Methinks, O Leontine! is something more  
Than yet philosophy could ever reach:  
Methinks at such a glorious resignation,  
Th' angelic orders should at once descend  
In all the paint and drapery of Heaven,  
With charming voices, and with lulling strings,  
To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.

*LEE's Theodosius.*

Say, can you be content in these poor weeds  
To know no earthly hopes beyond a cloister;  
But stretch'd on musty mats in noisome caves,  
To rouse at midnight bells, and mutter prayers  
For souls beyond their reach, to senseless saints?  
To wage perpetual war with Nature's bounty?  
To blacken sick men's chambers, and be number'd  
With the loath'd leavings of mortality,  
The watch-light, hour-glass, and the nauseous phial?  
Are these the ends of life? Was this fine frame,  
Nerves exquisitely textur'd; soft desires,  
Aspiring thoughts, this comprehensive soul,  
With all her train of god-like faculties,  
Given to sink in this vile drudgery.

*JERKSON's Braganza.*

**M O N E Y.**



MONEY.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
Twixt nat'ral son and fire : Thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !  
Thou ever young, fresh lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,  
That lies on Dian's lap : Thou visible god  
That sould'rest close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kifs ! then speak'st with every tongue,  
To every purpose ; Oh, thou touch of hearts !  
Think thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts,  
May have the world in empire.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Tamon of Athens.*

—What is here ?  
Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious gold ?  
—Thus much of this will make  
Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;  
Base, noble ; old, young ; cowards, valiant.  
You gods : Why this ? what this ; you gods ? Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides :  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd,  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd : place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench. *Ibid.*

That I might live alone once with my gold :  
O 'tis a sweet companion ! kind and true :  
A man may trust it, when his father cheats him,  
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wond'rous pelf,  
That which makes all men false, is true itself.

*JOHNSON'S Case is Alter'd.*

1. Pray, Sir, what turn'd you Turk ?
2. That for which many their religion,

Most



Most men their faith, all change their honesty,  
Profit: that gilded god, Commodity.

*DAUBORNE's Christian turn'd Turk.*

I could wish, that every thing I touch'd might  
Turn to gold: This is the sinews of war,  
And the sweetness of peace. Is it not gold  
That makes the chafteſt yield to luſt? the  
Honeſteſt to lowdneſs? the wiſeſt to  
Folly? the faithfull'eſt to deceit? and  
The moſt holy in heart, to be moſt hollow of heart?  
In this word, gold, are all the powers of  
The gods; the deſires of men; the wonders  
Of the world; the miracles of Nature;  
The looſeneſs of Fortune, and triumphs of  
Time. By gold may you ſhake off the courts of  
Other princes, and have your own ſettled:  
One ſpade of gold undermines faſter than  
An hundred mattocks of ſteel,——  
Religious balance are golden bags——  
——The firſt ſtair of Virtue is money,  
Doth any thiſt after gentry, and wiſh  
To be eſteem'd beautiful?  
King-coin hath a mint to ſtamp gentleman,  
And art to make amiableneſs.

*LILLY's Midas.*

See what money can do: That can change  
Men's manners; alter their conditions!  
How tempeſtuous the ſlaves are without it.  
O, thou powerful metal! what authority  
Is in thee! Thou art the key of all men's  
Mouths: With thee a man may lock up the jaws  
Of an informer, and without thee, he  
Cannot ope the lips of a lawyer.

*BROOK's Wedding of Covent Garden.*

# M O O N.

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſic

*Creech*



Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit Jessica; look how the floor of Heav'n  
 Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;  
 There's not the small'st orb which thou beholdest  
 But in his motion, like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubims;  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

*SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.*

So the Moon charms her watry world below,  
 Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb and flow.

*Luc's Mithridates.*

The queen of night  
 Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.

*OTWAY's Cains Marius.*

A glimpse of moon-shine streak'd with red,  
 A shuffled, fadlen, and uncertain light,  
 That dances thro' the clouds, and shuts again.

*DRYDEN's Cleamenes.*

Thus village-cure howl at the silent moon,  
 While she serenely glides unclouded on.

*Rowe's Fall of Sogantum.*

## M O R N I N G.

How bloodily the sun begins to peev  
 Above yon busky hill! the Day looks pale  
 At his distemperature;  
 The southern Wind  
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
 Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

*SHAKESPEARE's Henry IV.*

See how the Morning opens her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How



How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

Look, Love! what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East!  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
 Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Romeo and Juliet.*

Behold the Morn in russet mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill! *Ibid.*

Behold what streaks  
 Of light embroider all the cloudy east:  
 Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day  
 Upon the mountain-tops sits gaily dress'd,  
 While all the birds bring music to his levee. *Ibid.*

Yon grey lines  
 That fret the clouds are messengers of Day.  
 SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar.*

The glow worm shews the matin to be near,  
 And gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet.*

Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring Morn, that flakes  
 With silver tincture the east verge of Heav'n?

MARSTON'S *Antonia and Melida.*

See! the dapple grey courfers of the Morn,  
 Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,  
 And chase it thro' the sky. *Ibid.*

It is, methinks, a Morning full of fate;  
 It rises slowly, as her fullen care  
 Had all the weights of Sleep and Death hung on it:  
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black;  
 Her face is like a water turn'd to blood;  
 Her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
 As if she threaten'd night e'er noon of day.

B. JOHNSON'S *Catalina.*

See



See the day begins to break,  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,  
 While the morning doth unfold :  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,  
 And the squirrel from the boughs,  
 Leaps to get in nuts and fruit ;  
 The early lark, that erst was mute,  
 Carols to the rising day ;  
 Many a note and many a lay.

*FLETCHER's Faithless Shepherdess.*

See ! Aurora puts on her crimson blush,  
 And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the height  
 Of yon aspiring hill ! the pearly dew  
 Hangs on the rose-bud's top ; and knowing it  
 Must be non-exhal'd, for sorrow shrinks  
 Itself into a tear.

*SHARP's Noble Stranger.*

The Morning rises black, the low'ring sun  
 Drives heavily his fable chariot on :  
 The face of Day now blushes scarlet deep.

*LEE's Alexander.*

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson ;  
 The flowers more od'rous seem ; the garden birds  
 Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends  
 The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness :  
 All Nature smiles, and the whole world is pleas'd.

*LEE's Cæsar Borgia.*

With'd morning's come, and now upon the plains,  
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,  
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born Day :  
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
 Of healthful viands, which when Hunger calls,  
 With much content and appetite he eats ;  
 To follow in the field his daily toil,  
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits :  
 The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,



And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up  
 And looking tow'rs the neighbouring pastures, raise  
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow:  
 The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees  
 Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes,  
 Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

Now from Night's womb the glorious Day breaks forth,  
 And seems to kindle from the setting stars.

*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks,  
 As if the sun were listless to appear,  
 And dark designs hang heavy on the day.

*DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.*

From amber shrouds I see the Morning rise,  
 Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies:  
 And now the city emmets leave their hive,  
 And rousing hinds to chearful labour drive,  
 High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,  
 And Nature smiles upon the mountain brow;  
 The joyful birds salute the Sun's approach:  
 The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;  
 While from his car the dropping gems distil,  
 And all the earth, and all the heavens do smile.

*LEE's Massacre of Paris.*

How sweet's the morn! how lovely to behold  
 The verdant fields and trees in all their bloom!  
 Whilst tuneful birds, on every bough essay  
 In various notes to warble forth their joy;  
 The sprightly brutes in wanton gambols play:  
 Each living creature, by its genial warmth,  
 Is fill'd with mirth, and blest'd in what it likes.

*WANDESFORD's Fatal Love.*

---

But the Morn  
 Rises upon my thoughts, her silver hand  
 With her fair pencil strikes the darkness out,

*And*



And paints the glorious face of Day.

*HAFARD's Scanderbeg.*

Hail to thy living light,  
Ambrosial Morn ! all hail thy roseat ray :  
That bids gay Nature all her charms display  
In varied beauty bright ;  
That bids each dewy spangled flow'ret rise,  
And dart around its vermeil dyes ;  
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

Away, ye goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;  
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall,  
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,  
Where at pale Midnight's stillest hour,  
Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away :  
Shrink at ambrosial Morning's living ray ;  
That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
Where thron'd in artless majesty  
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.  
*MASON's Elfrida.*

## M O R R O W.

To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow :  
Creep in a stealing pace from day to day,  
To the last minute of revolving time ;  
And all our Yesterdays have lighted fools  
To their eternal homes. *SHAKESPEARE's Macbeth.*

To-morrow's action ? Can that hoary wisdom  
Borne down with years, still doat upon To-morrow ?  
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,  
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose



An useless life in waiting for To-morrow,  
 To gaze with longing eyes upon To-morrow,  
 Till interposing Death destroys the prospect !  
 Strange ! that this general fraud from day to day  
 Should fill the world with wretches undetected.  
 The soldier lab'ring thro' a Winter's march,  
 Still sees To-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;  
 Still to the lover's long expecting arms,  
 To-morrow brings the visionary bride ;  
 But thou, too old to bear another cheat,  
 Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

*S. JOHNSON'S Irene.*

### M O T H E R, (*her grief.*)

*Const.* Father Cardinal, I have heard you say  
 That we shall see and know our friends in Heav'n ;  
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.  
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday expire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born ;  
 But now will canker Sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek ;  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 And so he'll die ; and rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of Heav'n,  
 I shall not know him ; therefore, never, never,  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me that never had a son.—

*K. Phil.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child ;  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words ;  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts ;  
 Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form ;  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief ?

*SHAKESPEARE'S King John.*

M O U N.



## M O U N T E B A N K.

That damn'd mountebank ! it cannot be  
 His oil should have that virtue. Have not I  
 Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in  
 To the Osteria with a tumbling whore,  
 And when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been glad  
 Of a poor spoonful of dead wine with flies in't.  
 It cannot be. All his ingredients  
 Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,  
 Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,  
 A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle :  
 I know 'em to a dram. *B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.*

## M U R D E R.

—————He like a traitor-coward,  
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul thro' streams of blood :  
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
 Ev'n from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
 Aloud for justice, and rough chastisement.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.*

See how the blood is settl'd in his face :  
 Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,  
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
 Being all descended to the lab'ring heart ;  
 Who in the conflict that it holds with Death,  
 Attracts the blood for aid against the enemy :  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returns,  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again :  
 But see his face is black and full of blood ;  
 His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd ;  
 Staring full ghastly, like a strangl'd man :  
 His hair up-rear'd ; his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;  
 His hands display'd abroad, as one that grasp'd  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.*



Our course will seem too bloody——  
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,  
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.  
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers :  
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,  
 And in the spirit of man there is no blood :  
 Oh ! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
 And not dismember Cæsar ! but alas !  
 Cæsar must bleed for it ; and gentle friends  
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
 Not hew him like a carcass fit for hounds.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Cæsar.*

—————Foul deeds will rise,  
 Tho' all the earth, o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes ;  
 And murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most mirac'lous organ. *SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

1. O horror ! O horror ! horror !

Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.

2. What's the matter ?

1. Confusion now hath made his master-piece ;  
 Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope  
 The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life of the building. *SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,  
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?  
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
 Altho' the kite soar with unbloody'd beak ?  
 Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy. *Ibid.*

It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause,  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,  
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
 Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,  
 And smooth as monumental alabaster :  
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men,



Put out the light, and then, put out the light :  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore  
 Should I repeat, but once put out thy light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling Nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean hear,  
 That can thy light relumine ; when I have pluck'd thy  
 rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It must needs wither.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

You should have drawn your swords,  
 And barr'd my rage with their advancing points ;  
 Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,  
 This had been noble ; this had shew'd a friend !  
 But you have let me stain my rising virtue,  
 Which else had ended brighter than the sun !  
 Death, Hell and furies ! you have sunk my glories !  
 Oh ! I am all a blot ! which seas of tears,  
 And my heart's blood, can never waste away.

*LEE'S Alexander.*

My plot grows full of death ;  
 Murder is playing her great master-piece ;  
 And the sad sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em :  
 Oh ! how I hug myself for this revenge !  
 My fancy's great in mischief ! for methinks,  
 The night grows darker ; and the lab'ring ghosts,  
 For fear lest I should find new torments out,  
 Run o'er the old with most prodigious swiftness :  
 I see the fatal fruit betwixt the teeth,  
 The sieve brim-full, and the swift stone stand still.

*Ibid.*

A thousand spirits tell me,  
 There's not a god but whispers in my ear ;  
 This death will crown me with immortal glory,  
 And make me company of queens above :  
 While thou, the burden of the earth,  
 Fall'st to the deep, so heavy with thy guilt,



That Hell itself must groan at thy reception :  
 While foulest fiends shun thy society ;  
 And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury. *Ibid.*

I see my death is written in thy eyes :  
 'Therefore wreak all thy lust of vengeance on me ;  
 Wash in my blood, and steep thee in my gore ;  
 Feed like a vulture, tear my bleeding heart. *Ibid.*

Creatures of vilest make, upon disgust,  
 With knives, or cords, set loose their coward souls.  
*LEE's Mitbridates.*

Oh ! he is the coolest murderer ! so staunch,  
 He kills, and keeps his temper !  
*DRYDEN's All for Love.*

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day,  
 How you will tremble there, to stand expos'd  
 'The foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,  
 That must be doom'd for murder ! think on murder !  
 That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes ;  
 'The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,  
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.  
 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me ;  
 I know this truth, but I repell'd the thought.  
 Sure there is none but fears a future state ;  
 And when the most obdurate swear they do nor,  
 'Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.  
*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

Murders, at which the astonishing sun went back,  
 And turn'd aside, and veil'd his head in clouds.  
*LANSDOWN's Heroic Love.*

Had you beheld his rack and torments,  
 When from his dying eyes swell'd to the brim,  
 The big round drops roll'd down his manly face ;  
 When from his hollow breast a murmur'ing croud  
 Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, all is well :  
 'Then had you seen him, O ye cruel gods !

Rush



Rush on the sword I held against his breast,  
And dye it to the hilt! *LEE's Theodosius.*

——— Oh! where shall I strike?  
Is there a smallest grain of that lov'd body  
That is not dearer to me than my eyes?  
My bosom'd heart, and all my life blood there;  
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,  
Dig out these eyes; tho' I would keep them last,  
To gaze upon thee: But to murder thee!  
The joy and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense!  
My wife! forbid it, Nature! *SOUTHERN's Oroonoko.*

——— There he lies! the blood  
Yet bubbling from his wounds. O more than savage!  
Had they or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed?  
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?  
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,  
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?  
*CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.*

O Death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,  
Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake,  
In tedious expectation of thy peace:  
Why stand thy thousand, thousand doors still open,  
To take the wretched in, if stern religion  
Guards ev'ry passage, and forbids my entrance?  
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,  
When urg'd with grief beyond a mortal suff'rance:  
But here it must not be! Think, think, Arpasia,  
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,  
And let that arm thy virtue, to perform  
What Cato's daughter durst not: Live Arpasia,  
And dare to be unhappy. *ROWE's Tamerlane.*

Behold, ev'n now the great unhappy youth  
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains:  
Now, now he bleeds, he dies:  
See his rich blood in purple torrents flows;  
And nature sallies in unbidden groans:  
No mortal pangs distort his lovely form;



His rosy beauties fade ; his starry eyes  
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams ;  
 Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,  
 And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,  
 And struggles into sound.

*SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.*

And dost thou think, Heav'n will conceal this murder?  
 No !—we shall be pursued with hourly vengeance !  
 Dreams will disclose it ; or, if Night wants eyes,  
 Lightning will flash, and point us out to justice.

*SAVAGE's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

—————Is there a crime  
 Beneath the roof of Heaven, that stains the soul  
 Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd  
 Assassination ? O my curdling blood !  
 Whenever the image strikes upon my brain,  
 Involuntary horrors shake my frame,  
 And mock the force of intrepidity.

*CIBBER's Caesar in Egypt.*

Expiring yonder, has that parricide  
 Discover'd crimes would ev'n startle fiends !  
 And show'd such dreadful agonizing pangs,  
 As sure would fright the hardest soul from sin.  
 Dying, he bellow'd out his dread remorse,  
 And wreath'd with seeming anguish of the soul  
 Till breath had quite forsook him.

*SHIRLEY's Parricide.*

Alas ! I heard her plead in vain for pity,  
 I saw her sunk beneath the murdering knife,  
 That deeply drank her blood. The purple stream  
 Forth gushing from the wound, stained her fair bosom ;  
 Whilst as it flow'd, her head, and iv'ry neck  
 Unsinew'd, languid, from her shoulders hung :  
 Her beauteous tresses scatter'd in the dust,  
 Were foul with clotted gore.

*BARFORD's Virgin Queen.*

The



The gods are rigid when they weigh such deeds  
As speak a ruthless heart; they measure blood  
By drops, and bate not one in the repay.

*YOUNG's Brothers.*

Murder but intentional, not wrought  
To horrid act, before the eternal throne  
Stands forth the first of crimes. Who dares assume,  
Unwarranted, Heav'n's high prerogative  
Over life and death, with double force shall find  
Turn'd on themselves the mischiefs they design'd.

*WHITEHEAD's Crensa.*

## S E L F - M U R D E R.

Not stony towers, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of fate;  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:  
For life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself:  
In that, ye gods, ye make the weak most strong!  
In that, ye gods, ye tyrants do defeat!  
In that each bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity!  
But I do think it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life; arming myself with patience,  
To wait the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below. *SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.*

O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce, and in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall,  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff and loathed part of nature shou'd  
Burn itself out. *SHAKESPEARE's King Lear.*

What more speaks  
Greatness of man, than valiant patience,



That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?  
 These human deaths, as falling on a sword,  
 Op'ning of veins, with poison quenching thirst,  
 (Which we erroneously do stile the deeds  
 Of the heroic and magnanimous man)  
 Was dead-ey'd Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear,  
 Who doubling tyranny, and fainting under  
 Fortune's false lottery, desperately run  
 To Death, for dread of Death: That soul's most stout,  
 That bearing all mischance, dares last it out.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Honest Man's Fortune.*

This Roman resolution of self-murder  
 Will not hold water at the high tribunal,  
 When it comes to be argu'd. My good genius  
 Prompts me to this consideration. He  
 That kills himself t'avoid mis'ry, fears it;  
 And at the best shews a bastard valour:  
 This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
 Which I must not yield up, 'till it be forc'd;  
 Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die:  
 But he that boldly bears calamity.

*MASSINGER's Maid of Honour.*

---

How shall  
 We think that man is truly valiant,  
 And fit to be engag'd in things of fright  
 And danger, that wants courage to sustain  
 An injury? it shews a fear of others  
 To be reveng'd upon ourselves; and he  
 Is not so much a coward that flies Death,  
 As he that suffers, and doth fear to live:  
 Besides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph;  
 And in the world's opinion, be granted  
 A tame concession to his worth; nay, men,  
 And with much face of reason, may affirm,  
 Ulysses did not only win th'arms,  
 But conquer'd Ajax.

*SHIRLEY's Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*

Dear,



Dear, dear Adrastus! look with half an eye  
 On my unheard-of woes, and judge thyself,  
 If it be fit that such a wretch should live!  
 I do conjure thee, give my horrors way:  
 Talk not of life, for that will make me rave:  
 As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd wretch,  
 All mangl'd o'er from head to foot with wounds,  
 And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

*DRYDEN's Oedipus.*

Now I am alone, yet my soul shakes,  
 For where this deadly draught may carry me  
 The heav'ns can only tell; yet I'm resolv'd  
 To drink it off in spite of consequence.

*LEE's Theodosius.*

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,  
 Who groaning with the burden of despair,  
 No longer will endure the cares of life,  
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,  
 Thro' the dark caves of Death to wander on,  
 Like wilder'd travellers without a guide;  
 Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze.  
 Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,  
 By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,  
 Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,  
 That never hope to reach the blessed fields. *Ibid.*

If I had longer been alone, most surely,  
 With the distraction that surrounds my heart,  
 My hand would have rebell'd against its master,  
 And done a murder here. *Ibid.*

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;  
 Tyrants may tie him up from your relief,  
 Nor has a christian privilege to die:  
 Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,  
 And give them furloes for another world;  
 But we, like cehtries, are oblig'd to stand  
 In starless nights, and wait th'appointed hour.

*DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

—He's



—He's a man;  
 He knows that men abandon'd of their hope,  
 Should ask no leave, nor stay for suing out  
 A tedious writ of ease from ling'ring Heav'n;  
 But help themselves as timely as they could,  
 And teach the Fates their duty.

*Ibid*

Shall Nature, erring from her first command,  
 Self-preservation, fall by her own hand?  
 By her own act the springs of life destroy,  
 The principles and being of her joy?  
 Sensual and base! *LANSDOWN'S British Incantations.*

Self-murder, that infernal crime,  
 Which all the gods level their thunder at!  
 Why, 'tis an act the gods admire, and envy,  
 Because they cannot do't, and where's the wrong?  
 May I not mow my grass, reap my own corn,  
 Cut my own woods, lay down this load of life,  
 Without injustice or to gods or men?  
 Self-preservation, Nature's highest law,  
 Is best obey'd, when our sublimer part,  
 Tir'd out with troubles, and chain'd up with griefs  
 Strives to shake off her fleshy manacles,  
 And fly to nobler dwellings.  
 Fine quirk to save the conscience, and to let others  
 kill me!

Well, 'tis all one, as if I kill'd myself:  
 And that's no harm, since I'm no more myself:  
 The magistrate in me destroys the malefactor;  
 And this form pleases best, a comelier shape of death  
*TANE'S Sacrifice.*

Our time is set and fix'd; our days are told;  
 And no man knows the limits of his life:  
 This minute may be mine, the next another's;  
 But still all mortals ought to wait the summons,  
 And not usurp on the decrees of fate,  
 By hastening their own ends.

*SMITH'S Princess of Parma.*

Fear



Fear, Guilt, Despair, and moon-struck Frenzy rush  
 On voluntary death : The wise, the brave,  
 When the fierce storms of fortune round 'em roar,  
 Combat the billows with redoubl'd force :  
 Then, if they perish e'er the port is gain'd,  
 They sink with decent pride ; and from the deep,  
 Honour retrieves 'em bright as rising stars.

*FENTON'S Mariamne.*

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms  
 The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth  
 Unlicens'd to eternity. Think, think,  
 And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.  
 The race of man is one vast, marshall'd army,  
 Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of Time,  
 Their leader the Almighty. In that march  
 Ah ! who may quit his post ? when high in air  
 The chosen archangel rides, whose right-hand wields  
 Th' imperial standard of Heaven's providence,  
 Which dreadful sweeping thro' the vaulted sky,  
 Overshadows all creation.

*MASON'S Elfrida.*

If in hereafter I could meet with ease,  
 Were it not well to cast off loathsome life ?  
 If it were good, the change is easy wrought.  
 Would being end with our expiring breath,  
 How soon misfortune could be puff'd away ?  
 A trifling shock can shiver us to dust.  
 But th' existence of th' immortal soul  
 Futurity's dark road perplexes still.  
 Tho' in fair Liberty's and Virtue's cause  
 'Tis honour's chiefest, fairest deed to die,  
 To me it would furnish everlasting pain.  
 If the frail body feels disorder'd pangs,  
 Then drugs medicinal can give us ease ;  
 The soul, no Æsculapian medicine can cure,  
 And 'tis the soul that ever must survive ;  
 Therefore who dies, to ease a guilty soul,  
 Flies like the moth into a deadly flame.  
 Where is the refuge then for wretched man,

Loaded



Loaded with guilt, and circled round with crimes?  
 Reflective thought administ'ring fresh pain!  
 Plung'd in the gulph of misery so far,  
 That struggling serves but to immerge him more.  
 I am so tangled in the mist of fate,  
 I cannot fortify my breast, nor guard  
 Against the horrors of besieging crimes,  
 They will rush in, in spite of all my cares,  
 Crowding they tear, and harraßs my rack'd soul.  
 Oh! that oblivion could with crowns be bought,  
 Then, and then only can I hope for ease.  
 But I must bear me up to public view,  
 Or all will be inevitably lost.

*GENTLEMAN'S Sejanus.*

### M U S I C.

For Orpheus' lute could soften steel and stone,  
 Make tygers tame, and huge Leviathans  
 Forsake unfounded deeps, and dance on sands.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

—Music is,  
 Ev'n as the flourish, when true subjects bow  
 To a new-crown'd monarch: Such it is,  
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
 And summon him to marriage.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.*

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears: Soft stillness of the night  
 Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica! Look how the floor of Heav'n  
 Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold!  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
 But in its motion like an angel sings;  
 Still chouring to the young ey'd cherubims:  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls!

But



But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Thus grossly closes us, we cannot hear it.

*Ibid.*

The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood :  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive 'em make a mutual stand ;  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music : Therefore the poet  
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music, for the time, doth change its nature :  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, villanies and spoils :  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.

*Ibid.*

If music be the food of love, play on  
That strain again ; it had a dying fall :  
Oh ! it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odours.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*.

— Come, bring thy lute,  
And sing my wastage to immortal joys.

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

Music has charms to sooth the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak ;  
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,  
And as with living souls, have been inform'd,  
By magic numbers, and persuasive sound.

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

Let



Let there be music, let the master touch  
 The sprightly string, and softly breathing flute,  
 Till Harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion!  
 Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,  
 And the fierce youth to languish at her feet;  
 Begin! Ev'n age itself is chear'd with music;  
 It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,  
 Calls back past joys, and warms us into transports.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Music shall wake her: That hath power to charm  
 Pale Sickness, and avert the stings of Pain:  
 But ever on the mind the sure effects  
 Are most conspicuous, where the vary'd notes  
 Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm  
 In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense  
 Of Grief, or Love, and print a dimpl'd smile  
 On the green bloodless cheek of dumb Despair.

*FENTON's Mariamne.*

All powerful Harmony, that can assuage,  
 And calm the sorrows of the frenzy'd wretch,  
 Till lull'd with thy enchanting, grateful numbers,  
 He throws quite off the burthen that oppress'd him.

*MARSH's Amasis.*

---

Strain each note,  
 In Melody's wide compass—Happily,  
 Some change, thro' sad to lively, may have force,  
 To strike recovering Sense, and wake Regard.

*HILL's Merope.*

---

What ear so fortify'd and barr'd  
 Against the tuneful force of vocal charms,  
 But would with transport to such sweet assailants  
 Surrender its attention? Never yet  
 Have I past by the night-bird's 'custom'd spray.  
 What time she pours her wild and artless song,  
 Without attentive pause and silent rapture;  
 How could I then, with savage Disregard,

Hear



Hear voices tuned by Nature sweet as her's,  
 Grac'd with all Art's addition? *MASON'S Elfrida.*

—————Meanwhile, my friends,  
 Tune some harmonious lay, whose sprightly notes  
 Flow in such happy discant as may speed  
 The lazy hours, that now move slowly on  
 With dull and flagging pinion. For sweet Music  
 Has got a magic spell to aid their flight,  
 And make them skim thro' their diurnal round,  
 Swift as the swallow circles. *Ibid.*

---

N A M E.

**H**IS very name  
 Renews the spring of life, and cheers my soul.  
*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ear;  
 At that dear name she rais'd her drooping head,  
 Her feeble hands and watry eyes to Heav'n,  
 To bless the bounteous gods: At that dear name,  
 The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;  
 Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.  
*SMITH'S Phædra and Hyppolitus.*

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard:  
 They are a trust but lent us, which we take,  
 And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,  
 With care transmit them down to other hands.  
*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

N A T U R E.

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits and flocks,  
 Thronging



Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,  
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hatch'd the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with; if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frize,  
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons;  
 Who would be quite sutcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility.

\* \* \* \* \*

Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance. She, good caterers,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictates of spare Temperance.  
 If every just man, that now pines with Want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid.

MILTON's Comus.

The book of Nature open to my view,  
 With care I do explore the wond'rous work,  
 And read the dictates of th' Almighty mind,  
 By his own hand express'd, in characters  
 Thro' the whole fair creation legible,

In



In ev'ry tongue and land—a solemn institute  
Of laws eternal, whose unalter'd page  
No time can change, no copier can correct.

*BELLER'S Injured Innocence.*

Turn thy admiring eye to Heav'n, to Earth;  
Nature, you see, in her unnumber'd works,  
Finds out consenting principles to join  
The parents of this fair Variety: But ours,  
How distant? Wide as earth from heaven.

*HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.*

What art thou, Nature, with so great a flaw?  
How much more worthy pity than the brute,  
Does he appear? Whose reason is laid waste,  
And all the faculties of judgment void,  
Who wears the image and the name of man,  
Yet loses what should truly make him so. *Ibid.*

Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd  
One contradiction? the continual sport  
Of fighting powers? Oh! wherefore hast thou sown  
Such war within us, such unequal conflict,  
Between slow Reason and impetuous Passion?

*THOMSON'S Agamemnon.*

—The liberal hand of Nature  
Has not created us, nor any nation,  
Beneath the blessed canopy of heaven,  
Of such malignant clay, but each may boast  
Their native virtues, and their maker's bounty.

*THOMSON'S Edward and Eleonora.*

Trust me, those partial ties of blood, and kindred,  
Are but the illusive taints of education:  
What we call nature is mere habit.—

*MILLER'S Mahomet.*

—Goddess Nature,  
Whose subtle power pervades the heavy mass  
Of earth and water, and with instinct pure  
Inspires the light inhabitants of air

With



With genial care to hover over the young,  
 Say, are not these thy passions, these thy tears?  
 Do they not flow fast from thy sacred fountain  
 Of univerfal love?

*FRANCIS'S Eugenia.*

—Why, Nature, why!  
 Art thou so watchful o'er the brutal tribes,  
 And yet so careless of the human race.  
 By certain instinct beasts and birds discern  
 Their proper food: For them the fairest fruit  
 Untouch'd, if pois'nous, withers on the bough:  
 But man, by a fair outside, still deceiv'd,  
 And by his boasted Reason more betray'd,  
 Gives the affection of his soul to Beauty,  
 Devours the deadly bane.

*MURPHY'S Alonzo.*

—On the bare earth  
 Evander lies; and as his languid powers  
 Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,  
 And his looks speak unutterable thanks,  
 Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,  
 Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;  
 And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles  
 Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,  
 A silent tear steals down; the tear of Virtue,  
 That sweetens grief to rapture.

*MURPHY'S Grecian Daughter.*

Where Nature bestows genius, Education will give  
 accomplishments; but where the disposition is wanting,  
 the blood of a duchess cannot make a gentlewoman.

*CUMBERLAND'S Choleric Man.*

## NECROMANCER.

By my rough magic I have oft bedimm'd  
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mut'nous winds;  
 And 'twixt the green sea, and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war; to the dread ratt'ling thunder  
 Have I giv'n fire; and risted Jove's stout oak

With



With his own bolt : Graves at my command,  
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth,  
 By my so potent art. *SHAKESPEARE'S Tempest.*

Him I have seen (on Iſther's bank he ſtood,  
 Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong flood  
 In ſudden ice, and where moſt ſwift it flows,  
 In cryſtal nets, the wand'ring fiſhes cloſe ;  
 Then with a moment's thaw the ſtream enlarge,  
 And from the meſh the twinkling gueſts diſcharge :  
 In a deep vale, or near ſome ruin'd wall,  
 He would the ghos'ts of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers call ;  
 Who ſlow to wounded bodies did repair,  
 And loth to enter, ſhiver'd in the air :  
 Theſe his dread wands did to ſhort life compel,  
 And forc'd the Fates of battles to foretel :  
 In a lone tent all hung with black I ſaw,  
 Where in a ſquare he did a circle draw,  
 Four angles, made by that circumference,  
 Bore holy words inſcrib'd of myſtic ſenſe ;  
 When firſt, a hollow wind began to blow,  
 The ſky grew black, and belly'd down more low ;  
 Around the field did nimble lightning play,  
 Which offer'd us by fits, and inatch'd the day :  
 'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender cry  
 Of well-pleas'd ghos'ts, which in the ſtorm did fly ;  
 Danc'd to and fro; and ſkimm'd along the ground,  
 Till to the magic circle they were bound.

*DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.*

## N E W S.

Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,  
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously :  
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,  
 And when they talk of him they ſhake their heads,  
 And whiſper one another in the ear,  
 And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wiſt,  
 Whiſt he that hears makes fearful action,

With



With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus :  
 He, whilst the iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news,  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
 Told of a many thousand warlike French  
 That were embattled, and rank'd at Kent.  
 Another lean unwashed artificer,  
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*SHAKESPEARE'S King John.*

I saw a sweating weaver in his shirt,  
 Run puffing, with his shuttle in his hand,  
 To ask a neighbour butcher of the news,  
 Who, with his knife in's mouth, abruptly tells  
 Orsino's death, yes, and his daughter's too.  
 Then comes a taylor, with his hair tuck'd back  
 Behind his ears, on tiptoes, in his slippers,  
 And cries, in haste, the duke of Gradia's murder'd;  
 Then spits upon his iron, casts up his eyes,  
 Threads thro' the company, as it were a needle,  
 And vanishes.

*LEE'S Caesar Borgia.*

# N I G H T.

Dark Night, that from the eye his function takes,  
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
 It pays the hearing double recompence.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream.*

No, the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf beholds the moon :  
 Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,  
 All with weary'd task 'fore done.  
 Now, the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now



Now it is the time of night,  
 That the graves all gaping wide,  
 Ev'ry one lets forth his sprite  
 In the church-way paths to glide:  
 And we fairies that do run  
 By the triple Hecate's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream. *Shid.*

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day  
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea:  
 And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,  
 That drag the tragic melancholic Night;  
 And with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
 Cleap dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
 Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

*SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.*

The deep of Night is crept upon our talk.

*SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.*

The bat has flown  
 His cloister'd flight, and to pale Hecate's summons,  
 The shar'd born beetle with his drowsy hums  
 Has rung Night's yawning peal.

*SHAKESPEARE's Macbeth.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night  
 When church-yards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to the world.

*SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.*

The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of Day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream,  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Tracing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.

*MILTON's Comus.*



'Tis now the hour which all to rest allow;  
And sleeps fits heavy upon ev'ry brow.

*DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.*

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead;  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head:  
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dew sweat,  
Even Lust and Envy sleep. *Ibid.*

Now human kind in sleep their cares forsake,  
Ev'n Guilt itself some little rest does take,  
And none but the revengeful are awake.

*CH. DAVENANT'S Circe.*

'Tis Night; the season when the happy take  
Repose, and only wretches are awake:  
Now discontented ghosts begin their rounds,  
Haunt ruin'd buildings, and unwholesome grounds.  
Or at the curtains of the restless wait,  
To frighten them with some sad tale of fate.

*OWEN'S Don Carlos.*

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies  
So fast, as if she never meant to rise.  
No breath of wind now whispers thro' the trees,  
No noise at land, nor murmurs in the seas:  
Lean wolves forget to howl at Night's pale moon;  
No watchful dogs bark at the silent moon;  
Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by,  
To view the caverns where their bodies lie:  
The ravens perch, and no presages give,  
Nor to the windows of the dying cleave:  
The owls forget to scream, no midnight sound  
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground.  
In vaults the waking fires extinguish'd lie;  
The stars, Heav'n's centry, wink, and seem to die.

*LEE'S Theodosius.*

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were rear'd,  
And the perpetual motion standing still,



So much she from her work appears to cease;  
 And every warring element's at peace:  
 All the wild herds are in their coverts couch'd:  
 The fishes to their banks or ooze repair'd,  
 And to the murmurs of the water sleep:  
 The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,  
 Except of some soft breaths among the trees,  
 Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them,

*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

Th' unlucky time of night,  
 When nought but loathsome vermin are abroad;  
 Or witches gathering pois'nous herbs for spells,  
 By the pale light of the cold waning moon,

*OTWAY'S Caius Martius.*

And, lo! the Night descends;  
 With her black wings to brood o'er all the world.

*LAR'S Lucius Junius Brutus.*

The dead of Night,  
 When darkness broods upon our darken'd world,

*DARREN'S Duke of Guise.*

The hard travell'd sun  
 Now wantons in the bosom of the sea,  
 Whilst am'rous clouds steal nearer to the earth,  
 And melt themselves away upon the flow'rs:  
 The beasts in companies to coverts run,  
 And all the feather'd kind upon the wing,  
 Pair to the groves, and dream the Night away.

*BOOTHMAN'S Disappointment.*

The Day is fled, and dismal Night descends,  
 Casting her sable arms around the world,  
 And folding all within her deadly grasp;  
 Ghosts are abroad; the monuments are empty'd;  
 And heroes that have slept till now, have left  
 Their quiet tombs, and once more walk the earth.

*HARRIS'S Pyrrhus.*



This dead of Night, this silent hour of Darkness,  
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent,*

The drowsy Night grows on the world, and now  
The busy craftsmen, and o'er-labour'd hind  
Forget the travail of the Day in sleep;  
Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness,  
With meagre discontented looks they fit  
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.

*Rowe's Jane Shore,*

The Night was dark and still. A heavier gloom  
Ne'er cover'd earth. In low'ring clouds, the stars  
Were muffled deep; and not one ray below.

*Thomson's Agamemnon,*

Behold the black, the guilt-concealing Night,  
Fast closes round. Wide, thro' this ample palace,  
The lamps begin to shine. The tempest falls;  
The weary winds sink, breathless. But, who knows,  
What fiercer tempest yet may shake this Night.  
Soul-chearing Phœbus, with thy sacred beams,  
O quickly come, and chase these sullen shadows.

*Ibid.*

O, treach'rous Night!  
Thou lend'st thy ready veil, to ev'ry treason,  
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade.

*Hill's Zara,*

The Night looks black and boding. Darkness fell  
Precipitate and heavy o'er the world;  
At once extinguishing the sun. *Mallet's Mustapha,*

## N I G H T I N G A L E.

Thus in some poplar shade, the nightingale,  
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail:  
Which the rough hind observing as they lay  
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:

*But*

*Gran*



But she in mournful sounds does still complain,  
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,  
And still renews her miserable strain.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

The melancholy Philomel  
Thus perch'd all night alone in shady groves,  
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of love,  
Making her life one great harmonious woe.

*Southern's Disappointment.*

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,  
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;  
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,  
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;  
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know;  
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;  
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,  
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;  
Warbling she charms it each returning night,  
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Sad Philomela thus with plaintive strain,  
Moaning her ravished little ones in vain,  
Sings nightly sweet; the woods her warbling song  
Repeat;—repeat the sadly moving wrong,  
Inamour'd with the music of her tongue.

*Ch. Johnson's Medea.*

N I L E.

So when the swelling Nile contemns her bounds,  
And with extended waste, the vallies drowns;  
At length her ebbing streams resign the field,  
And, to the pregnant soil, a ten-fold harvest yield.

*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.*

N O B L E S O U L.

The noble soul,  
Grants the most free indulgence to the weak,

G 3

Because



Because its generous nature pleads their cause.

*HARVARD'S K. Charles I.*

### NOBILITY.

Thy early glories in the chace of Fame,  
Reflect new lustre, and our house confirm.  
'Tis Nature's most inviolable law,  
To make each species propagate its kind:  
The generous offspring from the generous stock,  
Derive the virtues, and confess the fire.

*HICCON'S Generous Conqueror.*

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent  
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt  
A lineage of the greatest, and recount  
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,  
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdued  
The world by arms and virtue:  
But that be their own praise:  
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,  
Myself an undeserver.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

What are all the pomps  
Of sculptured marble, or recording brass,  
The glittering titles, or the blazon'd shields,  
Or, those false soothing to the vain of heart,  
The noisy Paeans of the giddy croud!  
Unless the conscious soul approves itself,  
Nor takes distinction but from inward worth.  
How vain are all hereditary honours,  
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,  
Unless our own just virtues firm our title,  
And give a sanction to the fond assumptions.

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

### NOISE.

The noise increases as the billows roar,  
When, rolling from afar, they threat the shore.

*DARREN'S Aurengzebe.*

*I heard*



I heard a distant humming noise,  
Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

——— Now every echo  
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant sounds. *Ibid.*

And, hark ! methinks, the noise that late pursu'd me,  
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,  
And softens into silence. *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

## N U N.

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether if you yield not to your fathers choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun ;  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chàunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon :—  
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.  
But earlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Some solitary cloister will I choose.  
And there with holy virgins live immur'd :  
Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,  
Broke by the melancholy midnight bell :  
There hoard up every moment of my life,  
To lengthen out the payment of my tears.  
Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,  
Shall do dead Sancho justice every hour,  
Till even fierce Raymond at the last shall say,  
Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

Oh ! shut me in a cloister ; there, well pleas'd,  
Religious hardships I will learn to bear :  
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r,



Nor think it hard within a lonely cell,  
 With melancholy, speechless founts to dwell;  
 But bless the day I to that refuge ran,  
 Free from the marriage-chain, and from that tyrant  
 man!  
*Rowe's Fair Penitent*

### N U P T I A L S.

— The rites expect thee;  
 And my devoted heart no longer brooks  
 This distance from its soft'ner!—All the lamps  
 Of nuptial love are lighted, and burn pure,  
 As if they drew their brightness from thy blushes;  
 'The holy mosque is fill'd with fragrant fumes,  
 Which emulate the sweetness of thy breathing:  
 My prostrate People all confirm my choice,  
 And send their souls to Heav'n, in prayer, for blessings.  
 'Thy envious rivals, conscious of thy right,  
 Approve superior charms, and join to praise thee;  
 'The throne, that waits thee, seems to shine, more richly,  
 As all its gems, with animated lustre,  
 Feared to look dim beneath the eyes of Zara!  
 Come, my slow love! the ceremonies wait thee;  
 Come, and begin, from this dear hour, my triumph.

*Hill's Zara.*

### O A T H.

**N**OT an oath, if not the face of men,  
 The sufferance of our souls the times abuse;  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 But if these,  
 As I am sure they do bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steal with valour  
 The melting spirits of women, then countrymen,  
 What need we any spur but our own cause

To



To prick us to redress? What other bond  
 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter? And what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we shall fall for it?  
 Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls,  
 That welcome wrongs unto bad causes; swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt, but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor th' insuppressive metal of our spirits,  
 To think that, or our cause, or our performance  
 Did need an oath.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;  
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow,  
 To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
 And have no other reason for his wrong,  
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

But sooner shall a dooming god reveal  
 His Strygian oath, than I renounce my vow.

LESS'S *Mithridates*.

O mighty Jove, the giver of all laws,  
 And Phœbus too, who, from thy orb above,  
 Art conscious to what mortals do or say:  
 O Seas! O Earth! and you impartial powers  
 Below, who judge and punish perjury,  
 Bear an eternal record of my oath.

LANDOWN'S *Heroic Love*.

Yes, he has sworn! Be witness heav'n and earth!  
 Be witness sun and moon, and every star!  
 Be witness all ye gods, that he has sworn!



Is there an hour, either of day or night,  
Free from some oath of everlasting love?

*Dist.*

An oath is a recognizance to Heaven,  
Binding us over in the courts above  
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,  
That those who tempt this world should suffer there.

*SACCHER'S Oromoko.*

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears:  
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,  
And make it sin not to renounce that vow,  
Which I'd have broken.

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

Nay, but weigh well what you presume to swear!  
Oaths are of dreadful weight—and, if they are false,  
Draw down damnation—

*SUNGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.*

What are oaths, but fancy'd bonds the mind  
Gives to ensure the body, and put off  
Vain words for deeds, and promise for performance?  
It is not oaths which only bind, whom Nature  
Had bound before; nor to warm prayers and vows,  
Which the false man can feign, I'd trust my heart.

*MADDEN'S Themistocles.*

———If we want oaths to join us,  
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.  
A cause like ours is its own sacrament;  
Truth, Justice, Reason, Love and Liberty,  
The eternal links that clasp the world are in it;  
And he, who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,  
And infinite connection.

*BROOKS'S Gustavus Vasa.*

If oaths be disregarded—come Confusion;  
Come wild Disorder, leading by the hand  
The harlot Vice, disfeatur'd of Humanity,  
And every social Grace—Hot Violation,  
With harpy-talon'd Rapine, close the scene,

*Razing.*



Razing all virtue from the human heart.—

*HAYARD'S Régulus.*

Oaths would debase the dignity of Virtue,  
Else I could swear by him, the Power, who cloathed  
The sun with light, and gave yon starry host  
Their chaste; unfully'd lustre; by the fire  
Which burns unceasing on that sacred altar,  
Where first—O memory—our loves were plighted.

*FRANCIS'S Constantine.*

### O B E D I E N C E.

I am taught by Honour's precepts to obey;  
Fear to obedience is a slavish way.

*DRYDEN'S Aurengzeib.*

See I'm all obedience:

Did ever daughter yet obey like me?  
Not she, who in the dungeon fed her father  
With her own milk, and by her piety  
Sav'd him from Death, can match my rigorous virtue;  
For I have done much more: Torn off my breasts;  
My breasts! my very heart! and flung it from me!  
To feed the tyrant Duty with my blood!

*LEL'S Caesar Borgla.*

### O B S T I N A T E.

To wilful men,

The injuries that they themselves procur'd  
Must be their schoolmasters.

*SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

### O L D A G E.

You are old;

Nature in you stands in the very verge  
Of her confine.

G 6.

Kind!



Kind keepers of my weak, decaying age;  
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.  
 Ev'n like a man new-haled from the rack,  
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;  
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of Death,  
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer,  
 These eyes, like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,  
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent,  
 Weak shoulders, over-born with burthening grief,  
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,  
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:  
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
 Unable to support this lump of clay,  
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;  
 As witting I no comfort have.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

So many cares, so many maladies,  
 So many fears attending on old age,  
 Yea Death so often call'd on as no wife  
 Can be more frequent with them; their limbs faint,  
 Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,  
 All dead before them, yea their very teeth,  
 Their instruments of eating failing them:  
 Yet this is reckon'd life.

*B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.*

Here is one that wishes to live longer,  
 Feels not his gout nor palsy, feigns himself  
 Younger by scores of years, flatters his age  
 With confident belying, with hopes he may  
 With charms like Æson have his youth restor'd;  
 And with these thoughts so battens, as if Fate  
 Would be as easily cheated on as he,  
 And all turns air!

*Ibid.*

I'm reading, Sir, of a short treatise here,  
 That's call'd the Vanity of Lust; has your grace seen it?  
 He says here, that an old man's loose desire  
 Is like the glow-worm's light, th' Apasos wonder'd at,  
 Which,



Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon't,  
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out pre-  
sently :

And in another place, he calls their loves  
Faint smells of dying flowers, carry no comforts ;  
They're doting, stinking fogs, so thick and muddy,  
Reason, with all his beams, can't beat thro' them.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's, Humourous Lieutenant.*

Decrepit bodies, worn to ruin,  
Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,  
And to let drop the soul.

*DRYDEN's Marriage A-la-mode.*

Some few by temp'rance taught, approaching slow,  
To distant fate, by easy journeys go :  
Gently they lay them down as ev'ning sheep,  
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep ;  
So noiseless would I live, such death too find,  
Like timely fruit not shaken by the wind,  
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,  
And dying, nothing to myself would owe.  
Thus daily changing, with a duller taste  
Of lessening joys, I by degrees would waste :  
Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,  
And steal myself from life, and melt away.

*DRYDEN's State of Innocence.*

He, like a lamp, would live to the last wink,  
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.

*DRYDEN's All for Love.*

As in a green old-age, his hair just grizzl'd,

*DRYDEN's Oedipus.*

Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,  
Who hast so long walk'd hand-in-hand with Time.

*DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.*

Changes in froward age are natural,  
Who hopes for constant weather in the fall.

*DRYDEN's Secret Love.*

We



We yet may see the old man in a morning,  
Lusty as Health come ruddy to the field,  
And there pursue the chace, as if he meant  
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again.

*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

How happy is the ev'ning tide of life,  
When phlegm has quench'd our passions, trifling out  
The feeble remnant of our silly days  
In follies, such as dotage best is pleas'd with,  
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares,  
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy mind.

*OTWAY'S Caius Marius.*

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand  
Is ebbing to the last:  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
And Nature drops him down without your sin,  
Like mellow fruit, without a winter-form,

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

These are the effects of doting age,  
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over caution;  
The second nonage of a soul more wise,  
But now decay'd and sunk into the socket,  
Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

But old men have prerogative of tongue,  
And kings of power, and parents that of Nature.

*DRYDEN'S Eleonora.*

I've glutted Nature with satiety,  
Tir'd all her various appetites of change:  
And 'twould be an unmannerly return,  
For my good cheer, and welcome of the feast,  
When I have set it out, to grudge to rise.

*SOUTHERN'S Fate of Capua.*

Thirst of power, and riches now bear sway,  
The passions and infirmity of age,

*BROWNE'S Philotas.*

But



But at his years  
Death gives short notice—Drooping Nature then;  
Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.

*THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Those old men, those plodding grave state pedants;  
Forget the course of youth; their crooked Prudence,  
To baseness verging still, forgets to take  
Into their fine spun schemes the generous heart,  
That thro' the cobweb system bursting, lays  
Their labours waste. — *Ibid.*

— This heart, by Age and Grief congeal'd,  
Is no more sensible to Love's endearments,  
Than are our barren rocks to Morn's sweet dew,  
That balmly trickles down their rugged cheeks.

*MILTON'S Mabomata.*

— An old man must expect  
These little shocks of Nature, they are hints  
To warn us of our end.

*WHITTAKER'S Roman Father.*

Suspicion is the frailty of old age.  
The weakness of my heart. — *FRANCIS'S Eugenia.*

Old men love novelties; the last arriv'd  
Still pleases best; the youngest steals their smiles.

*YOUNG'S Brothers.*

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys  
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,  
At every little breath Misfortune blows;  
Till, left quite-naked of their happiness,  
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.  
This is the common lot. — *Ibid.*

— These war-wearied limbs  
Wish for repose; to lay their feeble strength  
Beneath the peaceful shade, which this day's triumph  
Spreads over the earth; there, in an old man's warfare,  
To talk of freezing nights, and burning days,

*The*



The toils of Glory, sieges, marches, battles,  
And animate our youths to deeds of honour,  
Be now my sole ambition. *FRANCIS's Constantine.*

Old age is talkative, and I may learn  
Somewhat of moment from him.

*WHITEHEAD's Crensa.*

————— Myself mean while  
Will tempt the vice of Age, and try to draw  
Some useful secrets from him.

*Ibid.*

————— Credulity  
Is not the vice of Age.

*Ibid.*

## O M E N S.

The owls shriek'd at thy birth ; an evil fight !  
The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time :  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney-top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.

*SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.*

————— A common slave  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by  
Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women,  
Transform'd with fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire, walk up and down the streets :  
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Ev'n at noonday, upon the market place,  
Hooting and shrieking.

*SHAKESPEARE's Julius Cæsar.*

Be thou my witness, that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon the battle all our liberties.

*You.*



You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
 And his opinions ; now I change my mind,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign,  
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands.  
 This morning are they fled away and gone,  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us  
 As we were sickly prey : Their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give the ghost. *Ibid.*

The sacred oil, which for a hundred years,  
 Supply'd the sun behind the golden veil,  
 Went out, and all the mystic lights were quench'd,  
 Strange doleful voices shrilly echo'd thro'  
 The darken'd fane, the monuments did open,  
 And all the marble-tombs, like sponges squeez'd,  
 Spouted big sweat : The curtain was consum'd  
 With wond'rous flame, and every shining altar  
 Dissolv'd to yellow puddle, which anon,  
 A flash of thirsty light'ning quite lick'd up.  
*Luc's Mithridates.*

Ill omens may the guilty tremble at,  
 Make every accident a prodigy,  
 And monsters frame, where Nature never err'd :  
 May the scar'd conscience start at falling meteors,  
 And call the scream of every hooting owl,  
 Or croaking raven, Fate's most dreadful voice :  
 For me, I laugh at them. Should now the heavens  
 Flame with a thousand fires, ne'er seen before,  
 And thunder beat the winds from every corner,  
 Not for the calm of all the universe,  
 Would I put off my joys a moment longer. *Ibid.*

What now ? Thou bleed'st,  
 Three, and no more ! What then ? And why what  
 then ?

But



But just three drops ! And why not just three drops,  
As well as four or five, or five and twenty ?

Must I stumble too ?

Away, ye dreams : What if it thunder'd now ?

Or if a raven cross'd me in my way ?

Or, now it comes, because last night I dream'd.

The council-hall was hung with crimson round,

And all the ceiling plaster'd o'er with black ?

No more blue fires, and ye dull rolling lakes,

Fathomless caves, ye dungeons of the night,

Phantoms be gone ! If I must die, I'll fall

True politician, and defy you all.

*LEE's Duke of Guise.*

What mean these wing'd ill omens of the air,

That passing brust me with their deadly pinions,

And seem the forlorn hope of Fate ?

*DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.*

When the soul labours with some mighty purpose,

That Dread and Danger usher into birth,

Fancy alarm'd fees in each accident

A heav'n-sent omen ; of her own vain fears

Shapes fiends or ghosts ; embodies empty space,

Pours terror on the unreal form ; then shrinks,

Appall'd and trembling, from her own creation.

*MALLAT's Mustapha.*

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.

A feeble government, eluded laws,

A factious populace, luxurious nobles,

And all the maladies of sinking states.

When public Villainy, too strong for justice,

Shews his bold front, the harbinger of Ruin,

Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,

Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard ?

When some neglected fabric nods beneath

The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,

Must Heaven dispatch the messengers of light,

Or wake the dead to warn us of its fall ?

*S. JOHNSON's Irene.*

O P P O R



## OPPORTUNITY. See VICISSITUDE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries ;  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.

How strangely am I tempted  
With opportunity, which like a sudden gulf,  
Has swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempest :  
Accurs'd Opportunity !  
The midwife and the bawd to all our vices :  
That work't our thoughts into desires : Desires  
To resolutions : And these being ripe and quicken'd,  
Thou giv'st 'em birth, and bring'st 'em forth to action.  
Thou, when my dire and bloody resolutions,  
Like sick and froward children,  
Were rock'd asleep by Reason or Religion,  
Thou, like a violent noise com'st rushing in,  
And mak'st them start and wake to new unquietness.

DANNA'S *Sophy*.

Thou strong seducer, Opportunity !  
Of womankind ; half are undone by thee.

DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Granada*.

— She only wants an opportunity ;  
Her soul's a whore already,

DRYDEN'S *Troilus and Cressida*.

Take heed and mark your opportunity :  
For if the woman lays it in your way,  
And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

LEE'S *Theodosius*.

— I believe her honest yet :  
Her body not acquainted with the sin ;

But



But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore,  
And the next opportunity compleats  
My black dishonour. *SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.*

## O R A C L E.

The god of Delphos did forwarn me,  
With thund'ring oracles: Behold the swelling priest!  
Methinks I have his image now in view:  
He mounts the Tripod in a minute's space,  
His clouded head knocks at the temple's roof,  
While from his mouth these dismal words are heard.  
*LEE'S Oedipus.*

— Even oracles themselves,  
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd. *Ibid.*

Visions and oracles still doubtful are,  
And ne'er expounded till the event of war:  
The gods foreknowledge on our swords will wait,  
If we fight well, they must foreshew good fate.  
*DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.*

## O R N A M E N T.

The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament:  
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice,  
And cover'd with fair specious subtilties,  
Obscures the show of reason? In religion  
What damn'd error: But some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text:  
There is no Vice so artless, but assumes  
Some mark of Virtue on its outward parts,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.  
How many cowards, with livers white as milk,  
Have backs of brawn, and wear upon their chins,  
The beard of Hercules, and of frowning Mars?  
Look even on beauty: What are those crisped locks,  
That make such wanton gambols with the wind?

What



What but the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre?  
Thus ornament is as a beauteous scarf,  
Veiling Deformity.

*SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.*

## OUTWARD SHOW.

You'll find the friendship of the world is show,  
Mere outward show! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,  
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,  
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.

*SAVAGE's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

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## P A I N.

**T**HERE was never yet philosopher,  
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently:  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And make a pish at chance and sufferance.

*SHAKESPEARE's Much ado about Nothing.*

Who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
Oh! no, th' apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Full Sorrow's tooth doth never wrangle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.*

Long pains, with use of bearing, are half eas'd,  
*DRYDEN's State of Innocence.*

He's



He's doom'd to pain, at which the damn'd will tremble,  
And take their own for joys.

*DENNIS'S Appius and Virginia,*

## P A I N T I N G.

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait  
Adonis, painted by a running brook;  
And Citherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Taming of the Shrew.*

## P A R A S I T E.

————— O your parasite  
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,  
Not bred amongst the clods and clodpoles here on earth;  
I muse the mystery was not made a science;  
It is so liberally profest, almost  
All the wise world is little else in Nature:  
I mean not those who have your base town-art,  
To know who's fit to feed 'em, have no house,  
No family, no care, and therefore mould  
Tales for men's ears to brag that stole, or got  
Kitchen invention, and some stole receipts  
To please the belly and the groin; nor those  
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and flatter,  
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,  
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:  
But your fine elegant rascal that can rise  
And stoop almost together, like an arrow  
Shot thro' the air as nimble as a star:  
Turn short as doth a swallow, and be here,  
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;  
Present to any humour, all occasion,  
And change a vicer swifter than a thought;  
This is the creature had the art born with him,  
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it

Out



Out of most excellent Nature, and such sparks  
Are the true Parasites, others but Zanies.

*B. JOHNSON'S Volpone.*

A tassel that hangs at my purse-strings; he dogs  
Me, and I give him scraps, and pay for his  
Ordinary, feed him; he liquors himself  
In the juice of my bounty; and when he  
Hath suck'd up strength of spirit, he squeezeth  
It in my own face: When I have refin'd  
And sharpen'd his wits with good food, he cuts  
My fingers, and breaks jests upon me;  
I bear them, and bear him.

*MARSTON'S What you will.*

Are you not like the false one's of the world?  
Who, when the veering winds forsake their quarter,  
Turn from the worshipp'd side, where late they hung,  
And like the ebbing and unsteady waves,  
Fall back and leave him bare.

*CUMBERLAND'S Timon of Athens.*

## PARDON.

Great souls forgive not injuries till Time  
Has put their enemies into their power,  
That they may shew forgiveness is their own;  
For else, 'tis fear to punish, that forgives  
The coward; not the king.

*DEMON'S Duke of Guise.*

'Tis cheap to pardon, when you would not pay.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

~~You may forgive me,~~  
Because I never shall forgive myself;  
If you forgive me I shall now approach,  
Not as a lover only, but a wretch,  
Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour,  
And to my passion join my gratitude;  
Each time I kneel before you I shall rise,



As well a better as a happier man,  
Indebted to your Virtue, and your Love.

*Young's Rufus.*

O thou most righteous Judge—  
Humbly behold I bow myself to thee,  
And own thy justice in this hard decree:  
No longer then my ripe offences spare,  
But what I merit let me learn to bear.  
Yet since 'tis all my wickedness can give,  
For my past crimes, my forfeit life receive;  
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,  
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

To doubt of pardon, on repentance, aggravates the  
crime; for who that pretends not to perfection them-  
selves, shall dare to be implacable to another's failings.

*Garratt's Wife in the Right.*

A prince is but a man, and man may err;  
But when forgetting his enobled rank,  
He makes due reparation for his faults,  
From Heaven he pardon hopes, from man demands it.

*Murphy's Zabeide.*

### BEGGING PARDON.

O my Statira! O my angry dear!  
Turn thy eyes on me, I would talk to them:  
What shall I say to work upon thy soul?  
Where shall I throw me? Whither shall I fall?  
Before thy eyes I'll have a grave dug up,  
And perish quick, be bury'd strait alive:  
Oh! give, but as the earth grows heavy on me,  
A tender look, and a relenting word;  
Say but, 'twas pity that so great a man,  
Who had ten thousand deaths in battle scap'd,  
For one poor fault, so early should remove  
And fall a martyr to the god of Love.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Oh



Oh, turn thee ! turn ! thou barbarous brightness, turn !  
Hear my last words, and see my utmost pangs. *Ibid.*

Spare him ! Oh, spare him ! Kings should delight in  
mercy !

I'll follow thus, for ever on my knees,  
And make your way so slippery with my tears,  
You shall not pass. *Ibid.*

Spare my remembrance, 'twas a guilty day,  
And still the blush hangs here.  
*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,  
Rise up, and be a king ? Shall I fall down,  
And cry, forgive me, Cæsar ? Shall I set  
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,  
As he could give me being ? No, that word,  
Forgive, would choak me up, and die upon my tongue.  
*Ibid.*

Can you forgive the fallies of my passion !  
For I have been to blame, Oh ! much to blame !  
Have said such words, nay, done such actions too,  
Base as I am, that my aw'd conscious soul  
Sinks in my breast ; nor dare I lift an eye  
On him I have offended.

*DRYDEN'S Troilus and Cressida.*

Thus to the angry gods, offending mortals  
Made sensible by some severe affliction,  
How all their crimes are register'd in Heav'n :  
In that nice court, how no rash word escapes,  
But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down.  
Thus the poor penitents with fear approach  
The reverend shrines, and thus for mercy bow :  
'Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd earth,  
And groan to be forgiven.

*LEE'S Theodosius.*

Oh ! from my soul, I do confess myself  
The very blot of honour ; I'm more black

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Than



Than thou, in all thy heat of just revenge,  
With all thy glorious eloquence, canst make me.

*Ibid.*

Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard !  
Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,  
That when I come to take my eternal leave,  
You'll not vouchsafe to view me ? This is scorn,  
Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais  
Would ne'er have harbour'd !

Oh ! for the sake of him whom you e'er long,  
Shall hold as fast, as now your wishes form him,  
Give me a patient hearing. For however  
I talk of death, and seem to loath my life,  
I would deliberate with my fate a while,  
With snatching glances eye thee to the last ;  
Pause o'er a loss, like that of Athenais,  
And parley with my ruin.

*Ibid.*

O kill me here, or tell me my offence :  
I'll never quit you else ; but on these knees  
'Thus follow you all day, till they are worn bare :  
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.

*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive  
A fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores  
thee ?

For I must love thee, tho' it prove my ruin.  
Which way shall I court thee ?  
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,  
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee ?  
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee ;  
Yet, prithee tyrant, break not quite my heart ;  
But when my task of penitence is o'er,  
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

*Ibid.*

Thus crawling on the earth,  
Would I thy pardon meet ; the only thing  
Can make me view the face of Heav'n with hope.

*Ibid.*

Forgive



Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue,  
 'Twas a hard violence : I could have died  
 With love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst :  
 Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,  
 My heart recoil'd, and 'twas ev'n death to speak them.

*Ibid.*

Oh ! whither shall I run to hide me ?  
 Where shall I lower fall ? How shall I lie  
 More groveling in your view, and sue for mercy ?  
 Yet 'tis some comfort to my wild despair,  
 Some joy in death, that I may kiss your feet,  
 Black as I am, with all my guilt upon me.

*LEE'S Lucius Junius Brutus.*

————— I beg you by these tears ;  
 These sighs ; and by th' ambitious love you bear me :  
 By all the wounds of your poor groaning country,  
 That bleeds to death, Oh ! seek the best of kings ;  
 Kneel, fling your stubborn body at his feet ;  
 Your pardon shall be sign'd : your country sav'd :  
 Virgins and matrons, all shall sing your fame ;  
 And every babe shall bless the Guise's name.

*DRYDEN'S Duke of Guise.*

Thou shalt not force me from thee ;  
 Use me reproachfully, and like a slave :  
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs  
 On my poor head : I'll bear it all with patience,  
 Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty ;  
 Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, tho' they spurn me ;  
 Till wounded by my sufferings thou relent,  
 And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

*OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.*

————— I beg for pity and forgiveness ;  
 By the kind tender names of child and father,  
 Heal my complaints, and take me to your love ;  
 Remember I am your daughter, by a mother  
 Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,  
 Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,

H 2

Dear



Dear to your arms : By all the joys she gave you  
 When in her blooming years she was your treasure,  
 Look kindly on me ; in my face behold  
 The lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,  
 Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child. *Ibid.*

——— Oh ! do not call to memory  
 My disobedience, but let Pity enter  
 Into your heart, and quite deface th' impression ;  
 For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what  
     sadness,

Fears and despair, distract the peace within me,  
 Oh ! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,  
 Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,  
 To shelter me with a protecting wing  
 From the black gather'd storm that's just a breaking.

*Ibid.*

Oh ! there's but this short moment  
 'Twixt me and fate ! yet send me not with curses  
 Down to my grave : Afford me one kind blessing  
 Before we part : Just take me in your arms,  
 And recommend me with a pray'r to Heav'n,  
 That I may die in peace. *Ibid.*

Think then you saw what pass'd at our last parting :  
 Think you beheld him like a raging lion,  
 Pawing the earth, and tearing up his steps ;  
 Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain  
 Of burning fury ; think you saw his one hand  
 Fix'd on my throat, while the extended other  
 Grasp'd a keen threat'ning dagger : Oh ! 'twas thus  
 We last embrac'd ! when trembling with revenge  
 He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom  
 Presented horrid Death : cry'd out, my friends !  
 Where are my friends ? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd,  
     lov'd :

For yet he lov'd : and that dear love preserv'd me  
 To this last trial of a father's pity.  
 If ever then I was your care, now hear me ;

Fly



Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives  
Of his dear friends, e'er mine be made the sacrifice.

*Ibid.*

By all the power that's given thee o'er my soul :  
By thy resistless tears, and conquering smiles :  
By the victorious love that still waits on thee :  
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friends,  
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever.  
Fall at his feet ; cling round his reverend knees ;  
Speak to him with thy eyes ; and with thy tears  
Melt his cold heart, and wake dead Nature in him :  
Crush him in thy arms ; torture him with thy softness :  
Nor till thy prayers are granted, set him free ;  
But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me. *Ibid.*

I must be heard ; I must have leave to speak,  
Oh ! look upon me with an eye of Mercy,  
With Pity, and with Charity behold me.  
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance :  
But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,  
Listen with mildness to my supplications. *Ibid.*

Let not thy eyes then shun me ; nor thy heart  
Detest me utterly. Oh ! look upon me !  
Look back, and see my sad sincere submission !  
How my heart swells, as ev'n 'twould burst my bosom :  
Fond of its goal, and lab'ring to be at thee. *Ibid.*

— Whither shall I fly ?  
Where hide me and my miseries together ?  
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted ?  
Sunk into trembling fear and desperation :  
Not daring now to look up to that face,  
Which us'd to smile ev'n on my thoughts ; but down  
Bending these miserable eyes to earth,  
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy. *Ibid.*

For, Oh ! I've lost what never can be counted,  
My friend ; O Belvidera, that dear friend,

H 3

Who



Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoic'd in,  
 Has used me like a slave ! shamefully used me !  
 It would break thy pitying heart to hear the story !  
 What shall I do ? Resentment, Indignation,  
 Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry, how I've wrong'd  
                   him,

Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,  
 And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom. *Ibid.*

Go not to Death, like a dumb sacrifice :  
 Beg him to save my life, in saving thine.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

Look, tyrant, what excess of Love can do !  
 It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet :  
 Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,  
 Which blister when I touch thee : Yet even thus,  
 Thus far I can to save Sebastian's life. *Ibid.*

Spare him ! O spare him ! Can you pretend to Love  
 And have no Pity ? Love and that are twins.

Here will I grow :

Thus compass you with these supplanting cords ;  
 And pull so long, till the proud fabric falls. *Ibid.*

Oh ! stop this headlong torrent of your goodness !  
 It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,  
 Half drown'd in tears before ! Spare my confusion !  
 For pity spare ; and say not first you err'd :  
 For I have yet not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame,  
 To throw myself beneath your royal feet. *Ibid.*

I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd ;  
 I have not since we parted been at peace,  
 Nor known one joy sincere : Our broken friendship  
 Pursued me to the last retreat of Love,  
 Stood like a glaring ghost, and made me cold with  
                   horror.

*ROWE'S Fair Penitent.*

If ever prayers prevail on heavenly minds,  
 'Tis chiefly when the offender, drinking deep

From



From the full cup of bitterness, prefers them :  
 He needs no merit then ; his miseries  
 Become his intercessors ; and the heart,  
 Pierc'd with a sharp remorse for guilt, disclaims  
 The costly poverty of hecatombs,  
 And offers the best sacrifice, itself. *JEFFREY'S Edwin.*

———O Adeliza, do I view the dawn  
 Of dear forgiveness in your alter'd looks !  
 That kindling blush ! and those dejected eyes !  
 Raise them again in a relenting moment ;  
 Big with compassion let them shine upon me,  
 And drop their angry beams, and tell the tale  
 Your tongue refuses : Can they still deny me ?  
 O let me seize your hand at least, and warm it  
 Thus with my sighs : Withdraw it not so soon :  
 I would have kneel'd, and printed kisses on it,  
 With all the vows of Penitence and Rapture. *Ibid.*

## P A R E N T S.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;  
 And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, ev'n with those wings,  
 Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,  
 Make war with them that climb'd unto their nest,  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?  
*SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.*

Fathers that deny their daughters lawful  
 Pleasures, when ripe for them ; in some kind, edge  
 Their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.  
*BEAUMONT'S and FLETCHER'S Elder Brother.*

Oh ! think you are a father ! Soft indulgence  
 Becomes that name ! Tho Nature give you power  
 To bind his duty, 'tis with filken cords :  
 Command him then, as you command yourself ;  
 He is as much a part of you, as are



You appetite and will ; and those you force not,  
But gently bend, and make them pliant to your reason,  
*DRYDEN'S Marriage A-la-mode.*

What right have parents o'er their children, more  
Than birds have o'er their young ? Yet they impose  
No rich plum'd mistress on their feather'd sons,  
But leave their love more open yet, and free,  
Than all the fields of air, their spacious birthright.  
*DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.*

A father ! that implies presiding care,  
Chearful to give ! willing himself to wait  
Whate'er thy needs require ! *DRYDEN'S Cleomenis.*

I know how far a daughter owes obedience :  
But duty has a bound like other empires :  
It reaches but to life. For all beyond it  
Is the dominion of another world,  
Where you have no command.

*DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

Curs'd rules ! that thus the noblest loves engage  
To wait the peevish humours of old age !  
Think not the lawfulness of Love consists  
In parents wills, or in the forms of priests :  
Such are but licens'd rapes, that vengeance draw  
From Heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law !  
Marriage the happiest bond of Love might be,  
If hands were join'd only when hearts agree.

*LANSDOWN'S British Enchanters.*

By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me :  
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant Honour,  
For making me thy father and thy judge :  
Thou art my daughter still. *ROWE'S Fair Penitent.*

See'st thou this dagger, and this trembling hand ?  
Thrice Justice urg'd, and thrice the slackening sinews  
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father :  
The stern, the rigid judge, has been obey'd ;  
Now Nature and the father claim their turns !

I have



I have held the balance with an iron hand,  
 And put off every tender human thought,  
 To doom my child to Death! But spare my eyes,  
 The most unnat'ral sight, lest their strings crack,  
 My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

*Ibid.*

Where parents their commands with rigour lay,  
 'Tis specious to dispute, but prudent to obey.

*JEFFREY'S Edwin.*

——— You once have known me,  
 While yet in youth and in my bloom of life,  
 'Twixt warring monarchs and contending states  
 The glorious arbiter; a godlike office,  
 And worthy the imperial crown I wore!  
 Then did no household jars, no home-bred furies  
 Lash round my heart, exulting in its glory.  
 Those honours of my younger years to Rome,  
 To rising Rome, from my decline transferr'd,  
 Now in my grey old age behold me sit  
 Of these my own two sons th' inglorious judge;  
 My son the accuser, and my son th' accused;  
 Of treason acted, or of treason feign'd:  
 Whether in him, or him, the guilt is found,  
 The guilty's wretched father still am I.  
 In vain I strove by precept, by example,  
 In duty, love, or dread to fix their union:  
 Nor Duty holds, nor sweet Agreement charms,  
 Nor Discord's formidable warnings fright:  
 While yet I live, and these sad eyes behold it,  
 They rage against each other for my kingdom,  
 In the curst av'rice of dominion lost.

*LEWIS'S Philip of Macedon.*

On Nature's laws parents their power found,  
 Yet Nature to that power has set a bound.  
 Indulgence best does suit presiding care,  
 A parent's will should ne'er be too severe,  
 For they are least obey'd who rule with fear.

H 5

}  
 And



And when unjust are the commands hey lay,  
It is no crime if children disobey.

*WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.*

The parent's partial fondness for a child,  
An only child, can surely be no crime !  
'Twere breaking all the tender strings of Nature,  
Which tune our souls to harmony and love !  
'Twere bidding us to act against ourselves,  
To disregard our childrens safety here !  
No : Care's a father's right ;——a pleasing right,  
In which he labours with a home felt joy !——

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

The gods and I, in this must will the same,  
To thee I am the substitute of Heav'n.

*PATERSON'S Arminius.*

——Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,  
That by rude force the passions would command,  
That ruthless fought to root them from the breast :  
They may be rul'd, but will not be oppress'd.  
Taught hence, ye parents, who from Nature stray,  
And the great ties of social life betray ;  
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part :  
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.  
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,  
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride,  
Keep Virtue's simple path before your eyes,  
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

*THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.*

I have no sons, and that I ever had,  
Is now my heaviest curse : And yet what care,  
What pains I took to curb the rising rage !  
How often have I rang'd thro' history  
To find examples for their private use ?  
The Theban brothers did I set before them—  
What blood ! What desolation ! but in vain ;  
For thee Demetrius did I go to Rome,  
And bring the patterns thence of brothers love ;

*The*



The Quintii, and the Scipio's ; but in vain !  
 If I'm a monarch, where's your obedience ?  
 If I'm a father, where's your duty to me ?  
 If old, your veneration due to years ?  
 But I have wept, and you have sworn, in vain !  
 I had your ear, and enmity your heart.  
 How was this morning's counsel thrown away !  
 How happy is your mother in the grave !  
 She, when she bore you, suffer'd less : Her pangs,  
 Her pungent pangs, thro' thro' the father's heart.

*Young's Brothers.*

## P A R T I N G.

His eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible,  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.*

Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd,  
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

*SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.*

I. So long,  
 As he could make me with this eye or ear,  
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
 Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind  
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
 How swift his ship.

2. Thou should'st have made him  
 As little as a crow, or less ; e'er left  
 To after eye him.

1. Madam, so I did.

2. I would have broken mine eye-strings, crack'd  
 'em, but

To look upon him ; till the diminution  
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;

H 6

Nay



Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted, from  
 The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then  
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

SHAKESPEARE's *Cymbeline*.

I did not take my leave of him, but had  
 Most pretty things to say. 'Ere I could tell him  
 How I would freely think on him at certain hours,  
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,  
 The shees of Italy should not betray  
 Mine interest or his honour; or have charg'd him  
 At the sixth hour of the morn, at noon, at midnight,  
 T'encounter me with orisons; for then  
 I am in Heav'n for him; or ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
 'Twixt two charming words, comes in my father;  
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing. *Ibid.*

If I depart from thee I cannot live;  
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
 To die by thee were but to die in jest:  
 From thee to die were torture more than death. *Ibid.*

1. When I but think this fight may be our last,  
 If Jove could set me in the place of Atlas,  
 And lay the weight of heav'n and gods upon me,  
 He could not press me more.

2. Oh! let me go, that I may know my grief!  
 Grief is but guess'd while thou art standing by!  
 But too soon shall know what Absence is.

1. Why? 'tis to be no more: Another name for  
 Death!

'Tis the sun parting from the frozen north!  
 And I, methinks, stand on some icy cliff,  
 To watch the last low circles that he makes;  
 Till he sink down from heaven. O only Cressida!  
 If thou depart from me, I cannot live,  
 I have not soul enough to last for grief;  
 But thou shalt hear what grief has done with me.

2. If



2. If I could live to hear it, I were false:  
 But as a fearful traveller, who fearing  
 Assaults, leaves his wealth behind,  
 I trust my heart with thee, and carry with me  
 Only an empty casket.

1. Then I will live, that I may keep that treasure;  
 And arm'd with this assurance, let thee go,  
 Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle hawk,  
 When wist off, she mounts into the wind:  
 Our loves like mountains, hid above the clouds,  
 Tho' winds and tempests beat their aged feet,  
 Their peaceful heads, nor storms, nor thunder know:  
 But scorn the threatening rack that rolls below.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.*

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,  
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
 That lets it hop a little from his hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,  
 And with a silken thread plucks it in again,  
 So loving, jealous of his liberty.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.*

Whether we shall meet again I know not,  
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;  
 For ever and for ever farewell Cassius,  
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

With his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes:  
 For out of doors he went without their help,  
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

My heart unmov'd can noise and horror bear,  
 Parting from you is all the death I fear.

*DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.*

Which



When lovers meet 'tis all extasy;  
 And when they part again, they more than die.  
*SEDLEY'S Antony and Cleopatra.*

By Jove 'tis ominous, our parting is!  
 Her face look'd pale too as she turn'd away:  
 And when I wrung her by the rosy fingers,  
 Methought the strings of my great heart did crack!  
*LEE'S Alexander.*

I go, but must turn back for one last look!  
 Remember, O remember, dear Semandra!  
 That on thy virtue all my fortune hangs!  
 Semandra, is the bus'ness of the war!  
 Semandra, makes the fight, draws every sword!  
 Semandra sounds the trumpet, gives the word!  
 So the moon charms her wat'ry world below,  
 Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb and flow.  
*LEE'S Mithridates.*

Oh! stay! there's something e'er we part for ever,  
 That I would speak, if I could give it way! *Ibid.*

Farewell! Thus kneeling at thy feet I pour  
 These parting tears! Allow this dying kiss,  
 Which my cold lips print on thy faithless hand:  
 Oh! all my vows for ever here I leave you!  
 And since we never, never must behold  
 Each other more, I'll breathe 'em once again,  
 Farewell, Semandra! Oh! thou'lt never find  
 In all thy search of love, a heart like mine!  
 Once more, farewell for ever, false Semandra!  
 What? yet again thy name? Will my charm'd tongue  
 Sound nothing but Semandra! O Semandra! *Ibid.*

When what we love, we ne'er must meet again:  
 To lose the thought is to remove the pain.  
*DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.*

Adieu then, O my soul's far better part!  
 Thy image sticks so close,  
 That the blood follows from my rending heart:  
 A last



A last farewell !

For since a last must come, the rest are vain,  
Like gasps in death, which but prolong our pain.

*DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.*

I could put out an eye, and bid it go ;  
And t'other should not weep : But, oh !  
How many deaths are in that word depart !  
Like one who wanders thro' long barren wilds.  
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn  
Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill  
Before his painful march ;  
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes  
Before we part.

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

————— Think thyself me :  
And when thou speak'st, but let it first be long,  
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,  
And let our parting be as gently made  
As other's loves begin.

*Ibid.*

O my lov'd lord, tho' I resolve a ruin  
To match my crimes by all my miseries,  
'Tis horror worse than thousand thousand deaths,  
To send me hence without a kind farewell ;  
'Tis woman's weakness that I would be pity'd.  
Pardon me then,  
My soul is on the brink,  
Do not thou push me off, and I will go,  
With such a willingness, as if that Heaven  
With all its glories glow'd for my reception.

*LEE'S Oedipus.*

————— Since it is doom'd  
That we must part, let's part as lovers should,  
As those that have lov'd long and loved well.  
Farewell most lovely and most loved of men !  
Why comes this dying paleness o'er thy face ?  
Why wander thus thy eyes, why dost thou bend ;  
As if the fatal weight of Death were on thee ?  
Once more farewell, and take these last embraces,

Oh



Oh I could crush him to the heart, farewell,  
 And as a dying pledge of my last love,  
 Take this, which all thy prayers could never charm,  
 Farewell, angels protect and guard thee.

*LEE's Theodosius.*

—————In taking leave,  
 Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes,  
 Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,  
 Still looking back, as if she had a mind  
 That you should know she left her soul behind her.

*Ibid.*

For ever gone! for ever parted from me!  
 O Theodosius! till this cruel moment,  
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd thee!  
 But on this everlasting separation,  
 Methinks my soul has left me, and my time  
 Of dissolution points me to my grave.

*Ibid.*

—————Methinks I part,  
 As souls are sever'd from their warmer mansions,  
 To wander in the bleak and desert air.

*LEE's Caesar Borgia.*

Where am I? sure I wander 'midst enchantment,  
 And never more shall find the way to rest.  
 But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolv'd  
 To punish me with everlasting absence?  
 Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!  
 Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,  
 Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;  
 Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,  
 Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd!  
 Wilt thou not turn! Oh! could those eyes but speak!  
 I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!  
 They swell, they press their beams upon me still!  
 Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,  
 Give me but one kind word to think upon,  
 And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

Wilt



1. Wilt thou begone? 'Tis not near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy ear,  
Nightly on yon pomegranate-tree she sings:  
Believe me, Love! 'twas the nightingale!

2. Oh! 'twas the lark, the herald of the morn:

No nightingale:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Let me be taken: Let me suffer death:

I am content, so thou wilt have it so:

By Heav'n yon grey is not the Morning's eye;

But the reflection of pale Cynthia's brightness:

Nor is it the lark we hear, whose note do beat

So high, and echo in the vault of heaven.

I'm all desire to stay; no will to go.

How is't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

1. Oh! 'tis! it is! Fly hence! Away, my Marius:

It is the lark! And out of tune he sings,

With grating discords, and unpleasing strainings!

Some say the lark and loathsome toad change eyes:

Now I could wish they had chang'd voices too;

Or that a lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,

And she had slept, and never wak'd again,

To part me from th' embraces of my love:

What shall become of me when you are gone?

2. The gods that heard our vows, and knew our  
loves,

Will sure take care, and let no wrongs annoy thee.

Upon my knees I'll ask them every day

How my Lavinia does; and every night,

In the severe distresses of my fate,

As I perhaps shall wander thro' the desert,

And want a place to rest my weary head on,

I'll count the stars, and bless them as they shine,

And court them all for my Lavinia's safety.

1. O banishment! eternal banishment!

Ne'er to return! Must we ne'er meet again?

My heart will break! I cannot think that thought,

And live! Could I but see to the end of woe,

There



There were some comfort : But eternal torment  
Is ev'n insupportable to thought :  
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

2. Indeed it cannot.—

Once more I'll boldly claim Lavinia mine,  
Whilst happiest men shall envy at the blessing,  
And poets write the wonders of our love.

1. I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,  
Or say, or do : I cannot let thee go !

2. A thousand things would, to this purpose, said,  
But sharpen, and add weight to this our sorrow.

1. Oh ! I could find out things  
To talk to thee for ever !—

2. We ought to summon all  
The spirit of soft passion up to cheer  
Our hearts, thus labouring with the pangs of parting.

1. But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again ?

2. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

1. Alas ! I have an ill designing soul ;  
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt from my arms,  
Like a stark ghost, with horror in thy visage :  
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

2. And trust me, Love, in my eye so dost thou :  
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood—Farewel !

1. Ha ! Is he gone ? My lord, my husband, friend,  
I must hear from thee every hour i' th' day.

Oh ! by this reckoning I must be most old  
E'er I again behold my Marius. Nay,

Gone too already ! 'Twas unkindly done ;

I had not yet imparted half my soul,

Not a third part of its fond jealous fears ;

But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd ;

Hang such a tender tale about his heart

Shall make it tingle as his life were stung ;

Nay too—I'll love him, never, never leave him ;

Fond as a child, and resolute as man.

*OTWAY's Caius Marius.*

There's



There's such sweet pain in parting,  
That I could hang for ever on thy arms,  
And look away my life into thy eyes. *Ibid.*

——— For when thou art gone,  
The world to me is Chaos: Yes, Teraminta!  
So close the everlasting sisters wove us,  
That when we part, the strings of both must crack!  
*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Since we must part, Oh! snatch yourself away!  
Or I shall die with ling'ring! Yet we shall meet,  
In spite of sighs we shall, at least, in Heaven!  
O Teraminta! once more to my heart!  
Once to my lips, and ever to my soul? *Ibid.*

Oh! for one more! this pull, this tug of heart-strings!  
Farewell for ever! *Ibid.*

Parting's worse than death: 'Tis death of Love:  
The soul and body part not with such pain,  
As I from you! *DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

Methinks, already in some barbarous wild,  
Like a benighted traveller I walk,  
Viewing with watry eyes the sinking sun,  
And Night displaying her sad ensigns round;  
No friendly visage near me! All before  
A horrid maze of death, without a guide  
To cheer my heavy steps! Despair and Death,  
Darkness, and everlasting Horror round me!  
Oh! wilt thou ne'er return to glad my soul?  
*SOUTHERN's Loyal Brothers.*

Why do you wave your hand, and warn me hence?  
Come back; O stay! my life flows after you!  
So looks the poor condemn'd,  
When Justice beckons: There's no hope of pardon!  
Sternly, like you, the judge the victim eyes,  
And thus, like me, the wretch despairing dies.  
*DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.*

I've



I've sworn I ne'er will see you more :  
I go ! a last embrace I must bequeath you :  
Farewell for ever ! Ah ! Guise, tho' now we part,  
In the bright orbs prepar'd us by our fates,  
Our souls shall meet—Farewell, and Io's sing above,  
Where no ambition, no state crime the happier spi-  
rits prove,  
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting love.

*Ibid.*

Since then the gods and thou wilt have it so,  
Go! (can I live once more to bid thee!) Go,  
Where thy misfortunes call thee, and thy fate!  
Go where the gods thy refuge have assign'd!  
Go from my sight, but never from my mind!

DARBY'S *Albion and Albani*

My eyes wo'nt lose the sight of thee,  
But languish after thine, and ach with gazing!  
*OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.*

Now would I speak the last farewell, but cannot;  
It would be still farewell, a thousand times,  
And multiplied in echoes, still farewell;  
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand;  
And be thou silent too, my lost Sebastian;  
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

Where'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee :  
'Tis but my shadow that I take away.

DRYDEN'S *King Arthur*.

Heav'n knows how loth I am to part from thee!  
So from the seal is soften'd wax disjoin'd!  
So from the mother plant, the tender rind!

*DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

—————As when the sun is down,  
His light is clipp'd into a thousand stars ;  
So your sweet image, tho' you shine not on me,

Will



Will gild the horror of the night, and make  
A pleasing scene of solitary Grief.

*Ibid.*

— To die and part  
Is a less evil: But to part and live!  
There, there's the torment!

*LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.*

As one who fears to die, but is condemn'd,  
Still strives to trifle time with idle talk;

So I, —

As I approach the precipice's brink,  
To sleep, so terrible appears the depth!  
Tear parting is worse than death

To both, and will to both bring certain death. *Ibid.*

Oh! 'tis impossible in Love to part  
With what we love.

*Ibid.*

'Tis better thus that we together  
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes  
With mutual appetite, and mingling in  
One cup the common stream of both our eyes  
Drink bitter draughts with never slaking thirst;  
Thus better, than for any cause to part!

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

1. To die is nothing but to cease from pain!  
For all the shade and darkness of the grave  
Is to be sever'd from Armida's eyes!  
That, only that's the last convulsive gasp;  
The separation of my soul and body!  
Oh, my Armida! must, must we thus divide!

2. No, no; like Life, I'll hold thee fast;  
Nor shall the hand of Death unlock my grasp.

1. Thus clasp'd in folds of everlasting love,  
No force can break the circle of our arms!

But 'tis our fate, Armida! we must yield!

If I stay longer, I shall never go.

2. O Redamond! how can I bear those killing words?  
Stay till my sighs and tears make Heaven relent,

To



To pity and reverse thy fate, thy cruel fate!  
The guilt of every star!

*HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.*

'Tis death to part with thee but for a moment:  
That moment only, sure will break my heart:  
How dolefully it beats with dying blows,  
As if in thee, my very soul departed.

*DENNIS'S Rinaldo and Armida.*

—————My joy, my comfort!  
All that was left of life fleets after thee!  
My aching sight hangs on thy parting beauties!  
Thy lovely eyes all drown'd in floods of sorrow!  
So sets the sinking sun beneath the waves,  
And leaves the traveller in pathless woods  
Benighted and forlorn: Thus with sad eyes,  
Westward he turns to mark the light's decay,  
Till having lost the last faint glimpse of day,  
Chearless in darkness he pursues his way.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

—————I part with thee.  
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter,  
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,  
And trembling at Futurity.

*Ibid.*

There is I know not what of sad presage,  
That tells me I shall never see thee more:  
If it be so, this is our last farewell,  
And these the parting pangs which Nature feels,  
When Anguish rends the heart-strings!

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

—————Part so soon,  
Perhaps to meet no more! Indeed 'tis hard,  
So hard, that I have need of all my courage  
And manly reason to support the thought.  
Short have our meetings been, by stealth enjoy'd,  
By interrupted broken intervals,  
And murder'd by the pangs of often parting.

*So*



Such as sad spirits prove, who nightly wander  
 To visit the lov'd objects they admire;  
 Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,  
 But quickly warn'd away. Yet even they go  
 With less regret than I, when at the dawn -  
 They lag behind, and fain would longer stay,  
 Till sick'ning at the Morn's unwelcome ray,  
 By force they yield to fate, and ling'ring leave the  
 day.

*TRAP's Abramule.*

—Live without thee!

As well thou might'st desire me to forego  
 My soul, myself, and live without my life. *Ibid.*

Tho' dying misers, with far less regret,  
 Forsake their lands and bags of hoarded gold;  
 Yet, Madam, even in this I will obey.  
 But when I'm parted from you, think, O think  
 The image of your charms is still before me!  
 And when I sleep, if any sleep can close  
 My weeping eyelids, then my busy Fancy  
 Presents to me in dreams your lov'd idea;  
 And then reflect what pangs I must endure,  
 What melancholy days, and restless nights;  
 When I consider your relentless heart,  
 And my own lost condition. *Ibid.*

1. Since Fate divides then, since I must lose thee,  
 For Pity's sake, for Love's, Oh! suffer me,  
 Thus languishing, thus dying to approach thee,  
 And sigh my last adieu upon thy bosom!

Permit me thus to fold thee in my arms,  
 To press thee to my heart, to taste thy sweets;  
 Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with delight;  
 Thus, for my last of moments, gaze upon thee,  
 Thou best, thou only joy, thou lost Semanthe.

2. For ever I could listen, but the gods,  
 The cruel gods forbid, and thus they part us.  
 Remember, O remember me, Telemachus!

Perhaps



Perhaps thou wilt forget me, but no matter;  
 I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,  
 The sad companion of this faithful breast,  
 While life and thought remain; and when at last  
 I feel the icy hand of Death prevail,  
 My heart-strings break, and all my senses fail,  
 I'll fix thy image in my closing eye,  
 Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

While thou art present my sad heart seems lighter;  
 I gaze, and gather comfort from thy beauty;  
 Thy gentle eyes send a quick'ning spirit,  
 And feed the dying lamp of life within me.  
 But, Oh! when thou art gone, and my fond eyes  
 Shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,  
 What power, what angel, shall supply thy place!  
 Shall help me to support my sorrows then,  
 And save my soul from Death?

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

Till you return I shall be deaf to joy,  
 As adders are to music; pining Grief  
 Will tell away the sleepless night with turnings:  
 I shall lie wishing for the morning light,  
 Yet curse its sad arrival when it comes,  
 Because it cannot shew me Athelwold.

*Hill's Fair Inconstant.*

1. ————— The hand of Fate  
 Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee!  
 2. Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,  
 And Horror dwells about thee.

1. Destruction stands betwixt us, we must part.  
 2. Name not that word! my frightened thoughts run  
 back,

And startle into madness at the sound!  
 Oh! stop those sounds,  
 Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?  
 My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,

And



And life itself goes out at thy displeasure!

1. To my confusion and eternal grief,  
I must approve the sentence that destroys me:  
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;  
And now athwart the terrors that my vow  
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,  
More amiable, and risest in thy charms!

Loveliest of women! Heav'n is in thy soul,  
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,  
Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!

2. Portius, no more! thy words shoot thro' my heart,  
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love!  
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?  
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with  
sorrow?

It softens me too much! Farewell, my Portius!  
Farewell, tho' death is in the word, for ever!

1. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame  
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,  
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold!  
Thou must not go! my soul still hovers o'er thee,  
And can't get loose! —  
'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met  
The common accidents of life! But here

Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills fall on me,  
It beats down all my strength, I cannot bear it,  
We must not part!

2. What dost thou say? Not part?  
Hast thou forgot the vow that I've made?  
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder o'er us?  
Farewell! and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st,  
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine!

*ADDISON'S Cato.*

Can soul and body parted, each remain  
Alive in that unnatural separation?  
When one twin plant is blasted by the winds,  
Will not the other sicken at its loss,  
And in its partner's absence soon decay?

*BECKINGHAM'S Scipio.*



Oh, had he ever lov'd, he would have thought  
The worst of tortures bliss, to silent parting.

*CASSIUS'S Caesar in Egypt.*

—————Bend not thy eyes upon me,  
Nor with convulsive catches grasp me thus;  
Each parting pang is big with more than Death.

2. Not look on thee! ———

I have no other use, alas! for sight,  
No other office for my trembling limbs,  
But thus to strain them in thy dear embrace;  
Ev'n with such strugglings as a shipwreck'd wretch  
Leaves the last floating fragment he can grasp,  
In that sad moment, when with list'd eyes  
He recommends his parting soul to Heaven,  
As I must thee to all the angels now.

*BELLER'S Injured Innocence.*

Can you so easily pronounce—Farewell!  
When that farewell may be perhaps—for ever?  
O can you leave me thus? ———

Metinks our parting should affect the world,  
And Nature sympathize with griefs like ours.

*HAYARD'S K. Charles I.*

Now, my best Martia, taste my last embrace;—  
Nay, this untimely tenderness unmans me——  
Be more yourself—and hear me say farewell:  
I leave thee with this truth—I have not words  
To speak thy worth, nor to describe my love;  
Th' extremity of grief I feel at parting,  
Is the best parallel to reach them both:  
Farewell—for ever—now adieu the world. ———

*HAYARD'S Regulus.*

Did'st thou say part?—O where is Resolution?  
Where now the steadfast purpose of my soul,  
Which, at thy lov'd command, had arm'd my heart?  
Sunk into tremblings, into sighs and tears;  
I cannot bear the trial.—O my husband!

*Ibid.*



———O, my fair, I cannot bid thee go!  
 Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heaven!  
 Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,  
 If Fate pursues me, let it find me here.  
 Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,  
 Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;  
 New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,  
 And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

*S. JOHNSON'S Irene.*

Stay, stay, my love! my dearest, dying lord!  
 Ah! whither would'st thou go? Ah! do not leave me!  
 Alas! I'll hasten to attend your flight,  
 And Nature gives consent we should not part.  
 I feel each faculty for Fate prepare,  
 And my quick soul would fain set out before you.  
 O precious pangs!—O dear distress!—Still closer  
 To thy quick throbbing heart let mine complain,  
 And on thy labouring bosom breathe my last.

*Jonas's Earl of Essex.*

## P A R T Y.

'Tis you, my lord, to whom the many thousands,  
 That by the barbarous sword of civil war  
 Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives; to you  
 The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers  
 Down to the swain who tills her golden plains,  
 Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours,  
 And thro' late time posterity shall bless you,  
 You who advis'd this will.—I blush to think  
 I have so long oppos'd the best good man  
 In Sicily.—With what impartial care  
 Ought we to watch o'er Prejudice and Passion,  
 Nor trust too much the jaundic'd eye of Party?  
 Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,  
 Its hot determinations, that confine  
 All merit and all virtue to itself.  
 To yours I join my hand; with you will own



No interest and no party but my country.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda,*

————— Thou fell provoker of Reproach !

Party shou'd tremble, where a monarch rules ?

There will be parties : and there must be kings :

And he, who best can curb, was form'd to reign.

*Hill's Merope.*

## P A S S I O N S.

Look thou be true ; do not give Dalliance

Too much the rein : The strongest paths are straw

To th' fire i' th' blood : Be more abstemious,

Or else good night your vow.

*Shakespeare's Tempest.*

————— Now, by Heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And Passion having my best judgment choler'd,

Assays to lead the way.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

————— Passions without power,

Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Passions, like raging storms, grow loud and high,

When they are most oppos'd.

*Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

These starts are the convulsions of weak Reason,

When fits of Passion grow too strong upon you :

They may be tam'd, and brought from their excess,

And watch'd by Reason with Gentleness,

*Ibid.*

I lie open to the gust of passion,

As the bare shore to every beating surge.

*Dryden's Marriage A-la-mode.*

Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows.

*Lee's Alexander.*

*Cl*



Clear me, ye gods ! and fix my understanding,  
To this one view, lest I mistake all measure,  
And run to madness !

*Lee's Mithridates.*

O man me, Reason, with my utmost force,  
Or Passion, with the dreadful starts it makes,  
Will soon divorce my soul from this weak body !

*Ibid.*

I'm all fire ! My passion eats me up !  
It grows incorporate with my flesh and blood !  
My pangs redouble ! now they cleave my heart !

*Lee's Theodosius.*

My heart rebell'd  
Against itself ; my thoughts were up in arms !  
All in a roar like seamen in a storm !  
My reason and my faculties, wreck'd !  
The mast, the rudder, and the tackling gone,  
My body like the hull of some lost vessel,  
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling fears !

*Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Love, Justice, Pity, Nature, and Revenge,  
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast !  
And I'm all a civil war within :  
And like a vessel struggling in a storm,  
Require more hands than one to steer me upright.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Our restless passions, like tempests on the main,  
Drive Reason from the guidance of our lives,  
And leave us shipwreck'd on a barb'rous coast.

*Southern's Loyal Brothers.*

And when the mind a violent passion shakes,  
Of that disturbance too the soul partakes :  
Cold sweats bedew the limbs, the face looks pale,  
The tongue begins to falter, speech to fail :  
The ears are fill'd with noise, the eyes grow dim,  
And feeble shakings seize on every limb.

*Higgins's Generous Conqueror.*



Our passions always fatal counsels give,  
 'Tisro' a fallacious glass our wrongs appear,  
 Still greater than they are. *Ibid.*

When head-strong Passion gets the reins of Reason,  
 The force of Nature, like too strong a gale,  
 For want of ballast, oversets the vessel:  
 Then he's capricious, humorous as the wind;  
 Deaf and inexorable as a storm!  
 But strait he cools, and sinks into a calm,  
 As mild and humble as a child corrected;  
 Now wise as man, and then as weak as woman. *Ibid.*

Virtue, tho' arm'd, our passions may surprise. *Ibid.*

When with our Passions we make noble war,  
 'Tis glorious to retreat, and victory to fly. *Ibid.*

Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong.  
*DRYDEN'S King Arthur.*

I struggle like the priestess with a god,  
 With that oppressing god that works her soul.  
*DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.*

Great Nature, break thy chain that links together  
 The fabric of this globe, and make a chaos,  
 Like that within my soul! O Heaven unkind!  
 That giv'st us passions strong and unconfin'd,  
 And leav'st us Reason for a vain defence,  
 Too powerful rebels, and too weak a prince.  
*DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

My rising soul strains to a higher pitch,  
 Than e'er it reach'd till now! Revenge and Love,  
 Fury and Jealousy, and thirst of Honour,  
 All rage and roll within my troubled mind,  
 And work the tempest high! *HOPKINS'S Pyrrhus.*

I burn, I burn! the storm that's in my mind,  
 Kindles my heart like fires provok'd by wind:  
 Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain,

Blow



Blow all at once, like winds that plow the main.

*LANSDOWN'S British Enchanters.*

Words may be counterfeit,  
False coin'd, and current only from the tongue,  
Without the mind : But passion's in the soul,  
And always speaks the heart.

*SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.*

Oh ! she has passions which outstrip the wind,  
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root  
The sea. —

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

Great souls by mightiest passions are tormented,

*DENNIS'S Rinaldo and Armida.*

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells  
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,  
The sport of passions !

*ADDISON'S Cato.*

He's generous, grateful, affable and brave,  
But then he knows no limit to his Passion ;  
The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd,  
As is his Reason, when those winds arise.

*YOUNG'S Busiris.*

Passion uncurb'd

In presence of the innocent, is insult :

*CICERO'S Caesar in Egypt.*

Passion's deaf to reason ; and when we feel  
Affliction's hand bear down with weight upon us,  
We look not whence directed ; nor examine  
If through Design or Chance the blow proceeded.

*E. HAYWOOD'S Frederick Duke of Brunswick-  
Lunenburgh.*

How terrible is Passion ! how our Reason  
Falls down before it ! whilst the tortur'd frame,  
Like a ship dash'd by fierce encount'ring tides,  
And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and round,  
The sport of wind and wave.

*BARFORD'S Virgin Queen.*

Rage



Rage swell'd her form, and threatn'd in her looks;  
 Her redd'ning bosom heav'd, her glowing eyes  
 Darted a stream of fire, the furious Passion  
 Shook her whole frame, distorted every feature;  
 Her voice grew more enlarg'd, as when the god  
 Rushes tumultuous on the tortur'd breast  
 Of his prophetic priest. *Ibid.*

What dreadful havoc in the human breast  
 The Passions make, when unconfin'd, and mad,  
 They burst unguided by the mental eye,  
 The light of Reason, which in various ways  
 Points them to good, or turns them back from ill!  
 O save me from the tumult of the soul!  
 From the wild beast within!—For circling sands,  
 When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the land;  
 The roaring deeps that to the clouds arise,  
 While through the storm the darting lightning flies;  
 The monster-brood to which this land gives birth,  
 The blazing city, and the gaping earth;  
 All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combin'd,  
 Are gentle to the tempest of my mind.

*THOMSON'S Sophonisba.*

Why should we pretend  
 To conquer nations, and to rule mankind,  
 Pre-eminent in glory, place, and power,  
 While slaves at heart? While by fantastic turns  
 Our frantic Passions reign? This very thought  
 Sould turn our pomp to shame, disgrace our triumphs,  
 And, when the shouts of millions rend our ears,  
 Whisper reproach,—O ye celestial powers!  
 What is it, in a torrent of success,  
 To overflow the world: if by the stream  
 Our own enfeebled minds are borne away  
 From Reason and from Virtue? Real glory  
 Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;  
 And without that the conqueror is nought  
 But the first slave. *Ibid.*

*The*



The waves, enrag'd by a tempestuous wind,  
Play for a while, even when the storm's at rest;  
Then, by degrees, they sink into a calm.

*MARTYN's Timoleon.*

How easy are we led by blinded Passion,  
To fancy, what we wish the event, must happen!

*FROWDE's Philotas.*

When to Passions you give up your Reason,  
(The treacherous favourites of a female tyrant)  
And fondly listen to each light surmise,  
To every trifling rumour they shall whisper;  
Nature at once starts up in self-defence,  
And scorns the slavish tye of such obedience. *Ibid.*

Those hearts, that start at once into a blaze,  
And open all their rage, like summer storms  
At once discharg'd, grow cool again and calm.

*C. JOHNSON's Medea.*

Oh may my sex from this example learn  
To govern the wild sallies of the mind,  
Never returning ill, for what their passions  
Misguided, call an ill, but in the balance  
Of holy truth weigh every word and deed. *Ibid.*

What is Human Nature,  
When th'intemp'rate heat of Passion blinds  
The eye of Reason, and commits her guidance  
To headlong Rashness; he directs her steps  
Wide of Success, to Error's pathless way,  
And disappointments wild. *HAYARD's Charles I.*

Sometimes a Passion seems to operate  
Almost in contradiction to itself;  
As oft it brings its opposite in play  
To strive, and bear full hard upon its rule.  
Fear runs a-breast with Hope! and Love, we know,  
Is ever follow'd close by Jealousy:  
And only changes to the fellest Hate!



A trembling apprehension always waits  
Our highest joys !

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

————— Exalted souls  
Have passions in proportion violent,  
Relistless, and tormenting : They're a tax  
Impos'd by Nature on Pre-eminence,  
And Fortitude, and Wisdom must support them.

*LYLLO'S Elmurick.*

The worst of slaves is he whom Passion rules,  
Uncheck'd by Reason and the pow'rful voice  
Of Friendship.

*BROOKE'S Earl of Warwick.*

## P A T I E N C E.

————— Cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into my ears, as profitless  
As water in a sieve ; give not me counsel,  
Nor let no comfort else delight mine ears,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child.  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of Patience :  
Measure his woe, the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape and form ;  
If such a one will smile, and stroak his beard,  
And halloo, wag, cry hem ! when he would groan,  
Patch Grief with proverbs, make Misfortune drunk,  
With candle wasters : Bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather Patience.  
But there is no such man : For brother, men  
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves don't feel ; but tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to Rage,  
Fetter strong Madness in a silken thread,  
Charm Aches with air, and Agony with words :

No



No, no, 'tis all men's office, to speak Patience  
To those that wring under the load of Sorrow ;  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel,  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Much ado about nothing*

————— We must die  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

————— Come what come may,  
Patience and Time run thro' the roughest day.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.*

The night is long, that never finds the day. *Ibid.*

————— Henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it doth cry out itself  
Enough, enough, and die.

*SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

————— Patience and Sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest ; you have seen  
Sun-shine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day, those harriest smiles,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know,  
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence  
As pearls from diamonds drop'd in brief.  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,  
If all could so become it. *Ibid.*

How poor are they that have not Patience !  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

*SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

Patience in cowards, is tame hopele's Fear ;  
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.

*HOWARD'S Indian Queen.*



There is between my will; and all my actions,  
A guard of Patience. *DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.*

————— I will bear it  
With all the tender suff'rance of a friend,  
As calmly as the wounded patient bears,  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

————— *OTWAY's Orphan,*  
I see thou hast pass'd sentence on my heart;  
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it:  
But with the humblest, most obedient patience  
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss them when they wound  
me. *OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.*

But patience is the virtue of an ass,  
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.  
*LANSDOWN's Heroic Love.*

————— When did I complain,  
Or murmur at my Fate?  
I bore my load of infamy with Patience,  
As holy men do punishments from Heav'n;  
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.  
*ROWE's Fair Penitent.*

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul!  
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?  
Do they not cover thee, like rising floods,  
And press thee, like a weight of waters, down?  
Does not the hand of Righteousness afflict thee?  
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say  
To Power Almighty, thou hast done enough?  
Or bid his dreadful hand of vengeance, stay?  
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours  
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,  
And lay thee down in Death. The hireling thus  
With labour drudges out the painful day,  
And often looks with long expecting eyes,  
To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.

————— *ROWE's Jane Shore.*  
Patience!



Patience! thou lump of ice! A curse of Patience!  
 Preach patience to the ocean when it roars!  
 When cities burn climb to the tops of towers,  
 And thence preach patience to the wind-born flames!  
 Bid hostile armies rushing on to blood,  
 Stand still, and listen to the whine of Patience!  
 But to name Patience to a love like mine,  
 Is to give tasteless drops to men in fevers!  
 I'm on fire within me, and the streams  
 Of gushing rivers might run thro' me now,  
 And fail to quench my burning.

*Hill's Fair Inconstant.*

It was thy Patience, Masinissa, patience,  
 A champion clad in steel, that in the waste  
 Attended still thy step, and sav'd my friend  
 For better days. What cannot Patience do!  
 A great design is seldom snatch'd at once;  
 'Tis Patience heaves it on. From savage Nature,  
 'Tis Patience that has built up human life,  
 The nurse of arts! and Rome exalts her head  
 An everlasting monument of patience.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Patience! do you think  
 The mangl'd wretch, fixt to the torturing rack,  
 Amidst convulsive throes and agonies,  
 Can think of Patience? \* \* \* \* \*  
 A mind at ease, like yours, may talk of Patience  
 Displaying the philosopher and hero.

*Martin's Timoleon.*

The anguish of your soul sure none can blame,  
 Oppress'd with such a pond'rous weight of sorrow;  
 But since 'twas so decreed, you're bound to pay  
 Patient obedience to the will of Heaven.  
 Patience, in time, the sense of woe expels,  
 Oblivion then succeeds, and grief is lost.

*Wandesford's Fatal Love.*

'Tis the duty of the wife and good

To



To bear the burden of their woes with patience.

*C. JOHNSON'S Medea.*

Patience sat by him in an angels garb,  
And held out a full bowl of rich content,  
Of which he largely quaff'd.

*HAWARD'S Charles L.*

O heav'n-born Patience! source of peace and rest,  
Descend; infuse thy spirit thro' my breast,  
That I may calmly meet the hour of Fate,  
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate.  
This body let their engines tear and grind:  
But let not all their racks subdue my mind.

*MALLET'S Mustapha.*

—Patience! who  
Is patient in despair? Can Patience wake  
The sleep of Death? Can it command old Time  
To render back the hours he snatch'd away,  
Or what is done, make undone? Give me cord,  
Poison, or knife, some upright justicer,  
And then prescribe me patience.

*HAWKINS'S Cymbeline.*

## P A T I E N T.

The patient mind, by yielding overcomes.

*PHILIPS'S Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.*

## P A T R I O T and P A T R I O T I S M.

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught towards the general good,  
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

For patriots still must fall for statesmen's safety,  
And perish by the country they preserve.

*SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.*  
Who



Who would not bleed with transport for his country,  
Tear every tender passion from his heart,  
And greatly die to make a people happy,  
Ought not to taste of happiness himself,  
And is low-soul'd indeed. *Thomson's Josephus.*

My country claims me all, claims ev'ry passion,  
Her liberty henceforth be all my thought !  
'Tho' with a brother's life, yet cheaply bought ;  
For her my own I'd willingly resign,  
And say with transport, that the gain were mine.

*MARTYN's Timoleon.*

Weigh then thy doings carefully my soul,  
Studious to forward, fearful to obstruct  
Beneficence Divine: Shou'd thoughtless Rage  
Urge thee to any rash intemperate act,  
Tumult and wild Disorder may ensue,  
And civil war destroy my native land.  
Has the Almighty then fill'd thy firm nerves  
With manly force, and form'd them to lay waste  
His other works—to spread destruction wide,  
And in redress of one man's sufferings,  
Deal anguish out to thousands,—surely no !  
The power on which a people's welfare hangs,  
Only a people's welfare can oppose.  
The real Patriot bears his private wrongs,  
Rather than right them at the public cost.

*BELLER's Injured Innocence.*

'Tis not indulging private inclination,  
The selfish passions, that sustains the world,  
And lends its rulers grace ; no, it is not thence  
That glory springs, and high immortal deeds :  
The public good, the good of others, still  
Must bear fond Nature down, in him who dares  
Aspire to worthy rule ; imperious Honour  
Still o'er the most distinguish'd lords it most.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Dear as thou art. whene'er our country calls,  
Friends,



Friends, sons, and fires should yield their treasure up,  
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.

*BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.*

— O I will

Of private passions all my soul divest,  
And take my dearer country to my breast.  
To public good transform each fond desire,  
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire.  
Well pleas'd the weight of all her burdens bear;  
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care.  
Still quick to find, to feel my people's woes,  
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose. *Ibid.*

— To me, I know, 'tis ruin;  
But safety to the public, to the king.  
I will not reason more, I will not listen  
E'en to the voice of Honour—No—'tis fix'd!  
I here devote me for my prince and country;  
Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!

*THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.*

The lover's ardour, the fond parent's care,  
The husband's soft endearments strongly move;  
But when the welfare of our country calls,  
These passions let—and the great patriot shines.

*HAYARD'S Regulus.*

Our country's welfare is our first concern,  
And who promotes that best—best proves his duty.

*Ibid.*

Let none object the tender calls of wife,  
Of children, kindred, and intreating friends;  
A Roman has no property that weighs  
Against the good the glory of his country. *Ibid.*

Yet, e'er I go, be thou my witness, Heav'n,  
That no self-flattering, no vain-glorious thought,  
Has urg'd me, to devote myself for Rome:  
No hope to live in the world's memory,  
The marble, featur'd into Regulus,

*Th' cter.*



Th' eternizing brass, inscribing fame; *Ibid.*  
 No, not the wonder of a future age.  
 No motive, striking on the pride of man;  
 No ostentation swells within my purpose,  
 But undistinguish'd benefit to all,  
 And my first, last, great care—my country's glory.

His only blot was this; that, much provok'd,  
 He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country.  
 And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him,  
 Ev'n by the hand of those for whom he fought.  
 Whatever private views and passions plead,  
 No cause can justify so black a deed:  
 These when the angry tempest clouds the soul,  
 May darken Reason, and her course controul;  
 But when the prospect clears, her star'd eye  
 Must from the treacherous gulph with horror fly,  
 On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,  
 So many hapless wretches have been lost.  
 Then be this truth the star by which we steer,  
 Above ourselves our country should be dear.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

A patriot soul,  
 Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice  
 Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.

*Whithead's Roman Father.*

For all connections else,  
 All private duties are subordinate,  
 To what we owe the public. Partial ties  
 Of son, and father, husband, friend or brother,  
 Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,  
 And without that were vain. *Ibid.*

The patriot's breast  
 No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,  
 And in her danger loses private woes. *Ibid.*

Learn hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base

The



The patriot builds his happiness ; no stroke,  
 No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate,  
 Can make his generous bosom quite despair,  
 But that alone by which his country falls.  
 Grief may to Grief, in endless round succeed,  
 And Nature suffer when our children bleed ;  
 Yet still superior must that hero prove,  
 Whose first, best passion is his Country's Love. *Did*

## P E A C E.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
 Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings ;  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures ;  
 Grim visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkl'd front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

*SHAKESPEARE's Richard III.*

A peace is the nature of a conquest ;  
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
 And neither party loser. *SHAKESPEARE's Henry IV.*

And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers ;  
 And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters :  
 By Heav'n it is the surfeit of all youth,  
 That makes the toughness and the strength of nations  
 Melt into women. 'Tis an ease that broods  
 Thieves, and bastards only.

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Noble Captains.*

— In this plenty,  
 And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd  
 In martial discipline ; and your ships unrigg'd,  
 Rot in the harbour ; nor defence prepar'd,  
 But thought unuseful ; as if that the gods,  
 Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you  
 A perpetuity of pride and pleasure ;

*Nor*



Nor change fear'd, or expected.

*MASSINGER's Bondman.*

Our armours now may rust; our idle scymetars

Hang by our sides for ornament, not use:

Children shall beat our arabals and drums;

And all the noisy trades of war no more

Shall wake the peaceful morn:

Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name,

Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe.

*DAYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

The rugged business of the war is over.

*DAYDEN's Love Triumphant.*

Since we thus meet you, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand the impediment, why Peace,

Dear nurse of Arts! should not in this best garden

Of the fair world, lift up her lovely visage?

Too plain, alas! the marks of her short absence!

Our vine, the merry chearer of the heart,

Withers unprun'd—Our hedges, shooting wild,

Like careless pris'ners, overgrown with hair,

Thrust forth disorder'd twigs; darnel, and hemlock

Root on our fallow lays, and, springing thick,

Beneath their shade, hide the neglected culture.

*HILL's Henry V.*

Calm deeds that glare not on the vulgar eye;

And yet it equal courage oft demands,

To quell Injustice, Riot, factious Rage,

Dark-working blind Courage, Cabal and bold Disorder,

As to confront the rigid face of War.

*THOMSON's Agamemnon.*

Peace has sweets

That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on down,

Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wing.

*BROOKE's Gustavus Vasa.*

Long peace, I find,

But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,

Licence



Licence and wanton Rage, which War alone  
Can purge away. *Mallet's Mustapha.*

— Gentle Peace,  
With liberal hand, diffuses gladness round.  
By her inspir'd the flock-spread mountain sings;  
The cultur'd vale resounds the parent's joy;  
And Plenty flows into the crouded gate  
Of the full peopl'd city—Who then, Peace,  
Thou best of powers; who would not thee prefer  
To guilty glories and the crimes of War.

*PATERSON'S Arminius.*  
— O, beauteous Peace!  
Sweet union of a state! what else, but thou,  
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people!  
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow,  
Of many years; yet in my breast revives  
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again  
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless our isle,  
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,  
Worse than our Æna's most destructive fires,  
It desolated sunk. I see our plains  
Unbounded waving with the gifts of Harvest;  
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports  
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;  
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla flow:  
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,  
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Give Peace, give healing Peace to two brave nations,  
Fatigu'd with War, and sick of cruel deeds!  
To carry on Destruction's easy trade,  
Afflict mankind, and scourge the world with War,  
Is what each wicked, each ambitious man,  
Who lets his furious passions loose, may do:  
But in the flattering torrents of success,  
To check his rage, and drop the avenging sword,  
When a repenting people ask it of him,

That



That is the genuine bounty of a god.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

—Peace is the happy natural state of man;

War his corruption, his disgrace.

*Ibid.*

Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!

By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men

Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,

And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,

Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.

Beneath thy calm inspiring influence,

Science his views enlarges, Art refines,

And swelling Commerce opens all her ports:

Blest be the man divine who gives us thee

Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,

Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;

Who sheathes the murd'rous blade; the deadly gun

Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;

And every vigour from the work of Death

To grateful Industry converting, makes

The country flourish, and the city smile;

Unviolated, him the virgin sing;

And him the smiling mother to her train;

Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful vale,

Chaunts: and the treasures of his labour safe,

The husbandman of him, as at the plough,

Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,

Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;

And the full city, warm from street to street,

And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him;

Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends

Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;

Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,

Till all the happy nations catch the song.

*Thomson's Britannia!*

Peace, my lord,

Is ever welcome; 'tis the gift of Heaven.

The



The nurse of Science, Art's fair patroness,  
 And Merit's best protector; but if France  
 Wou'd chain us down to ignominious terms,  
 Cramp our free commerce, and infringe the rights  
 Of our leige subjects, England may repent  
 Too late her rash credulity, and Peace  
 With all her blessings may be bought too dear

*Broome's Earl of Warwick.*

# P E N A N C E.

I met her as returning  
 In solemn penance from the public cross,  
 Before her certain rascal officers,  
 Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice:  
 On either side her, march'd an ill-look'd priest,  
 Who with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,  
 Did ever and anon, by turns upbraid her,  
 And thunder in her trembling ear damnation:  
 Around her numberless the rabble flow'd,  
 Should'ring each other, crowding for a view;  
 Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;  
 Some pitying; but those, alas! how few!  
 The most, such iron hearts we are, and such  
 The base barbarity of human kind,  
 With insolence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,  
 Hooting and railing; and with villainous hands,  
 Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways,  
 To hurl upon her head:  
 Submissive, sad, lowly was her look;  
 A burning taper in her hand she bore;  
 And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,  
 With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung:  
 Upon her cheek a fainting flush was spread;  
 Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,  
 While barefoot, as she trod the flinty pavement,  
 Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood:  
 Yet silent still she pass'd, and unrepining,  
 Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,

Except



Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,  
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise 'em,  
And beg that mercy, man deny'd her here.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

What pitying eye, seeing what we beheld,  
But wept ;—as Gloucester's crimeless consort pass'd;  
In penance rude, along the stony streets!  
And ever, when some rugged pebble wounds  
Her tender-feeling feet, the abject rabble  
Scoff, as she starts with anguish of the pain ;  
And, bid her be advised how she treads—  
While pale, and red, by turns, with guiltless shame,  
To earth she bends,—sometimes to Heaven she lifts  
Her rueful eyes—profuse of gushing tears.

*Pastor's Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.*

## PERSECUTION.

—To subdue th' unconquerable mind,  
To make one reason have the same effect  
Upon all apprehensions, to force this  
On that man to think just as I do;  
Impossible ! unless souls, which differ  
Like human faces, were alike in all.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

—Since by ruling Wisdom (who unweigh'd,  
Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,  
So various turn'd, that in opinions, they  
Must blindly think, or take a different way ;  
In spite of Force, since Judgment will be free ;  
Then let us in this righteous mean agree,  
Let holy Rage, let Persecution cease ;  
Let the head argue, but the heart be peace ;  
Let all mankind in love of what is right,  
In Virtue and Humanity unite.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.*

—That, crown'd, in this new world,  
Religion may erect her holy throne,



Is what, with ardent zeal, my soul desires!  
 Let Heav'n and Spain find here no future foe!  
 Yet ne'er did Persecution's offspring thrive:  
 For the forc'd heart, submitting, still resists.  
 Reason gains all men, by compelling none,  
 Mercy was always Heav'n's distinguish'd mark:  
 And he who bears it not, has no friend there.

*Hill's Alzira.*

## P E R S E V E R A N C E.

He who flies,  
 In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,  
 He is the only villain of this world:  
 But he who labours firm and gains his point,  
 Be what it will, which crowns him with success,  
 He is the son of Fortune and of Fame;  
 By those admir'd, those specious villains most,  
 That else had bellow'd out reproach against him.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Perseverance is a Roman virtue,  
 That wins each godlike act, and plucks success  
 Ev'n from the spear-proof crest of rugged Danger.

*Harvard's Regulus.*

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Milton's Comm.*

Philosophy consists not  
 In airy schemes, or idle speculations:  
 The rule and conduct of all social life  
 Is her great province. Not in lonely cells  
 Obscure she lurks, but holds her heav'nly light,  
 To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,



And teach them to reform and bless mankind.  
 All policy but her's is false, and rotten;  
 All valour not conducted by her precepts  
 Is a destroying fury sent from hell,  
 To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

THOMSON'S *Coriolanus*.

## P H Y S I C I A N.

He has no faith in physic: He does think  
 Most of your doctors are the greater danger  
 And worse disease t' escape. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Their fees  
 He cannot brook: He says they slay a man  
 Before they kill him.

And then they do it by experiment,  
 For which the law not only doth absolve them,  
 But gives them great reward, and he is loth

To hire his death so.—They kill  
 With as much licence as a judge. Nuy more;

For he but kills, Sir, where the law condemns,  
 And these can kill him too. B. JOHNSON'S *Volpone*.

The leeches gave the customary sign  
 Of death, and shook their careful heads,  
 In pity to the frame they cou'd not mend:

SAMUEL'S *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

## P I T Y.

Pity is the virtue of the law,  
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Timon of Athens*.

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful,  
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome

(As fire drives out fire) to pity, pity  
 Hath done this deed to Caesar.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.



For love of all the gods  
 Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers,  
 And when we have our armour buckled on,  
 Let venom'd Vengeance ride upon our swords.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.*

My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
 And harmful pity must be laid aside :  
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?  
 Not to the beast, that would usurp their den :  
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?  
 Not his, that spoils her young before her face :  
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?  
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back :  
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;  
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.*

Never slave  
 Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny  
 In tort'ring him, would make him worth lamenting.

*B. JOHNSON'S Sejanus.*

I find a pity hangs upon his breasts,  
 Like gentle dew, that cools all cruel passions.

*HOWARD'S Duke of Lerma.*

Pity on fresh objects only stays,  
 But with tedious sighs of woe decays.

*DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.*

Objects of pity, when the cause is new,  
 Still work too fiercely on the busy croud :  
 Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,  
 Brutus had gain'd his cause.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

Into her gentle breasts I'll pour my sighs,  
 The only balm to my afflicted mind !  
 Her generous pity softens every grief !  
 For all the wretched love to be condol'd.  
 Such is the use and noble end of friendship,



To bear a part in every storm of fate;  
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight.

*HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.*

None are so hateful to the gods as those,  
Who with hard hearts, delight in others grief.

*LANDSDOWN'S Heroic Love.*

Such sanctity! such tenderness, so mix'd  
With grief! as would draw tears from Inhumanity!

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

—————O do not, do not speak!

There is an eloquence in silent Pity,  
Beyond expression.

*HOPKINS'S Pyrrhus.*

The brave and wise we pity in misfortunes;  
But when Ingratitude and Folly suffer,  
'Tis weakness to be touch'd.

*ROWE'S Fair Penitent.*

—————Have you put off  
All sense of human Nature? Keep a little,  
A little pity to distinguish manhood!  
Lest other men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you,  
And judge you to be number'd with the beasts! *Ibid.*

—————If pity on the wrongs the injur'd suffer  
Be term'd a weakness, be it mine; for know  
I glory in it, none but cowards scorn it.

*MARTYN'S Timoleon.*

Pity, I own, to the distress'd is due;  
But when th' afflicted may themselves relieve,  
The fault's their own, if they will suffer on.

*WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.*

It is the mark of a dishonest mind  
Not to commiserate even the most guilty.  
He, who unmov'd beholds the wretch's pains,  
Is such a wretch, as may deserve our pity.

*CH. JOHNSON'S Medea.*



———When we pity woes, which we have felt,  
'Tis but a partial Virtue. *HILL'S Zora.*

Pity!

The fool's forgiveness and the mother's tear :  
The indiscretion of the unpractis'd maid,  
Who thro' that organ hears her lover's plaint,  
And listens to her ruin. *HAYARD'S Charles L.*

Pity! the foe to every manly deed!  
The bane of Victory! a timorous child,  
Scar'd at the gorgeous pride and pomp of War;  
Fit, only fit, to rule a woman's breast!  
*BROWN'S Athelstan.*

## P L A G U E.

———The raw damps  
With flaggy wings, fly heavily about,  
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums,  
'Thro' all the lazy air, hence murrains follow  
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds.  
At last the malady grew more domestic,  
And the faithful dog  
Died at his master's feet : and next his master :  
For all those plagues which earth and air had brooded,  
First on inferior creatures try'd their force,  
And last they seiz'd on man :  
And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,  
And every dart took place. All was so sudden,  
'That scarce a first man fell. One but began  
'To wonder, and strait fell a wonder too ;  
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,  
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?  
A troop of ghosts took flight together there !  
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more  
For single stakes, but families and tribes.  
With dead and dying men our streets are cover'd,  
And earth exposes bodies on the pavements,  
More than she hides in graves.

*Between*



Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen  
 The nuptial torch do common offices,  
 Of marriage, and of death ! Cast round your eyes,  
 Where late the streets were so thick sown with men,  
 Like Cadmus' brood, they jostled for their passage ;  
 Now look for those erected heads, and see them,  
 Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

## P L A Y E R.

— All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players ;  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages.

*SHAKESPEARE'S As you like it.*

As in a theatre the eyes of men,  
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.*

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;  
 Speak, and look big, and pry on every side ;  
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw  
 Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks  
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles :  
 And both are ready in their offices,  
 At any time to grace my stratagems.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.*

Like a dull actor, now I have forgot  
 My part, and even stop to a full disgrace.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.*

— Like a player,  
 Bellowing his passion, till he break the spring,  
 And his rack'd voice jar to the audience.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.*



Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,  
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit ! And all for nothing !  
 For Hecuba ! What's Hecuba to him ? or he to He-  
 cuba ?

That he should weep for her ? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive, and the cue for passion  
 That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech :  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free ;  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
 The very faculty of eyes and ears.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced  
 It to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but  
 If you mouth it, as many of our players  
 Do, I had as lief the town crier had  
 Spoke my lines : and do not saw the air too  
 Much with your hand, thus, but use all gently ;  
 For in the very torrent, tempest, and,  
 As I may say, whirlwind of your passion,  
 You must acquire, and beget a tem'perance  
 That may give it smoothness. Oh ! it offends  
 Me to the soul, to hear a robustious  
 Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion  
 To tatters, to very rags, to split the  
 Ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part,  
 Are capable of nothing, but inexplicable  
 Dumb shews, and noise ; I would have such a fellow  
 Whip'd for an o'erdoing termagant ; it  
 Out herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

2. I warrant your honour.

1. Be not too tame neither, but let your own  
 Discretion be your tutor, suit the action

To



To the words, the words to the action ;  
 With this special observance, that you o'erstep  
 Not the modesty of Nature ; for any  
 Thing so o'erdone is from the purpose  
 Of playing ; whose end both at the first and  
 Now, was, and is, 'to hold as 'twere the mirror  
 Up to Nature : to shew Virtue her own  
 Feature, scorn her own image, and the very  
 Age and body of the time, his form and  
 Pressure. Now this o'erdone, or come tardy  
 Off, tho' it makes th'unskilful laugh, cannot  
 But make the judicious grieve : the censure  
 Of which one, must in your allowance, o'erway  
 A whole theatre of others. Oh ! there be  
 Players that I have seen play, and heard others  
 Praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely,  
 That having neither the accent of Christian,  
 Nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man,  
 Have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have  
 Thought some of Nature's journeymen had made  
 Men, and not made them well, they imitated  
 Humanity so abominably !

2. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

1. Oh, reform it altogether ;

And let those that play your clowns speak no more  
 Than is set down for them : for there be of  
 Them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some  
 Quantity of barren spectators to  
 Laugh too, though in the mean time some  
 Necessary question of the play be  
 Then to be considered : that's villainous ;  
 And shews a most pitiful ambition  
 In the fool that uses it.

*Ibid.*

When on the stage to the admiring court,  
 We strove to represent Alcides' fury,  
 In all that raging heat and pomp of madness,  
 With which the stately Seneca adorn'd him,  
 So lively drawn, and painted with such horror ;

K 4

Soon



Soon we were forc'd to give it o'er ! So loud  
The virgins shriek'd ! so fast they died away !

*LEE's Theodosius.*

————— They abuse our scene,  
And say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true ;  
As physicians by diseases do ;  
Only to cure them : they do live we see  
Like cooks by pamp'ring prodigality ;  
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,  
We set an answerer to tell this age  
How ugly looks his soul ; a prodigal,  
Is taught by us how far from liberal.  
His folly bears him, boldly I dare say,  
'There has been more by us in some one play  
Laugh'd into wit, and virtue, than hath been  
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin  
And foppish humours ; hence the cause doth rise,  
Men are not won by the ears, as by the eyes.

*RANDOLPH's Muses Looking-Glass.*

### P L E A S U R E.

Why would not eating, drinking, sleeping,  
Education of children, be half neglected,  
Were it not for pleasure ? Would understanding  
Embrace the truth, if it took not pleasure  
In it ! What kind of men are those that oppugn  
Pleasure ? Doth not the courtier take pleasure  
In honour, the citizen in wealth, the  
Countryman in delights of health, the  
Academic in the mysteries of  
Learning ? Is there not, ev'n in angels, a  
Certain incomprehensible pleasure ?

————— *Love's Loadstone.*

After the fierceness of a common pleasure,  
A sudden heaviness is natural. *LEE's Mitridates.*  
As dangers in our love make joys more dear,  
So pleasure's sweetest when 'tis mix'd with fear.

*DRYDEN's Assenation.*

The



The pleasures of old age brook no delay,  
Seldom they come, and swiftly fly away. *Ibid.*

Pleasure never comes sincere to man ;  
But lent by Heaven upon hard usury :  
And while Jove holds us out the bowl of Joy  
E'er it can reach our lips, 'tis dash'd with gall  
By some left-handed god. *DRYDEN's Oedipus.*

That part of bliss is least which we receive,  
The nobler pleasure springs from what we give.  
*HIGGON's Generous Conqueror.*

Pleasure often on the youthful heart,  
Beneath the rosy soft disguise of Love,  
(All sweetness, smiles, and seeming innocence)  
Steals unperceiv'd, and lays the victor low !  
*THOMSON's Sophonisba.*

The youth, who bathes in pleasure's limpid stream  
At well judg'd intervals, feels all his soul  
Nerv'd with recruited strength ; but if too oft  
He swims in sportive mazes thro' the flood,  
It chills his languid virtue. *MASON's Elfrida.*

## P L O T.

How like conspirators, at their first meeting,  
With caution we gaze silent on each other,  
Expecting who shall start the business first.  
*TATE's Loyal General.*

Oh ! think what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods :  
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death !  
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,  
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke  
Determines all, and closes our design. *ADDISON's Cato.*



Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd  
Than executed,

*Id.*

## P O E T.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact;  
One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold;  
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic  
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt,  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy Nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;  
Write 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears  
Moist it again; and form some feeling line  
That may discover such integrity:  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forfake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

O sacred poesy, thou spirit of Roman arts,  
The soul of science, and the queen of souls!  
What prophane violence, almost sacrilege,  
Hath here been offered thy divinity,  
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm  
Prodigious Ignorance to wound thee thus?  
For thence is all their force of argument  
Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse  
Of thy great pow'rs in adulterate brains:  
When spirits, would men learn but to distinguish  
And set true difference 'twixt these jaded wits

*That*



That run a broken pace for common hire,  
 And the high raptures of a happy muse,  
 Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,  
 That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,  
 And beats at heav'n's gates with her bright hoofs;  
 They would not then with such distorted faces,  
 And desp'rate censures, stare at poesy.  
 They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds  
 Should never descend on so unworthy objects  
 As gold or titles: they would dread far more  
 To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.

*B. Jonsson's Poulster.*

### P O I S O N.

Observe in this small vial certain death;  
 It holds a poison of such deadly force,  
 Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours,  
 (For then it works) the god himself were mortal.

I drew it from Nonacris horrid spring: \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* It scatters pains,  
 All sorts, and thro' all nerves, veins, and arteries,  
 Ev'n with extremity of frost it burns;  
 Drives the distracted soul about her house,  
 Who runs to all the pores, the doors of life,  
 Till she is forc'd for aid to leave her dwelling.

*Lee's Alexander.*

— Touch not the poison'd gifts,  
 Infected by the sender! touch them not!  
 Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath him,  
 And more than Aconit has dipp'd the silk!

*DRYDEN's All for Love.*

'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,  
 Hot as Hell-fire:  
 Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's lake,  
 Could sooner numb thy nimble faculties,  
 Than this to sleep eternal. *DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*



I drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold,  
It soon congeal'd  
The channel of his blood, and froze him dry. *Ibid.*

How has this poison lost its wonted way?  
It should have burnt its passage, not have linger'd  
In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings  
Of human compositions: Now it moves  
Like a slow fire, that works against the wind. *Ibid.*

Quick shootings through my limbs, and pricking pains;  
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerves;  
Shiverings of cold, and burning of my entrails!  
Within my little world make medley war,  
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,  
As momentary victors quit their ground;  
Some deadly draught, some enemy to life  
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul. *Ibid.*

— The poison pass'd unseen,  
Like a close murderer thro' the lanes of life!  
*LEE's Massacre of Paris.*

Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul,  
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins.  
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

*SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.*

Sudden his eyes grew livid, and discharg'd  
A purple foam; his lab'ring bosom swell'd;  
His eye-balls, like malignant meteors, glar'd  
Unmov'd and ghastly! As the venom spread,  
Frightful convulsions writh'd his tortur'd limbs;  
Then, mad with anguish, rushing to the floor,  
He groan'd his soul away! *FENTON's Mariamne.*

I have with other thought, long since, prepar'd,  
Within my cell, a sleep-provoking draught;  
So potent in effect, it instant gives  
Lethargic rest, and fast binds down the sense.

*FROWDE's Fall of Saganum.*

The



The poison'd crown now cleaves around her temples,  
 Boils in her veins and in her eye-balls blazes;  
 She mourns, she raves, and throws her eyes to Heaven;  
 And now, depriv'd of words, or strength to utter,  
 The silent anguish streaming down her cheek,  
 Pleads her distress; the snares of Death surround her;  
 The raging Frenzy doubles all her strength,  
 And 'midst the tortures she endures, exerts  
 A vigour more than human.

*Ch. Johnson's Medea.*

Struck by the poison on her couch she lies,  
 A rose soft-drooping in Sabea vales,  
 Beneath the fiery dog star's noxious rage.

*Thomson's Edward and Elconora.*

Dying he seems, or cannot long survive:  
 Whether by heat of action in the field,  
 His latent fever is inflam'd to danger,  
 Or, as Suspicion strongly has avouch'd,  
 The gloomy monk, who serv'd him with the cup,  
 Might impiously infuse some bane of life,  
 We know not; but in his interval of sense,  
 In groans calls earnest for his confessor.

*Cinna's King John.*

I fear me, poison'd! his whole mass of blood  
 Is touch'd corruptibly, and his frail brain,  
 Which some suppose the mansion of the soul,  
 By the disjointed comments that it makes,  
 Foreshews its mortal office is expiring.

*Ibid.*

*The air's too hot;*

It steams, it scalds, I cannot bear this furnace!  
 Stand off and let the northern wind have way,  
 Blow, blow, ye freezing blasts from Iceland skies!  
 O blissful region, that I there were king!  
 To range and roll me in eternal snow,  
 Where crowns of icicles might cool my brain,  
 And comfort me with cold.

*Ibid.*

POPE.



## P O P E.

Let popes confine to points of Faith their sway,  
 And none shall more implicitly obey;  
 But when they strain that sway to temp'ral pow'r,  
 And would the inborn rights of kings devour;  
 Then by our arms, from usurpation hurl'd,  
 We'll treat them as the tyrants of the world!

*GIBBER'S King John.*

— No, never can we bear  
 The glories of our papal power should stoop  
 To the inferior sway of temporal princes. *Ibid.*

## P O P U L A C E.

The Common-wealth is sick of her own choice:  
 Her over-greedy Love has surfeited:  
 A habitation giddy and unsure  
 Has he that builds upon the vulgar's hearts.  
 O thou fond many! with what loud applause,  
 Didst thou beat Heav'n with blessing Bolingbroke!  
 Before he was what thou would'st have him be?  
 But being trimm'd up in thy own desires,  
 Thou beastly feeder art so full of him,  
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up!  
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,  
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
 They, that when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
 Are now become enamour'd of his grave.  
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his sacred head,  
 When thro' proud London he came fighting on,  
 After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Cry'st now, O Earth! yield us that king again,  
 And take thou this! *SHAKESPEARE'S Henry IV.*

The public is the lees of vulgar slaves;  
 Slaves, with the minds of slaves: So born, so bred:

*Yet*



Yet such as these, united in a herd,  
Are call'd the public! Millions of such cyphers  
Make up the public sum: An eagle's life  
Is worth a world of crows. Are princes made  
For such as these! who, were one soul extracted  
From all their beings, could not raise a man?

*SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.*

Yet what are princes, but for such as these?  
'Tis adoration, some say, makes a god:  
And who should pay it? Where would be their altars;  
Were no inferior creatures here on earth?  
Ev'n those who serve, have their expectancies,  
Degrees of happiness, which they must share  
Or they'll refuse to serve.

*Ibid.*

—————Dissentious rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinions,  
Make yourselves scabs.  
That like not Peace nor War: The one affrights you;  
The other makes you proud.

—————Who deserves greatness,  
Deserves your hate. Your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would encrease his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.*

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,  
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.*

The people like a headlong torrent go,  
And every dam they break or o'erslow:  
But unoppos'd, they either lose their force,  
Or wind in volumes to their former course.  
Their fright to no persuasions will give ear,  
There's a deaf madness in a people's fear.

*Ibid.*

—————I'll about  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets.

*These*



These growing feathers pluckt from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Ibid.*

————— The vulgar, a scarce animated croud,  
Ne'er pleas'd with aught above them, prince or God.  
*DRYDEN'S Aurengzeib.*

Empire! thou poor and despicable thing,  
When such as these make or unmake a king!  
*DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.*

————— These slaves,  
These wide-mouth'd brutes, that bellow thus for free-  
dom;  
Oh! how they run before the hand of Pow'r,  
Flying for shelter into every brake!  
Like cowardly fearful sheep, they break their herd  
When the wolf's out and raging for his prey.

*OTWAY'S Caius Marius.*

The rabble gather round the man of news,  
And listen with their mouths.  
Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,  
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd:

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

————— I have no taste  
Of popular applause: The noisy praise  
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds;  
Still vehement, and still without a cause:  
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide  
Of swollen success; but veering with the ebb  
It leaves the channel dry. *Ibid.*

Base mongrel souls! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,  
And they will worry Royalty to death!  
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch them,  
They'll run, and yelp, and clap their tails,  
Like curs, betwixt their legs, and howl for Mercy.

*DRYDEN'S Duke of Guise.*

The



The crowd to restless motion still inclin'd,  
Are clouds that rack according to the wind;  
Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour,  
Then mourn and soften to a silent show'r.

*LEE's Massacre of Paris.*

The genius of your Moors is mutiny :  
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness :  
Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak pretence ;  
Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd ;  
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world ;  
Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb !  
They love religion sweeten'd to the sense ;  
A good, luxurious, palatable faith !  
Thus Vice and Godliness, prepost'rous pair,  
Ride cheek by jowl : But churchmen hold the reins ;  
And whene'er kings would lower clergy-greatness,  
They'll learn too late what pow'r the preachers have,  
And whose the subjects are.

*DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

*The scum*  
That rises utmost, when the nation boils. *Ibid.*

The streets are thicker in this noon of night  
Than at the mid-day sun : A drowzy Horror  
Sits on their eyes, like Fear not well awake :  
All crowd in heaps, as at a Night's alarm  
The bees drive out upon each other's backs,  
T' imbosc their hives in clusters : All ask news :  
Their busy captain runs the weary round,  
To whisper orders ; and commanding silence,  
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to murmurs.

*Ibid.*

Observe the mountain billows of the main  
Blown by the winds into a raging storm :  
Brush off those winds, and the high waves return  
Into their quiet, first-created calm :  
Such is the rage of busy blust'ring crowds,  
Tormented by th' ambition of the great :

Cut



Cut off the causes, and th' effects will cease,  
And all the moving madness fall to peace.

*DRYDEN'S Cleonora.*

— The unthinking crowd  
Are govern'd only by their ears and eyes.

*JOHNSON'S Sultana.*

— The multitude unawed is insolent;  
Once seized with Fear, contemptible and vain.

*MALLET'S Mustapha.*

— The pliant populace,  
Those dupes of Novelty, will bend before us  
Like oars to a hurricane.

*MILLER'S Mahomet.*

The strong report of Arthur's death has worse  
Effect on them than on the common sort:  
The vulgar only shake their cautious heads,  
Or whisper in the ear, wisely suspicious,  
Gripping the hearer's wrist—who starts—and stops—  
With wrinkled brows—and shrugs—and rolling eyes!  
As if his life depended on his secrecy!  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus!  
Who, while his iron on the anvil cool'd,  
With open mouth swallowed a taylor's news!  
Of thousands more of Frenchmen pouring on  
Our coasts, in dreadful march of fire and sword!  
Another lean, unwashed artificer,  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death!

*CIBBER'S King John.*

## POPULAR.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him. The kitchen-malkin pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her reeky neck,  
Clamb'ring the walls to see him:  
Stalls, bulks, windows are smother'd up,

*Leads*



Leads fill'd, and ridges hom'd.  
 I have seen the dumb throng to see him,  
 And the blind to hear him speak. The nobles bended  
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
 A thunder and show'r with their caps and shouts.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.*

All nations bow their heads with homage down,  
 And kiss the feet of this exalted man:  
 The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth  
 Is Alexander! Alexander bursts  
 Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud  
 It drowns the voice of Heav'n! Like dogs you fawn,  
 The earth's commanders fawn, and follow him:  
 Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy;  
 And if this hunter of the barb'rous world  
 But wind himself a god, you echo him  
 With universal cry.

*LEE'S Alexander.*

Triumphant Brutus,

Like Jove, when follow'd by a train of gods,  
 To mingle with the fates, and doom the world,  
 Ascends the brazen steps o' th' Capitol,  
 With all the humming senate at his heels:  
 While you are but the ape, the mimic god  
 Of this new thund'rer, who appropriates  
 Those bolts of pow'r which ought to be divided:  
 Now, by the gods! I hate this upstart pride,  
 His abject soul, that stoops to court the vulgar,  
 His scorn of princes, and his lust to th' people!  
 O Collatine! have you not eyes to find him?  
 Why are you rais'd, but to set off his honours?  
 A taper by the sun, whose sickly beams  
 Are swallow'd in the blaze of his full glory:  
 He, like a meteor, wades th' abyss of light,  
 While your faint lustre adds but to the beard,  
 That awes the world. When late thro' Rome he pass'd,  
 Fix'd on his courser, mark'd you how he bow'd  
 On this, on that side, to the gazing heads,  
 That pav'd the streets, and all imbosc'd the windows;  
 That



That gap'd with eagerness to speak, but could not,  
 So fast their spirits flow'd to admiration,  
 And that to joy, which thus at last broke forth:  
 Brutus! God Brutus! Father of thy country!  
 Hail, genius, hail! Deliv'rer of lost Rome!  
 Shield of the common-wealth, and sword of Justice!  
 Hail, scourge of tyrants! Lash of lawless kings!  
 All hail! they cry'd; while the long peal of praises,  
 Tormented with a thousand echoing cries,  
 Ran like the volley of the gods along.  
 But when you follow'd, how did their bellying bodies,  
 That ventur'd from their casements more than half  
 To look at Brutus? Nay, that stuck like snails  
 Upon the walls, and from the houses tops  
 Hung down, like clust'ring bees upon each other?  
 How did they all draw back at sight of you,  
 To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from rapture!

*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

The people rend the skies with loud applause,  
 And Heav'n can hear no other name but yours!  
 The thronging crowds press on you as you pass,  
 And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

I see you court the crowd,  
 When with the shouts of the rebellious rabble  
 I see you borne on shoulders to cabals;  
 Where you all plot the royal Henry's death;  
 Cloud the majestic name with fumes of wine;  
 Infamous serows, and treasonable verse!  
 While, on the other side, the name of Guise,  
 By the whole kennel of the slaves is rung:  
 Pamphleteers, ballad-mongers, sing your ruin,  
 While all the vermin of the vile Parisians  
 Toss up their greasy caps, where'er you pass,  
 And hurl your dirty glories in your face.  
 By Heav'n! I'd earth myself,  
 Rather than live to act such black ambition!  
 But, Oh! you seek it with your smiles and bows.

*Th*



This side, and that side, cringing to the crowd !  
 You have your writers too that chaunt your battles ;  
 That stile you the new David ! second Moses !  
 Rerap of the church ! deliverer of the people !  
 Thus from the city, as from the heart, they spread  
 Thro' all the provinces, alarm the countries,  
 Where they run forth in heaps bellowing your wonders.

*DRYDEN'S Duke of Guise.*

## P O P U L A R I T Y.

I never courted popular applause ;  
 Feasted the men of action ; or labour'd  
 By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,  
 The tribunes, or centurions, to a faction ;  
 Of which, I would rise up the head against him.  
 I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle  
 In my command, that can give sanctuary  
 To malecontents, or countenance Rebellion :  
 I've built no palaces to face the court ;  
 Nor do my followers brav'ry shame his train ;  
 And though I cannot blame my Fate for want,  
 My competent means of life deserves no envy :  
 In what then am I dangerous ?

*MASSINGER'S Emperor of the East.*

I love the people ;  
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
 Though it do well, I do not relish well  
 Their loud applause and *one's* vehement :  
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
 That does effect it.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Measure for Measure.*

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,  
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people :  
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

And



And patient under bearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their effects with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench ;  
 A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well :  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends:  
 As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects next degree in hope.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard II.*

# P O V E R T Y .

O reason not the need, our basest beggars  
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous ;  
 Allow not Nature more than Nature needs,  
 Man's life is cheap as beasts. Thou art a lady,  
 If only to go warm, were gorgeous,  
 Why, Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
 Which scarcely keep'st thee warm.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear.*

Thro' tatter'd cloaths great vices strait appear ;  
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all: Place fins with gold,  
 And the strong law of Justice hurtless breaks ;  
 Arm it in rags, and pigmy straws do pierce it. *Ibid.*

Wealthy men, that have estates to lose,  
 Whose conscious thoughts  
 Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror,  
 To have their actions sifted, or appear  
 Before the judge : But the poor, that know themselves  
 As innocent as poor, that have no fleece  
 On which the talons of the griping Law  
 Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all  
 That can be urg'd against them.

BLAUMONT'S *Spanish Curate.*

Want whets the wit, 'tis true ; but wit not blest  
 With fortune's aid, makes beggars at the best :

W

The v



Wit is hot fed, but sharpen'd with applause ;  
For wealth is solid food, but wit is hungry fauce.

*DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.*

Are all my services forgot?—This morn,  
This splended morn, beheld me first of men,  
Blest and applauded as my chariot drove,  
And by my glories Cæsar was obscured !  
And now, the day not yet obscur'd, behold  
Me last of men, abandon'd and despis'd !  
O why is man compos'd of such vile stuff !  
Reduc'd at once to beggary :—Hard Fate !  
Who now will ope their hospitable doors,  
And shelter Belisarius from the cold ?  
Who slake his thirst, who spread the friendly board  
To give the famish'd Belisarius food !  
Or with an obolus relieve his wants !

*PHILLIPS'S Belisarius.*

## P O W E R.

I doubt she is so flush'd with the vast views  
Of power, and the exalted heights she has gain'd,  
That like a faulcon, tow'ring in her pride,  
And warm and eager, for the glorious quarry,  
She will despice the skilful falc'ner's call,  
Nor listen to the voice that us'd to guide her.

*MADDEN'S Themistocles*

Power ! 'tis the fav'rite attribute of gods,  
Who look with smiles on men, who can aspire  
To copy them——

*MARTYN'S Timoleon.*

The power to give creates us oft our foes :  
Where many seek for favour, few can find it :  
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;  
And, disappointed, wonders at repulse ;  
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate.

*FROWDE'S Philotas.*

—— Say, what is power ?  
The vain extent of title and of land ;

The



The barbarous impulse to th' insulting wretch,  
 To use his fellow-creature like a slave,  
 The woman's idol, and the man's misfortune,  
 As it too often robs him of humanity.  
 'This is the worst degree—Behold the best,  
 And now 'tis lovely; the redress of wrongs,  
 Hunger's repast, and the large draught of thirst,  
 The poor man's riches, and the rich man's wealth,  
 When thus apply'd—— *HAYARD's K. Charles I.*

What is power,  
 But the nice conduct of another's weakness?  
*BROOKE's Gustavus Vasa.*

Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,  
 But in a bigot tyrant's—treble curse.  
*MILLER's Mahomet.*

The slave to power  
 Still wears a pliant tongue. *BROWN's Barbarossa.*

## P R A I S E.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you:  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men,  
 Their Graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctify'd and holy traitors to you.  
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

*SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.*

Subjects of praise, the juster that they are,  
 Are the less grateful to a virtuous ear;  
 The meritorious holds within himself  
 His sole reward; the world approves it daily,  
 And leaves th' unletter'd fool to wealth and honour.

*HAYARD's Scanderbeg.*

My soul,  
 Like yours, is open to the charms of praise:  
 There is no joy beyond it, when the mind



Of him who hears it, can with honest pride  
Confess it just, and listen to its music.

*WHITEHEAD'S Roman Father.*

## P R A Y E R.

Prayers are the alms of churchmen to the poor ;  
They send to Heav'n, but drive us from their door.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,  
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go. *Ibid.*

— His pure thoughts were borne  
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,  
And wafted thence on angels wings, thro' ways  
Of light, to the bright source of all.

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

Prayer !  
The right of Nature and the free-born man.

— All-gracious Heav'n !

You gave me power, and you may take it back ;  
You gave me life, and may reclaim the gift ;  
That as you please—but spare this luckless land,  
And save it from Misfortune's rugged hand !  
My ev'ry wish is for its joy's encrease,  
And my last pray'r shall be my people's peace.

*HAVARD'S Charles I.*

Oh, gracious Heaven ! support a woman's weakness :  
And, what my heart, yet-panting, fails to utter,  
Take, from my Soul's touch'd sense, and make my  
pray'r.

You are too great for thanks ! too good for duty !

*HILL'S Merope.*

## P R E P O S S E S S I O N.

Let us not give deluded mortals leisure  
By Reason to disperse the mystic gloom

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L

We've



We've cast about us,—Prepossession, friend,  
Reigns monarch of the million. *MILLER's Mahomet.*

Barb'rous Prejudice with yoke of iron  
Weighs down thy reason, warps thy honest soul,  
And turns thy actions counter to thy will. *Ibid.*

### PREDESTINATION.

The gods foresaw it, and forbade his being  
Before he yet was born; I broke their laws,  
And cloath'd with flesh his pre-existing soul;  
Some kinder power, too weak for Destiny,  
Took pity, and endu'd this new-form'd mass,  
With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,  
And every kingly virtue, but in vain;  
For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the world,  
Perform'd its work by his mistaken hand.

*LEE's Oedipus.*

### PREDICTIONS.

Let them be true or false, 'tis a disgrace  
To aught that bears the image of a man,  
Idly to run to oracle, in search  
Of that which of necessity must be.  
What will it aid to know the minute when?  
Death, like a giant, traversing the globe,  
One time or other's sure to sweep off all.

*BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.*

### SELF-PRESERVATION.

What Courage tamely could to Death consent,  
And not, by striking first, the blow prevent?

*DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.*

Self-preservation is the first of laws;  
And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings,  
They justify rebellion by that law,

I once  
Heav'



As well may monarchs turn the edge of right  
To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

When Force invades the gift of Nature, Life,  
The eldest law of Nature bids defend:  
And if, in that defence, a tyrant fall,  
His death's his crime, not ours.

*DRYDEN's Don-Sebastiano.*

Self-preservation's Heaven's eldest law,  
Imprest upon our nature with our life,  
In characters indelible. Who shrinks  
From this great cause is wanting to his reason:  
But when our Honour is traduc'd and stab'd at,  
'Tis Virtue, 'tis heroic Fortitude,  
Then to encounter Violence with Force.

*MALLET's Mustapha.*

## P R I D E.

————— The snarler Pride  
Plac'd by a mirror, starts, and barks, and bites  
At its own image. *JEFFREY's Edwin.*

Alas, Philotas! thy imperious soul  
That hardly bears competitors in glory,  
Not ev'n thy master's self, at length undoes thee.  
His favour's lost, thy safety once, and pride;  
His gentle temper, which long stood the trial,  
Broke by thy o'erstretch'd pride, and haughty bearing,  
Experienc'd archers send their shafts with ease,  
And, slightly drawing, drive them as they please:  
But when some more robust, some ruder swain,  
The distant horns of the tough yew wou'd strain  
Beyond their pitch, immoderate strength to shew,  
Harsh jars the string, in shivers flies the bow.

*FROWDE's Philotas.*

I once imagin'd I was more than man;  
Heav'n has for this in anger cast me down,



To prove that empire is the gift of gods :  
 That they to man both good and ill dispense ;  
 That life, and death, that poverty and wealth,  
 Are not of human choice, but spring from Jove :  
 Hear but a late example of his pow'r ;  
 Th' Assyrian king, proud monarch of the East,  
 That spread his conquests over half the globe,  
 Made scepter'd princes as his vassals wait,  
 Their prostrate necks the footstool of his throne,  
 His light of reason now entirely lost,  
 Leads in the woods his life among the brutes ;  
 The grass his food, the dews of Heav'n his drink,  
 And seems a monument of wrath divine,  
 Because he proudly thought himself a god.

*TRACY'S Pericles*

P R I E S T. *See* REASON.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heav'n,  
 Whiles like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of Dalliance treads,  
 And reeks not his own reed.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

For whether king or people seek extremes,  
 Still conscience and religion are their themes.  
 And whatsoever change the state invades,  
 The pulpit either forces or persuades.  
 Others may give the fuel or the fire,  
 But priests the breath that makes the flame inspire.

*DENHAM'S Sophy.*

The awful guides of heav'nly concernment !  
 That teach us penance, fast, and abstinence,  
 To punish bodies for the soul's offence.

*DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.*

Ill does he represent the pow'rs above,  
 Who nourishes debate, not preaches love.

*Ibid.*

Yo



You saucily teach monarchs to obey,  
 And the wide world in narrow cloisters sway;  
 Set up by kings as humble aids of pow'r,  
 You that which bred you, viper like, devour:  
 You enemies of crowns!

*Ibid.*

Priesthood, that makes a merchandize of Heav'n!  
 Priesthood, that sell, ev'n to their pray'rs and blessings,  
 And force us to pay for our own cos'nage!  
 Nay, cheat Heav'n too with entrails, and with offals!  
 Give it the garbage of a sacrifice,  
 And keep the best for private luxury!

*DRYDEN's Troilus and Cressida.*

— If we must pray,  
 Rear in the streets bright altars to the gods,  
 Let virgins hands adorn the sacrifice;  
 And not a grey-beard forging priest come there,  
 To pry into the bowels of the victim,  
 And with their dogage mad the gaping world.

*LEE's Oedipus.*

— Why seek we truth from priests?  
 The smiles of courtiers, and the harlot's tears;  
 The tradesman's oath, and mourning of an heir,  
 Are truths to what priests tell!  
 Oh! why has priesthood privilege to lye,  
 And yet to be believ'd?

*Ibid.*

I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty friar,  
 With a paunch swell'd so high, his double chin  
 Might rest upon't: A true son of the church!  
 Fresh-colour'd, and well-thriving on his trade,  
 Come puffing with his greasy bald-pate choir,  
 And fumbling o'er his beads, with such an agony,  
 He told 'em false for fear: About his neck  
 There hung a wench, the label of his function,  
 Whom he shook off, i' faith, methought unkindly.  
 It seems the holy stallion durst not score  
 Another sin before he left the world.

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*



————— You want to lead  
My Reason blindfold like a hamper'd lion,  
Check'd of his noble vigour : Then, when baited  
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,  
And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of Faith:  
So silly souls are gull'd, and you get money !

*OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.*

————— Kings went too far,  
To trust the preaching pow'r on state affairs,  
To heavenly demagogues :  
'Tis a limb lopp'd from their prerogative,  
And so much of Heav'n's image blotted from 'em.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

I tell thee, Musti, if the world were wise,  
They would not wag one finger in thy quarrels :  
Your heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet,  
The Phaetons of mankind, who fire that world  
Which you were sent, by preaching, but to warm.

*Ibid.*

We know their thoughts of us ; that laymen are  
Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,  
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,  
Set upward with a little puff of breath,  
And bid us pass for men.

*Ibid.*

————— We know their holy jugglings,  
Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem  
Nor this, nor that, but all religions false.

*Ibid.*

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient ?  
Are not your holy stipends paid for this ?  
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,  
To study souls, their cures, and their diseases ?  
The province of the soul is large enough  
To fill up every cranny of your time,  
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch  
Be damn'd by your neglect.  
Why then these foreign thoughts of state employments,  
Abhorrent



Abhorrent to your function and your breeding?  
 Poor droning truants of unpractis'd cells,  
 Bred in the fellowship of beardless boys;  
 What wonder is it, if you know not man?  
 Yet there you live demure with down-cast eyes,  
 And humble as your discipline requires:  
 But when let loose from thence to live at large,  
 Your little tincture of Devotion dies:  
 Then Luxury succeeds; and set agog  
 With a new scene of yet untasted joys,  
 You fall with greedy hunger to the feast;  
 Of all your college virtue nothing now  
 But your original ignorance remains.

*Ibid.*

Triumphant Plenty with a chearful grace  
 Basks in their eyes, and revels in their face:  
 How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,  
 When big they strut behind a double chin?  
 Each faculty in blandishments they lull,  
 Aspiring to be venerably dull.  
 No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,  
 Or discompose their pompous ignorance:  
 But undisturb'd they loiter life away,  
 So wither green, and blossom in decay.  
 Deep sunk in down, they by Sloth's gentle care,  
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air;  
 And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of pray'r.  
 But bloated with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,  
 You swell to counsel kings, and govern kingdoms.  
 Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,  
 And let this little hanging ball alone:  
 For give you but a foot of conscience there,  
 And you, like Archimedes, toss the globe.

*Ibid.*

Yet churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,  
 Are silly, woeful, awkward politicians:  
 They make lame mischief, tho' they meant it well:  
 Their int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,  
 But seams are coarsely bungl'd up and seen.

*Ibid.*



The gods are theirs, not ours ; and when we pray  
 For happy omens, we their price must pay :  
 In vain at shrines th' ungiving suppliant stands,  
 In vain we make our vows with empty hands ;  
 Fat off'rings are the priesthood's only care,  
 They take the money, and Heav'n hears the pray'r :  
 Without a bribe their oracles are mute,  
 And their instructed gods refuse the suit.

*DRYDEN's Cleomenis.*

—————My time is spent pleasantly ;  
 My lord is neither haughty nor imperious,  
 Nor I gravely whimsical : He has good nature,  
 And I have good manners.  
 His sons too are civil to me, because  
 I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;  
 I meddle with no man's business, but my own.  
 I rise in a morning early, study moderately,  
 Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,  
 Take my innocent pleasures freely,  
 So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

Were all thy tribe like thee, it well might  
 Startle our lay unlearn'd Faith ; when thro' such hands  
 The knowledge of the gods is reach'd to man :  
 But thus those gods instruct us, that not all,  
 Who, like intruders, thrust into their service,  
 And turn the holy office to a trade,  
 Participate their sacred influence.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

—————I swear  
 By all that priests hold dearest, wealth and power,  
 By all the hopes and sweetness of Revenge,  
 To join in any enterprize propos'd  
 To raise the priestly honour.

*BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.*

No subtle gownman, hoodwink'd as you think me,  
 I see into you all.—————

I know



I know your talents, passions, and designs,  
 Your thirst for power, and itch of persecution :  
 But you shall find no pageant tool in me,  
 To take your idle quarrels on myself,  
 And perpetrate the mischiefs you contrive. *Ibid.*

Oh, Heaven !  
 Where would this restless arbitrary crew  
 Of soul-enslaving hypocrites drive on  
 Their bloody tyrant principles of Faith ?  
 What glorious victims of poor martyr'd Reason,  
 Would these ambitious pious butchers pay  
 To Superstition, Ignorance, and Pride,  
 Were there not some in power, ay, some endu'd  
 With free-born souls, and charitable hearts,  
 That durst so well employ the godlike trust,  
 As to prescribe these gownmen proper bounds,  
 And curb the holy persecuting spirit. *Ibid.*

Thou temperate villain ; in unforgiveness cool :  
 Who puttest a gloss of Sanctity on Malice ;  
 And seem'st to weep, and seem'st to pray, for these  
 Thou would'st destroy.

*PHILIP'S Humphry Duke of Gloucester.*

Our merciless oppressors !  
 In all your interests, sever'd from the people ;  
 Of worldly wealth, and pomp, and pow'r, you would  
 Ingross the whole ; and leave to us the cares,  
 The servitude, the penury, of life ;  
 Giving us empty benedictions in exchange  
 For the substantial blessings you enjoy. *Ibid.*

When holy guides neglect themselves for Heav'n,  
 Nor fear to advance their precepts by example,  
 'Tis then the gods are righteously rever'd.

*CIPRIAN'S Caesar in Egypt.*

It never was a prosperous world  
 Since priests have interfer'd with temporal matters ;  
 The custom of their ancestors they slight,  
 And change their shirts of hair for robes of gold :  
 Thus Luxury and Interest rule the church,



Whilst Piety and Conscience dwell in caves.

*BANCROFT's Fall of Mortimer.*

—————Aweful Heaven!

Great ruler of the various hearts of man!  
 Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church  
 Without the base cabal too often practis'd,  
 Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,  
 The virtues, which that sacred trust requires:  
 A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,  
 Such as becomes a father; humble wisdom;  
 Plain, primitive sincerity; kind zeal,  
 For Truth and Virtue, rather than opinions;  
 And, above all, the charitable soul  
 Of healing peace and Christian moderation.

*THOMSON's Edward and Eltonora.*

When such as thou with sacrilegious hand  
 Seize on the apostolic key of Heav'n,  
 It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves  
 To shut out Virtue, and unfold those gates,  
 That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts  
 Of Avarice and Ambition—soft, and sweet  
 As looks of Charity, or voice of lambs  
 That bleat upon the morning, are the words  
 Of Christian meekness! Mission all divine!  
 The law of Love sole mandate—but your gall,  
 Ye Swedish prelacy! your gall hath turn'd  
 The words of sweet, but indigested Peace,  
 To wrath and bitterness—Ye hallow'd men!  
 In whom Vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach  
 Zeal without Truth, Religion without Virtue,  
 Who ne'er preach Heav'n but with a downward eye  
 That turns your souls to dross; who shouting loose  
 The dogs of Hell upon us, thefts, and rapes,  
 Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm  
 Receive your sanction—O 'tis glorious mischief  
 When Vice turns holy, puts Religion on,  
 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye  
 Of saintly elevation, blesteth sin,

*And*



And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n  
A sign of blood, a label for decrees,  
That Hell wou'd shrink to own.—

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

Babble on, ye priests, amuse mankind  
With idle tales of flames and tort'ring fiends,  
And starry crowns, for patient suff'rings here:  
Yes, gull the crowd, and gain their earthly goods  
For feign'd reverſions in a heavenly ſtate.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

What, tho' Religion's guardians taint her tide!  
Pure is the fountain tho' the ſtream flows wide;  
Too oft her erring guides her cauſe betray:  
Yet Rage grows impious, when it bars her way.

*Hill's Merops.*

## P R I E S T C R A F T.

—What have the laity  
To do with faculties, they dare not uſe?  
Reason, in us, is carnal—Beaſts that we are,  
To ſuffer Rome to ſhackle our free thoughts,  
And fool our very ſenſes!

*Philips's Humphry Duke of Glouceſter.*

## P R I E S T H O O D.

—The prieſthood,  
To celibacy vow'd, are dead to all endearments.—  
What ties have you? Nor conjugal, nor filial love,  
Nor brotherhood, nor parents, griefs, or joys,  
Nor frienſhip's generous flame, nor ſympathies  
Of any kind, affect your hearts.

*Philips's Humphry Duke of Glouceſter.*

## P R I N C E.

When Princes mix in treaſon, they forego  
That awful character, which is their ſafeſt guard;  
Licence:



Licence the villain's impious hand, and sign  
A secret warrant for their own destruction.

*BELLER's Injured Innocence.*

That prince who would maintain the reins of empire,  
Tho' he have eagle's eyes and lion's heart,  
Quick to discern, and vigorous to oppose  
The deep-laid schemes of artful Villainy,  
Must not depend upon himself alone:  
For oft the mist of Flattery comes between  
His sharpest penetration, and the truth;  
Or Prepossession stirs some erring passion,  
And hurries him to deeds which taint his glory.

*E. HAYWOOD's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-  
Lunenburgh.*

'Tis war that forms the prince: 'Tis hardship, toil;  
'Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days;  
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted Death;  
'Tis equal fate for all, and changing Fortune;  
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire  
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners.

*THOMSON's Agamemnon.*

Were I, like private virgins, free to love,  
Then Modesty, our sex's guard and grace,  
With coldness had receiv'd your tenderest vows,  
And for your sighs, the wafting winds had caught  
them;

But princes, born to passions not their own,  
Are slaves in love, where happier subjects reign:  
The hearts of royal maids, like public treasure,  
Are to the exigents of state assign'd,  
While private comfort is referr'd to Virtue.

*CIBBER's King John.*

That prince who sees his country laid in ruins,  
His subjects perishing beneath the sword  
Of foreign Rage! who sees, and cannot save them,  
Is but supreme in misery!

*MALLET's Alfred.*

P R I S O N.



## P R I S I O N.

———A dreadful din was wont  
 To grate the sense, when enter'd here, from groans  
 And howls of slaves condemn'd, from clink of chains,  
 And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges!  
 And ever and anon the light was dash'd  
 With frightful faces, and the meagre looks  
 Of grim and ghastly executioners.

*CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.*

How shall I bid thee welcome to a place  
 Where Joy yet never enter'd? To a place  
 Where Horrors only reign!—Groans are our music,  
 And Sorrows our companions. *MARTYN'S Timoleon.*

They say this is the dwelling of Distress,  
 The very mansion-house of Misery!  
 To me, alas! it seems but just the same,  
 With that more spacious jail—the busy world!  
 Where even monarchs, if Ambition wake 'em,  
 Groan in the galling chains of Discontent.  
 Alas! how mankind err in the same thoughts!  
 The only prison that enslaves the Soul,  
 Is the dark habitation where she dwells,  
 As in a dark noisome dungeon, fetter'd down  
 To this unwholesome floor of breathing clay,  
 Were she but freed from thence, these solid walls,  
 These massy bars, and doubly grated windows,  
 Would all in vain oppose her tow'ring passage.

*BELLER'S Injured Innocence.*

What can'st thou look for in this place?  
 This residence of wretches? where, alas!  
 With looks intent, lone Melancholy sits,  
 And fancies tales of woe on every wall;  
 Till smit with her own images, she weeps,  
 And falling tears wipe the sad scenes away,  
 Leaving fresh space for pensive thought to spread  
 Her hourly webs o'er all the silent cell.

*Ibid.*

P R O.



## P R O D I G I E S.

The spirit of king Philip, in those arms  
 We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the court!  
 His dreadful eye-balls rolled their horror upwards;  
 He wav'd his arm, and shook his wond'ring head!  
 I've heard that at the crowing of the cock,  
 Lions will roar, and goblins steal away;  
 But this majestic air stalks stedfast on,  
 Spight of the Morn that calls him from the east,  
 Nor minds the opening of the ivory door.

*LEE'S Alexander.*

Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,  
 That they have lost their name.

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

In a lone isle o' th' temple while I walk'd  
 A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast  
 Shook all the dome: The doors around me clapp'd;  
 The iron wicket that defends the vault  
 Where the long race of Ptolemy's are laid,  
 Burst open and disclos'd the mighty dead:  
 From out each monument, in order plac'd,  
 An arm'd ghost starts up: The boy-king last  
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans  
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice  
 Cry'd, Egypt is no more! My blood ran back,  
 My shaking knees against each other knock'd!  
 On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd,  
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!

*Ibid.*

— Our ensigns, as they stood  
 Display'd before our troops, took fire untouch'd,  
 And burnt to tinder!  
 Three ravens brought their young ones in the street,  
 Devouring them before the people's eyes!  
 Then bore the garbage back into their nests!  
 A noise of trumpets rattling in the air

*W*



Was heard, and dreadful cries of dying men!

*OTWAY'S Cain's Marina.*

Scarce had we stepp'd on the forbidden ground,  
When the woods shook, the trees stood bristling up:  
A living trembling nodded thro' the leaves;  
And strait a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds  
'Rose, and grew loud, confus'd with howls of wolves,  
And grunts of bears, and dreadful hiss of snakes,  
Shrieks more than human! Globes of hail pour'd down,  
An armed Winter, and inverted day!

*DRYDEN'S King Arthur,*

Scarce had the Night, upon her car ascending,  
Thrown her black influence round the mournful  
Heav'ns;

When a mad whirl-wind, subterranean blast,  
Made the dome tremble from its deep foundation,  
And shook the dreadful glories of its spires.

The yawning vault disclosed its gloomy entrails,

And lab'ring from its inmost caverns groan'd!

And then a troop of ghosts, bloody and baleful,

And wonderfully pale, sprung glaring up:

Then vanishing, so ruefully they shriek'd,

That all the ghastly hollow of the dome,

Multiplying horror dismally resounded.

Then on a sudden, of their own accord,

The massy gates, with jarring sound flew open,

Grating harsh thunder on their brazen hinges.

*DANNO'S Iphigenia.*

Such unheard of prodigies hang o'er us,

As make the boldest tremble: See the moon

Robb'd of her light, discolour'd, without form,

Appears a bloody sign hung out by Jove,

To speak peace broken with the sons of men:

The Nile as frighted sinks within its banks;

And as this hour I pass great Isis' temple,

A sudden flood of lightning rush'd upon it,

And laid the shrine in ashes.

*YOUNG'S Bufris.*

—'Twas



'Twas wond'rous,  
 The storm that all at once alarin'd the court  
 At dead of night : The casements open'd round ;  
 And by the light of visionary lamps,  
 Two solemn fun'ral's first, and then a third,  
 In slow procession cross'd the palace yard  
 To yonder temple : There the first arriv'd  
 Appear'd to halt, till join'd by that which follow'd ;  
 They enter'd, all the three, the vault beneath,  
 Sacred to royal dust. *JEFFREY'S Edwin.*

## P R O M I S E.

Promising is the very air of the  
 Time ; it opens the eyes of Expectation :  
 Performance is ever the duller for  
 His act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler  
 Kind of the people, the deed is quite out of  
 Use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable ;  
 Performance is a kind of will or testament,  
 Which argues a great sickness in his judgment  
 That makes it.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Timon of Athens.*

————— A promise may be broke ;  
 Nay, start not at it——'Tis an hourly practice ;  
 The trader breaks it, yet is counted honest.  
 The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour ;  
 Husband and wife in marriage promise much ;  
 Yet follow sep'rate pleasure, and are—virtuous.  
 The churchmen promise too, but wisely they  
 To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,  
 And draw upon Futurity : A promise !  
 'Tis the wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint ;  
 It is the ship in which the knave embarks,  
 Who rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,  
 And fails with ev'ry wind.

*HARVARD'S Charles I.*



PROPHET.

— This shews you are above,  
You Justices, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can 'venge. *SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

O thou, whose most aspiring mind  
Knows all the business of the courts above,  
Opens the closet of the gods, and dares  
To mix with Jove himself and Fate at council.  
O Prophet, answer me ! *LEE'S Oedipus.*

Prophetic Fury rolls within my breast,  
And as at Delphos, when the foaming priest,  
Full of the god, proclaims the distant doom  
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come ;  
My lab'ring mind so struggles to unfold,  
On British ground, a future age of gold.  
*LANSDOWN'S British Enchantress.*

PROSPERITY.

— Knaves will thrive,  
When honest plainness knows not how to live.  
*SHIRLEY'S Maid's Revenge.*

— He that suffers  
Prosperity to swell him 'bove a man ;  
Like those impressions in the air, that rise  
From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,  
Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.  
*NABBS'S Hannibal and Scipio.*

PROVIDENCE.

Who is it, that will doubt  
The care of Heaven ; or think immortal  
Pow'rs are slow, 'cause they take the privilege  
To choose their own time, when they will send their  
Blessings down ?  
*Sir W. DAVENANT'S Fair Favourite.*

Submit



Submit thy fate to Heav'n's indulgent care,  
 Tho' all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair:  
 The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,  
 Here run before us, there retreat behind:  
 And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,  
 Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.

*HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.*

Mark, mark, Ulysses! how the gods preserve  
 The men they love, even in their own despatch!  
 They guide us, and we travel in the dark!  
 But when we most despair to hit the way,  
 And least expect, we find ourselves arriv'd!

*LANSDOWN's Heroic Loco.*

How just is Providence in all its works!  
 How swift to overtake us in our crimes? *Ibid.*

The holy power that clothes the senseless earth  
 With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant  
 grass,

Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,  
 Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,  
 Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;  
 Our Understanding traces them in vain.  
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;  
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*ADDISON's Cam.*

O murmur not, my love, at Providence!  
 Heav'n is too wise and good to punish us  
 Without a cause; nor let us rashly dare  
 To censure what we cannot comprehend.

*ELIZ. Haywood's Fair Captive.*

When Justice arms our cause, to doubt success,  
 Is to distrust that Providence that holds  
 The balance of the world, and weighs events



In golden Equity's unerring scales.

*BECKINGHAM'S Henry IV. of France.*

————— The ways of Heav'n amaze us,  
And far extend beyond the human ken;  
But sure if we can e'er oblige th' immortals,  
'Tis when we bring to injur'd Virtue aid.

*Lewis's Philip of Macedon.*

————— Why all these things are thus  
Is hard to say; the smiling sun beholds  
The wide Creation preying on itself;  
And the frail creature breathes and lives on ruin.  
Arachne thus unwinds her silken threads,  
And webs unseen th' insidious insect spreads;  
The royal bee, queen of the rosy bower,  
Collects her precious sweets from every flower;  
Now loads her little limbs with anxious care,  
Now tries her slender pinions in the air;  
Then homewards as she wings her fragrant way,  
Rich in the thymy labours of the day,  
Sudden she strikes at once th' invenom'd loom,  
And finds a dreadful and lamented doom.

*C. JOHNSON'S Medea.*

Tax not the pow'rs above, lest we're forsaken:  
They often suffer what they don't approve.  
Their vengeance makes us know why we are punish'd,  
Such visitations whet our penitence;  
Create reflections on the inward cause:  
For Conscience is the mirror of our souls,  
Which represents the errors of our lives  
In their full shape.

*BANCROFT'S Fall of Mortimer.*

Forbear, fond man! That Heaven thou dar'st accuse,  
Just, tho' mysterious, leads us on unerring,  
Thro' ways unmark'd, from Guilt to Punishment.

*MALLET'S Euridice.*

O eternal Providence, whose course  
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd

By



By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,  
I follow thee, with Resignation, Hope,  
With Confidence and Joy; for thou art good,  
And of thy rising goodness is no end.

*THOMSON's Edward and Elconora.*

Forbear to tax th' eternal hand of Truth,  
Whose deeds are all unsearchable to us!  
Our finite knowledge cannot comprehend  
The principles of an unbounded sway:  
Weak and disjointed are our judging laws,  
And therefore vain and impious.

*SHIRLEY's Parricide.*

Stop, stop, my thought, from guilty progress now:  
Nor dare accuse eternal Providence,  
For suffering such a villain to commit,  
With dire success, the most unheard-of crimes!  
But, lo! at length the tardy Vengeance comes,  
And Justice arms the fury 'gainst himself. *Ibid.*

Unerring Power! whose deep and secret counsels  
No finite mind can fathom and explore;  
It must be just to leave your creatures free,  
And wise to suffer what you most abhor:  
Supreme and absolute of these your ways  
You render no account—We ask for none;  
For Mercy, Truth, and righteous Retribution  
Attend at length your high and awful throne.

*LYTEL's Elmerick.*

What the gods intend—is theirs alone:  
Let us not bar their great opposeless wills,  
By seeming more than they would have us be:  
So shall the chain, that links Propriety,  
Remain unbroken, and the nerve of Hope  
But brace Obedience to the will of Heaven.

*HAYARD's Regulus.*

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;  
Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom;

*Think*



Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;  
 Think on the various accidents of war ;  
 Think on the mighty pow'r of awful Virtue ;  
 Think on that Providence that guards the good.

*S. JOHNSON'S Irene.*

How Heav'n in scorn of human arrogance,  
 Commits to trivial Chance the fate of nations !  
 While with incessant thought laborious man  
 Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,  
 And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness ;  
 Some accidental gust of Opposition  
 Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,  
 O'eturns the fabric of presumptuous Reason,  
 And whelms the swelling architect beneath it. *Ibid.*

This is thy work, Almighty Providence  
 Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought  
 Resolves the orbs of empire ; bids them sink  
 Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,  
 Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

There is a power  
 Unseen that rules th' illimitable world,  
 That guides its motions, from the brightest star,  
 To the least dust of this so-tainted mold,  
 While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
 Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.  
 This sacred Truth, by sure experience taught,  
 Thou must have learnt, when, wandering all alone  
 Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,  
 Was more sufficient for itself, than thou— *Ibid.*

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals  
 On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,  
 By slightest means, to lay their towering schemes  
 Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing. *Ibid.*

—Have we so idly learned

The noblest lessons of our infant days,

Our

Think



Our trust about ! Does there not still remain  
 The wretch's last retreat, the gods, Horatia ?  
 'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring,  
 And at their altars may we find relief.  
 Say, shall we thither ?—Look not thus dejected,  
 But answer me. A confidence in them,  
 Even in this crisis of thy fate, will calm  
 Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope.

*WHITEHEAD'S Roman Father.*

—Eternal Providence !  
 To whose all-seeing mind, th' unmeasur'd round  
 Of wide events is present ! far beyond  
 The narrow ken of a weak mortal eye !  
 Deep, and unsearchable, yet just and true,  
 Are thy ador'd decrees, O Power Divine !

*BROWN'S Athelstan.*

### COMPLAINTS of PROVIDENCE.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods ;  
 They kill us for their sport.

*SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.*

Tell me, O ye powers,  
 For I'll be calm ! Was I not worthy of your care ?  
 And why, ye gods, was Virtue made to suffer,  
 Unless this world be but as fire, to purge  
 Her dross, that she may mount and be a star ?

*LEE'S Mithridates.*

Oh, Heavens ! and, oh ! you ever burning lights,  
 Who have beheld at midnight from your orbs,  
 Our flames that kindled bright, as chaste as yours,  
 Which of you all, which most malignant star,  
 Shew me that ev'ous fire that crost our loves,  
 That I may curse him from his fatal sphere.

Is this then my reward ? Unnecessary Virtue,  
 Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing ?

—He



—Here I am lost again!

Here all my courage, which has borne the blow  
Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten coward!

Here I confess my Piety gives way!

I could fall out with the forgetful gods,

And curse the authors of my being.

*Ibid.*

Curs'd Fate! malicious stars! you now have drain'd

Yourselves of all your poisonous influence;

Ev'n the last baleful drop is shed upon me!

*Ibid.*

Hercules! why should a man like this,

Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,

Be all the care of Heaven!

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings,

I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,

And now he mounts above me:

Good Heavens! is this, is this the man who braves  
me,

Who bids my age make way, drives me before him,

To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

*Ibid.*

Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a cause,

Make bold mankind enquire into its laws.

*DRYDEN'S Secret Love.*

O Virtue, blind and impotent as Fortune!

Who would be good or pious, if this queen,

Thy great example suffers?

*Ibid.*

—Is there no god,

Who can controul the malice of our Fate?

Are they all deaf? Or have the giants Heaven?

*LEE'S Oedipus.*

Relentless fates! malicious, cruel pow'rs!

Oh! for what crimes do you thus rack your creature?

*LEE'S Theodosius.*



O ye Eternal Pow'rs!  
That guide the world! why do you shock our Reason  
With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust?

*Ibid.*

Ye gods! we're taught that all your works are justice:  
You're painted merciful, and friends to Innocence;  
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

Oh! where was then  
The pow'r that guards the sacred lives of kings?  
Why slept the Lightning, and the Thunderbolt,  
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,  
When Vengeance call'd them here?

*DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.*

I am at a loss of thought, and must acknowledge  
The counsels of the gods are fathomless:  
Nay, 'tis the hardest task, perhaps of life,  
To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue:  
Whether, when we raise up temples to the gods,  
We do not blaspheme them; Oh!—behold me!  
Behold the game that laughing Fortune plays!  
Fate or the will of Heaven! call't what you please,  
That mars the best designs that Prudence lays!  
That brings events about, perhaps to mock  
At human reach, and sport with Expectation.

*LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

But is there Heaven? for I begin to doubt,  
The skies are hush'd, no grumbling thunders roll:  
Now take your swing, ye impious, sin unpunish'd:  
Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,  
And with a slumbering nod assents to murder.

*DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.*

O Pow'rs! if kings be your peculiar care,  
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?  
Now flash him dead; now crumble him into ashes;  
Or henceforth live confin'd to your own palace,

*And*



And look not idly out upon a world  
That is no longer yours. *Ibid.*

Yet sure the gods are good : I would think so,  
If they would give me leave !  
But Virtue in distress, and Vice in triumph,  
Make atheists of mankind. *DRYDEN's Cleomenes.*

Where shall the brave and good for refuge run,  
When to be virtuous, is to be undone ?  
Sure Jupiter's depos'd, some giant rules  
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.  
*LANSDOWN's British Incanter.*

If Piety be thus debarr'd access  
On high ; and of good men, the very best  
Be singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,  
What is reward ? and what is punishment ?  
But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice !  
*CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.*

Oh ! when shall I have rest ?  
Why are all these things thus ? Is it of force,  
Is there necessity I must be miserable ?  
Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n  
That I should be afflicted thus ? If not :  
Why is it thus contriv'd ? Why are things laid,  
By some unseen hand, so as of consequence  
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,  
The last distress of life, and sure despair ? *Ibid.*

Sure some malignant planet,  
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins  
To shed on me its baleful influence.  
*TRAP's Abramale.*

Unequal gods !  
Who love to disappoint mankind, and take  
All Vengeance to yourselves ; why to the point  
Of my long flatter'd wishes did ye lift me,  
Then sink me down so low ? Just as I aim'd  
The glorious stroke that was to make me happy,  
VOL. III. M Why



Why did you blast my strong extended arm,  
But that to mock us is your cruel sport?

What else is human life? *THOMSON'S Sapphonisba.*

Ye strengthless powers! whose altars smok'd in vain!  
Gods of a faithful, yet a cheated, people!

Why have you thus betray'd us, to the foe?

Why had six hundred Spanish vagrants, power  
To crush my throne, your temples, rites, and you?

Where are your altars? Where my glories, now?

Where is Alzira? More, herself, a god,

Than your collected queens, of fancied Heaven!

*HILL'S Alzira.*

For what unhappy guilt of mine, ye pow'rs,  
Are all these loads of sorrow heap'd upon me?

Devoted to obedience have I past

Life's tedious travel, innocent in will.

*SHIRLEY'S Parricide.*

Unhappy we!

Is this, ye Powers? your justice? This the lot

Of Innocence and Virtue?—But where roves,

By Fear made impious, my distracted thought,

Thus to arraign the ever righteous gods!

While now, perhaps, with their keen justice arm'd,

And covered by their power, Arminius takes

Triumphant vengeance on the vanquish'd foe.

It must be so—None serve the gods in vain.

*PATERSON'S Arminius.*

No there is none; no ruler of the stars,

Regardful of my miseries.—What crime

Has drawn these fortunes on me?—I have been

Too insolent, perhaps, in youth's proud joy;

And felt not, as I ought, for other's sorrows.

Thence, came this tempest of affliction o'er me.

*HILL'S Merope.*

Why have the deities permitted this?

Why have they sported with a mortal's mind

Unpitying



Unpitying its distraction? \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* Yet you are just, ye gods!—Amazing darkness  
 Dwells o'er the eternal will, and hides all cause.  
 I must not dare to tax Almighty Power,  
 For what I suffer for it. *Ibida.*

## P R U D E N C E.

Let us

Act with cool Prudence, and with manly temper,  
 As well as manly firmness.  
 'Tis godlike magnanimity, to keep,  
 When most provok'd, our Reason calm and clear,  
 And excuse her will, from a strong sense  
 Of what is right without the vulgar aid  
 Of Heat and Passion, which, tho' honest, bear us  
 Often too far.

*THOMSON'S Tamer and Sigismunda.*

Ruin, like yours, is privileg'd to rail,  
 And when it raves, tho' impotent of harm,  
 Prudence will shun its walks, or hear regardless,  
 Nor answer to its frenzy. *FRANCIS'S Eugenia.*

What can Prudence do,

Or human Wisdom, more than judge from outside,  
 And flattering likeness? Kings can see no farther;  
 High Heaven, alone, can read the heart, in all  
 Its utmost frauds, and mystic characters.

*JONES'S Earl of Essex.*

Prudence! the stale pretence of ev'ry knave!

The traitor's ready mask!

*BROWN'S Barbarossa.*

## P U N I S H M E N T.

The land wants such  
 As dare with rigour execute her laws;  
 Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented:  
 He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares



The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,  
 And all the body perish : He that's merciful  
 Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.  
 The pillory must cure the ear's disease ;  
 The stocks the foot's offences ; let the back  
 Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth  
 By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post :  
 And yet the secret and purse-punishment  
 Is held the wiser course ; because at once  
 It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious.  
 Let not the sword of Justice sleep, and rust  
 Within her velvet sheath ; preserve her edge,  
 And keep it sharp with cutting ; use must whet her :  
 Tame Mercy is the breast that suckles Vice,  
 Till Hydra-like she multiply her heads.

*RANDOLPH'S Muse's Looking-glass.*

Heaven may forgive a crime to Penitence,  
 For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true :  
 But man, who knows not hearts, should make ex-  
 amples,  
 Which like a warning-pièce, must be shot off,  
 To fright the rest from crimes.

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

————— You have forgot reward !  
 The part of Heaven in kings for punishment  
 Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devill.

*DRYDEN'S Spanish Friar.*

————— See they suffer death :  
 But in their deaths remember they are men :  
 Strain not the laws, to make their tortures grievous.  
 Lucius, the base degenerate age requires  
 Severity and Justice in its rigour.  
 This awes an impious, bold, offending world,  
 Commands obedience, and gives force to laws :  
 When by just Vengeance guilty mortals perish,

Th



The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,  
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside,

*ADDISON'S Cato.*

Q U A C K.

I HAVE heard, they are the most lewd impostors,  
Made of all terms and shreds; no less belyers  
Of great men's favours, than their own vile med'cines,  
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;  
Selling that drug for two pence 'ere they part,  
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.

*B. JOHNSON'S Falstaff.*

Q U A R R E L.

There's mischief greater than all these;  
A base and sordid provocation,  
Us'd among gentlemen; they cannot quarrel  
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight,  
Son of a whore: Dead mothers must be torn  
Out of their graves, or living, have their names  
Poison'd by a prodigal's breath: It were  
A brave and noble law to make this tongue  
Be cut for't, it would save much blood i' th' year,  
That might be spilt more honourably.

*SHIRLEY'S Gamester.*

Q U E E N.

Think'st thou the homage of th' adoring crowd,  
Unbounded empire, and the pride of state,  
Can make a queen? Mere ornaments, alas!  
No, 'tis the glorious energy divine  
Of the aspiring soul, that bids it burn.



For generous deeds, and warms its faculties;  
 'This makes a queen. SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

## R A C K.

**I** SAW him rack'd! a sight so dismal sad,  
 My eyes did ne'er behold! It is unutterable!  
 Behold the rack set forth!  
 Philotas, like an angel, seiz'd by fiends,  
 Is strait disrob'd; a napkin ties his head:  
 His warlike arms, with shameful cords are bound,  
 And every slave can now the valiant wound,  
 Did not your eyes rain blood, your spirits burst,  
 To see your noble fellow-soldier burn?  
 Yet without trembling or a tear, endure  
 The torments of the damn'd! O ye barbarians!  
 Could ye stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?  
 You saw him bruise'd, torn, to the bones made bare,  
 His veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering flesh  
 With pincers from his manly bosom ripp'd,  
 Till you discover'd the great heart lie panting!  
 Why stood you then like statues? There's the case,  
 The horror of the sight had turn'd you marble!  
 So the pale Trojans from their weeping walls,  
 Saw the dear body of the godlike Hector,  
 Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous ground!  
 Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn weapons ran,  
 To save the great remains of that prodigious man!

*LEE'S Alexander.*

————— Bring forth the rack:  
 Fetch hither cords, and knives, and sulphurous flames,  
 He shall be bound and gash'd, his skin flea'd off, and  
 burnt alive:  
 He shall be hours, days, years a dying.

*LEE'S Oedipus.*

Wire.



Wire-draw his skin, spin all his nerves like hair,  
And work his tortur'd flesh as thin as flane.

*LEE's Constantine.*

Most cruel racks, and torments are preparing,  
To force confessions from their dying pangs.

*OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.*

Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the agonies  
Of a tormenting and a shameful death !

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,  
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain !

*Ibid.*

Unchang'd, Philotas view'd the various pomp,  
The pageantry of Death ; and calmly cry'd,  
Why loiter ye, my friends ? Why does Craterus  
Delay to torture Alexander's foe ?

The dreadful sign was given ; an instant shew'd  
His comely body naked to the view ;  
An instant shew'd it all deform'd with wounds ;  
Distinct with purple maze of gushing blood,  
That follow'd from the whip's tormenting stroke.

\* \* \* \* \*

This o'er, a momentary pause was given ;

And he exhorted to confess his crimes :

At which, when he with indignation scoff'd,

The dreadful rack, with all its wrestling pains,

A sad alternative of woe succeeds.

Pull, pull, Craterus cries ; the slaves obey :

Then think his nerves unbrac'd, his limbs disjointed.

Again they pause, again the question put ;

Again, with heart undaunted he reply'd ;

Cease, cease your trifling, and begin your tortures.

\* \* \* \* \*

Astonish'd, and appall'd, the tort'ers stand ;

Or he was more than man, or sure the sense

Of Honour, left him not the sense of Pain.

Next fire must do its part, the pointed steel,

Red with uncommon heat, now gores his sides,

And smoaks, and hisses in the shrivell'd flesh.

*Frowde's Philotas.*



## R A G E.

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its force ;  
 But give it way a-while, and let it waste :  
 The rising deluge is not stopp'd with dams ;  
 Those it o'er-bears, and drowns the hope of harvest !  
 But wisely manag'd, its divided strength  
 Is sluiced in channels, and securely drained !  
 And, while its force is spent, and unsupply'd,  
 The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,  
 And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford !

*SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.*

Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
 And be my heart an ever-burning Hell,  
 These miseries are more than may be borne !  
 To weep with them that weep, doth some ease deal ;  
 But Sorrow flouted at, is double death.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Titus Andronicus.*

If there were reasons for these miseries,  
 Then into limits could I bind my woes :  
 Whene'er Heav'n weeps, does not the Earth o'erflow ?  
 If the winds rage, does not the sea wax mad,  
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big swell'd face !  
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ? *Ibid.*

Must I give way and room to your rash choler,  
 Shall I be frighted when a mad-man stares ?  
 Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble.  
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humour ! By the gods !  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Tho' it do split you.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Cæsar.*

There are a thousand furies in his looks ;  
 And in his deadly silence more loud horror,  
 Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors

Contend



Contend whose shrieks are greatest.

*BEAUMONT's Double Marriage.*

Had I been sing'd with lightning, I had stood,  
With all my wrongs, hush'd as unwindy night:  
But to be scorch'd thus by a candle-snuff,  
And which must die in its own noisomeness,  
Makes my impatience swell above all banks  
Of common temper!

*HOWARD's Duke of Lerma.*

Away, be gone! and give a whirlwind room!  
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!  
Madness but meanly represents my toil!

Eternal Discord,

Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation,  
Tear my swell'd breast, make way for fire and tempest!  
My brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd!  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack; while passions, like the winds,  
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the stars!

*LEE's Alexander.*

Oh! that like serpents hewn, we still might move,  
Our limbs lopt off, and kill with every parcel.

*LEE's Mithridates.*

Oh! didst thou mark her when her fury lighten'd!  
She seem'd all goddess: Nay, her frowns became her:  
There was a beauty in her very wildness.

*LEE's Theodosius.*

Oh! I could shake the world,  
With thundering forth my wrongs! hallow his name  
To the resounding hills! Borgia! traitor Borgia!  
Methinks that word, that spell, that horrid sound,  
That groan of air, would cleave the neighbouring  
rocks,

And scare the babbling echoes from their dens!

*LEE's Caesar Borgia.*

Here thou hast rous'd the lion in my heart:

M 5

*Italian*



Italian Spite, Revenge, and blasting Fury  
Devour my soul ! All mildness sleeps like Death !  
I boil like drunkard's veins ! Death, Hell, and Ven-  
geance ! *Ibid.*

Bid the sea listen, when the greedy merchant,  
To gorge its ravenous jaws hurls all his wealth,  
And stands himself upon the splitting deck,  
For the last plunge. *Ibid.*

The pain is in my head ; 'tis in my heart ;  
'Tis every where ; it rages like a madness,  
And I most wonder how my reason holds !  
*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

Oh ! my heart breaks ! I'm dying ! O stand off !  
I'll not indulge this woman's weakness ! Still  
Chaf'd and fomented, let my heart swell on,  
Till with its injuries it bursts, and shakes  
With the dire blow this prison to the earth ! *Ibid.*

Patience ! preach it to the winds,  
To roaring seas, or raging fires ! the knaves  
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.  
*Ibid.*

My mind, and its intents are savage, wild,  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea !  
*OTWAY'S Caius Marius.*

Sink me to death ! plunge me in flaming fire !  
Heap mountains on my head, and bury my disgrace !  
I to this earth will grow !  
Outrage the winter sea ! outrage the northern winds !  
And with my loud complaints alarm the gods,  
Till they resent the wrongs  
Of flattered virgins, and confound mankind !  
*TATE'S Loyal General.*

The burning fever rages in my veins :  
But hold my heart, restrain the fury in,  
Which



Which heaves me like the frightened winds for vent !

*Southern's Loyal Brothers.*

O man me, Reason !

Restrain the fallies of my starting passion,  
Which else will plunge me in the gulph of madness,  
The thunder rages in my breast for vent !

Here, here it rolls to make its violent way !

And now it bursts ! the flaming bolts are hurled !

*Ibid.*

Oh ! give me daggers, fire or water !

How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown ! the  
waves

Hissing, and booming round my sinking head,

Till I descended to the peaceful bottom !

O there's all quiet ! here all rage and fury !

The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain !

I long for thick substantial sleep. Hell ! Hell !

Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,

If thou art half so mad, so hot as I am !

*Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

Patience, the refuge of poor stupid cowards !

Go bid some massy pond'rous falling weight,

Fly from its centre, and remount the air ;

Then, then I will be patient !

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

Patience ! O, I've none !

Go bid the moving plains of sand lie still,

From top to bottom thou hast tost my soul,

And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,

Requir'st a sudden stop !

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' his bosom move,

Heave up, and madly mount the soul above

The reach of pity, or the bounds of love.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*



Wild with my rage, more wild with my desire,  
Like meeting tides, but mine are tides of fire.

*DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.*

O dismal ! 'tis not to be borne, ye moralists !  
Ye talkers ! what are your precepts now ?  
Patience ! Distraction ! Blast the tyrant, blast him  
Avenging lightnings ! snatch him hence, ye fiends !  
—— Nature can bear no more !

Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once !

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

A little longer yet, be strong my heart !  
A little longer let the busy spirits  
Keep on their chearful round ! It will not be :  
Love, Sorrow, and the sting of vile Reproach,  
Succeeding one another in their course,  
Like drops of eating water on the marble,  
At length have worn my boasted courage down !  
I will indulge the woman in my soul,  
And give a loose to fears, and to impatience ! *Ibid.*

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :  
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,  
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ;  
Still as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,  
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.

*DENNIS'S Iphigenia.*

At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted words,  
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud :  
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,  
Enthusiastic passions swell'd her breast,  
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Madness ! Confusion ! let the storm come on ;  
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me !  
Dash my devoted bark ! ye surges break it :  
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises ! *Ibid.*

'Tis all in vain : This Rage that tears my bosom,  
Like



Like a bird that flutters in his cage,  
Thou beat'st thyself to death!

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

——— Why would'st thou stop my Madness,  
With ill-tim'd Reason? While my Rage was hot,  
I was insensible of my misfortunes,  
But now I'm cold, my fest'ring sorrows smart,  
And I'm relaps'd into a coward.

*TRAP's Abramule.*

Oh! should her raging passion reach his ears,  
His tender Love, by Anger fir'd, would turn  
To burning Rage; as soft Cydonian oil,  
Whose balmy juice glides o'er the untasting tongue,  
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.

*SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.*

——— Now, Minos, I defy thee;  
Even all thy dreadful magazines of pains,  
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I feel,  
And Hell itself's relief!

*Ibid.*

Oh! think you see me on the naked shores!  
Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd hair!  
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,  
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom!  
Then catch with wide spread arms, the empty billows,  
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep!

*Ibid.*

——— Leave me to wild Despair!  
Deluding flatteries of impatient Grief,  
Who think to calm a tempest with a song;  
Preach Patience to the sea, when jarring winds  
Throw up her swelling billows to the sky!  
And if your reasons mitigate her fury,  
My soul will be as calm!

*SMITH's Princess of Parma.*

Rage is a sharp unmanageable evil,  
Preys on itself, is a devoted foe  
To Truth and Virtue.

*CH. JOHNSON's Medæa.*

*Howe*



How rash, how inconsiderate is Rage !  
 How wretched, oh ! how fatal is our error,  
 When to revenge precipitate we run !  
 Revenge, that still with double force recoils  
 Back on itself, and is its own revenge.  
 While to the short-liv'd, momentary joy,  
 Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.  
 What has thy fury, hapless woman, done ?  
 No more shall Slumber crown thy nights with peace,  
 No more with grateful sweets the rising sun  
 Salute thy eyes, and cheer thy morning wake.  
 With sad Vicissitude, the glorious god,  
 Rising and setting shall behold thee wretched.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Hell and Confusion ! Horror and Despair !  
 O, for the force of thunder for the rage  
 Of angry Heaven, and our insulted prophet—  
 For the collected strength of armies join'd—  
 For the swift wing of Time, or flying Thought,  
 That my Revenge may overtake, and strike  
 The false perfidious villain to the centre.—

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

O blind, O brutish, O injurious Rage !  
 They, they are wise, who, when they feel thy madness,  
 Seal up their lips.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.*

Do cool the boiling cauldron with thy breath,  
 Go, bid the blazing cataracts give o'er,  
 Or to the mountain billows say, subside.  
 As soon the storms of passion will be swag'd  
 By cautious councils and the sage advice,  
 When injuries foment their forceful swell.  
 Nor life nor safety do I now regard ;  
 Nor pomp of dignity, nor pride of blood !  
 What's outward grandeur, all the show of State,  
 To inward Harmony and Love's delights !—

*They*



They only are the lasting joys of life,  
 The rest are vain and empty ev'ry one.  
 My cup's imbitter'd, all the strings are crack'd  
 That tun'd my soul to harmony and peace:  
 Smooth ran my former days, like glassy streams  
 Reflecting Love and Friendship's chearful beams!  
 Soft songs of Rapture blest the winding ride,  
 And Peace and Plenty wanton'd on its side:  
 Amidst Security, lo, storms assail!  
 And fell Confusion does o'er all prevail!  
 Wrongs, Rage, and Vengeance now foment the strife,  
 And urge to slaughter both the friend and wife.

## R A P E.

What stern ungente hands  
 Have lop'd and hew'd and made thy body bare  
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;  
 And might not gain so great a happiness,  
 As half thy love? Why do'st not speak to me?  
 Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosy lips;  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath:  
 But sure some Tereus hath deslour'd thee,  
 And lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue:  
 Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,  
 And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 (As from a conduit with their issuing spouts)  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.  
 Shall I speak for thee, shall I say 'tis so?  
 Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is;  
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But



But lovely niece, that means is cut from thee,  
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal;  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That better cou'd have sew'd than Philomel;  
 Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands,  
 Trembling like aspen leaves upon a lute,  
 And make the filken strings delight to kiss them;  
 He wou'd not then have touch'd them for his life.  
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made;  
 He would have dropp'd his knife and fell asleep,  
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Titus Andronicus*.

Feed your wrath rather than your lust,  
 (It is a vice comes nearer manliness,)  
 And punish that unhappy crime of Nature,  
 Which you miscall my beauty: Flay my face,  
 Or poison it with ointments, for seducing  
 Your blood to this rebellion.

B. JOHNSON'S *Volpone*.

'Tis nobler, like a lion to invade  
 Where appetite directs, and seize my prey,  
 Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,  
 'Till dull Consent throws out the scraps of Love.  
 I'll plunge into a sea of my desires,  
 I'll tear up Pleasure by the roots,  
 And quench my fever, tho' I drown my fame.

ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.

I blush that I have been so calm and tame;  
 Conquests in love and war are but the same;  
 Both reach'd by boldest hands: And fools alone  
 Thank Fate or you, for that which is their own.

HOWARD'S *Vestal Virgin*.

Force is the last relief which lovers find,  
 And 'tis the best excuse of womankind.  
 It is resistance that inflames desire,  
 Sharpens the dart of Love, and blows the fire:

Love



Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease,  
 He languishes, and does not care to please :  
 And therefore 'tis your golden fruit you guard  
 With so much care, to make possession hard.

*DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.*

Force never yet a gen'rous heart did gain :  
 We yield no parley, but are storm'd in vain.  
 Constraint in all things makes the pleasure less,  
 Sweet is the love which comes with willingness. *Ibid.*

I'll fawn no more, but force her to the bliss ;  
 And glut at once my vengeance and desire.

—————How it would fire my soul,  
 To clasp this lovely fury in my arms :  
 Whilst scorning to be pleas'd, she'd curse the pleasure ;  
 Till with a sudden rapture seiz'd she'd melt away,  
 And springing, give a loose to lusty joy!

*LEE'S Mitbridates.*

I'th' midst of groans and cries and gushing tears  
 You should have ravish'd her ; your royal hand,  
 Lock'd in her amber hair, should then have forc'd her ;  
 Who knows but Opposition mounts the joy ?  
 Like that Athenian tyrant, who ne'er took  
 His barge for pleasure, but in highest storms :  
 Then would he stand, like Neptune, on his deck,  
 And laugh to see the dolphins back the billows. *Ibid.*

After the dreadful extasy was over,  
 The ravish'd maid, half dead, with shrieking pray'rs,  
 Burst, at the last, from my relenting arms,  
 Ran to my sword ; of which when I disarm'd her,  
 She fled the room, with cries, like one distracted !  
 Press'd with remorse.

Nor did I enjoy expected pleasure,  
 Tho' these hands did hold

All night her panting beauties to my breast :  
 But, oh ! what joy, what pleasure, what content  
 Could my griev'd heart receive in ravish'd kindness ?  
 Her lips, which, if Ziphars had been there,

Would



Would sure have shot their gleamy warmth at distance,  
 Were cold to me, as odours are in frost :  
 Her face, like weeping marble, damp'd my flames ;  
 And as I drew her trembling to my arms  
 She fainted still, and woo'd me with such wailings  
 Such languishings, and broken sighs, to leave her ;  
 That had not more than monstrous appetite  
 Transported me, the rose had been unblasted, *Ibid.*

Women pardon force, because they find  
 The violence of love is still most kind :  
 Just like the plots of well-built comedies,  
 Which then please most, when most they do surprise.  
 But yet Inconstancy Love's noblest end destroys,  
 Whose highest joy is in another's joys.

*DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.*

It shall be so ! I'll yet possess my love,  
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours ;  
 Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,  
 And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,  
 I'll th' very minute when her virtue nods,  
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,  
 Beat down her guard of honour all before me,  
 And surfeit on joys till ev'n desire grows sick.

*OTWAY'S Orphan.*

Why should you pluck the green distasteful fruit  
 From the unwilling bough,  
 When it may ripen of itself, and fall ?

*DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.*

— Since love is choice,  
 You should have made a conquest of her mind,  
 And not have forc'd her person by a rape.

*DRYDEN'S King Arthur.*

Proceed, be bold ; and scorning to intreat  
 Think all her strugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.  
 Not creeping like a cur that fawns to please,  
 Nor whine, nor beg, but like a lion seize.

*LANSDOWN'S British Enchanters.*

Wha



What is her love, her virtue, or her truth?  
 The ravisher has caught her! she must yield!  
 O how that image stings! Now, now he drags her!  
 His lustful arm strong twisted in her hair,  
 In his right-hand with a drawn sword he threatens:  
 See! she resists; and with her tender nails,  
 She tears his cheeks, and struggles out of breath;  
 On Heav'n she calls, on her Achilles calls!  
 Help! help! she cries; I can resist no longer,  
 The ravisher's too strong, and innocence  
 Too weak for lust!

*LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.*

—— I long to clasp that haughty maid,  
 And bend her stubborn beauty to my passion.  
 How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,  
 When I behold her struggling in my arms,  
 With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms!  
 While fear and anger with alternate grace  
 Pant in her breast, and vary in her face,

*Addison's Cato.*

—— Off Love and soft Compassion,  
 Harden each sinew of my heart to steel!  
 I'll do what done, will shock myself and those  
 Whom Time sets farthest from this dreadful hour,  
 As many accidents concur to work  
 My passions up to this unheard of crime,  
 As if the gods design'd it; be it then  
 Their fault, not mine.

—— Memnon, said she not Memnon?  
 My heart began to stagger, but 'tis over.  
 Heaven blast me, if I thought it possible,  
 I could be still more curs'd, that hated dog  
 Her lord, her life. I thank her for my cure  
 Of all remorse and pity. This has left me  
 Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins  
 On my wild passion to run headlong on,  
 And in her ruin quench a double fire,  
 The blended rage of Vengeance and of Love.

Destruction



Destruction full of transport, lo, I come !  
 Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom ;  
 I know the danger and I know the shame,  
 But like our phoenix in so rich a flame,  
 I plunge triumphant my devoted head,  
 And doat on death in the luxurious bed.

*Young's Baffric.*

He to whom, as to a god at parting,  
 You gave with streaming eyes your soul's delight,  
 While yet your last embrace was warm about him,  
 Gloomy and dreadful as the stormy night,  
 Rush'd on your child, your comfort, your Mandane,  
 All sweet and lovely as the blushing morn,  
 Seiz'd her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,  
 Prostrate in anguish tearing up the earth,  
 Imploring, shrieking to the gods and you. *Ibid.*

Canst thou think  
 An Amazon is won by whining courtship.  
 Or that she ever shall complain of force ?  
 The bold impetuous warrior still they choose.  
 In strict embraces strain the struggling youth,  
 Who nobly daring, gratefully offends,  
 And spares their cheek the blush of dull consent.

*Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.*

Did now this city blaze  
 In streaming fires around the sacred fane,  
 Shrieking and clinging to the shrine, I'd force her  
 Another Semele enjoy'd in flames. *Ibid.*

Could'st thou inspir'd with love so delicate,  
 For such a charming maid, so soft so perfect,  
 Couldst thou use force ?—What ;—lock thy furious  
 hand

In her torn hair, and drag her shrieking loud,  
 Invoking heav'n and earth, and cursing thee !  
 Injure, perhaps, and wound with thy abuses  
 Her polish'd limbs !—By violence tear from her

*Joy*



Jays of a moment, insincere, unripe,  
Not half possess'd !

*CRISP'S Virginia.*

RAVING.

My breath can still the winds,  
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,  
And stop the floods of Heaven !

*BEAUMONT'S Philaster.*

My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,  
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

Hark ! Hark ! A hollow voice calls out aloud,  
Jocasta ! Yes I'll to the royal bed,  
Where first the mysteries of our love were acted,  
And double dye it with imperial crimson !  
Tear off this curling hair !

Be gorg'd with fire, stab every vital part !  
And when at last I'm slain, to crown the horror,  
My poor tormented ghost shall cleave the ground,  
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound !

*LEE'S Oedipus.*

'Tis well ! I thank you gods ! 'tis wond'rous well !  
Daggers and poison ! Oh ! there's no need  
For my dispatch ! And you, ye merciless pow'rs !  
Hoard up your thunder-stores ! Keep, keep your bolts  
For crimes of little note !  
O barbarous men ; and, oh ! the hated light !  
Why did you force me back to curse the day !  
To curse my friends, to blast with this dark breath  
The yet untainted earth, and circling air !  
To raise new plagues, and call new vengeance down !  
Why did you tempt the gods, and dare to touch me ?  
Methinks there's not a hand that grasps this Hell,  
But should run up like flax, all blazing fire.

My wings are on :  
I'll mount ! I'll fly ! and with a port divine,  
Glide all along the gaudy milky foil,

To



To find my Laius out, ask every god  
 In his bright place, if he knows Laius !  
 My murdered Laius ! Shall I not find him out ?  
 Will you not shew him ? Are my tears despis'd ?  
 Why then I'll thunder: Yes, I will be mad,  
 And fright you with my cries ! Yes, cruel gods !  
 Tho' vultures, eagles, dragons, tear my heart ;  
 I'll snatch celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,  
 Melt down your golden roofs, and make your doors  
 Of chrystal fly from off their diamond hinges !  
 Drive you all out from your ambrosial hives,  
 To swarm like bees about the field of Heaven !  
 What ho ! my Oedipus ! See where he stands !  
 His groping ghost is lodged upon a tow'r !  
 Nor can it find the road ! Mount, mount my soul !  
 I'll wrap thy shivering spirit in lambent flames,  
 And so we'll sail.  
 But see ! we're landed on the happy coast,  
 And all the golden strands are covered o'er  
 With glorious gods that come to try our cause !  
 Jove ! Jove ! whose majesty now sinks me down !  
 He, who himself burns in unlawful fires,  
 Shall judge, and shall acquit us. Oh ! 'tis done !  
 'Tis fix'd by fate, upon record divine,  
 And Oedipus shall now be ever mine. *Ibid.*

Sure it is doomsday :—Ha ! by Hell it is !  
 And see the heav'ns, and earth, and air,  
 Are all on fire ! the very seas like molten glass,  
 Roll their bright waves, and from the smoaky deep  
 Cast up the glaring dead ! The trumpet sounds,  
 And the angels skim about the globe,  
 To summon all mankind ! *Laz's Caesar Borgia.*

Run, fally out, and set the world on fire ;  
 Alarm Nature ; let loose all the winds ;  
 Set free those spirits, whom strong magic binds ;  
 Let the earth open all her sulph'rous veins ;  
 The fiends start from their Hell and shake their chains ;  
*Till*



Till all things from their harmony decline,  
And the confusion be as great as mine.

*OTWAY's Don Carlos.*

Whirl, stop the fun, arrest his charioteer;  
I'll ride in that away! pull him down;  
Oh! how I hurl the wildfire as I run!  
Now, now I mount!

*Ibid.*

Strike, strike your torches! Bid the stars descend!  
We wander in the dark!

Hark! Boreas musters up his roaring crew:  
My wings, and I'll among them! Wreath my head  
With flaming meteors, load my arms with thunder;  
Which as I nimbly cut my cloudy way,  
I'll hurl on this ungrateful earth, and laugh  
To hear the mortals yelling.

Ay! There's the Hesperian dragon! I must pass him,  
Before I reach the golden bough: There Cerberus,  
Gorge thy curs'd maw with that, and cease thy barking,  
Tis a delicious morsel!

Ha! what a merry world is this Elyzium!  
See how the youthful shepherds trip to th' pipe,  
And fat Silenus waddles in the round!

Beware thy horns, Pan! Cupids with their bow-strings,  
Have tied 'em fast to th' tree!

What's that? a summons to me, from the gods?

Back Mercury, and tell 'em I'll appear.

How! Juno dead! The thunder then is mine!

And I'll have more than Juno's privilege!

See how the Æther smoaks! The chrystalline

Falls clattering down! This giddy Phaeton

Will set the world on fire. Down with him, Jove:

Wilt thou not bolt him? Then I'll act thy part;

Force from thy flaming hand the slothful dart,

And thus I strike my thunder thro' his heart.

*TATE's Coriolanus.*

Will ye not kill me yet? then hide at least,  
Hide me from Elfrid; there, just there he stands

My



My murder'd father ! See ! he looks as when  
 Extended on the floor he grasp'd my hand ;  
 I thought it his death's pang, but, oh ! 'twas instinct !  
 Why had not I the same ? I find it now,  
 'Twas Nature powerful in a dying father.

*JEFFREY'S Edwin.*

Where, where's the bridegroom ? Where is the dear  
 man ?

Speak, thou his friend, for I am come to claim him.  
 My father here ! O sacred Sir ! your blessing ;  
 These are my nuptials, this the torch of Hymen,  
 The temple open ! Then he waits me there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why then I'll fire  
 The lofty pile, and make it his vast urn ;  
 So gently creeping steal me to his side,  
 And mount together in the glorious flames.

*FROWDE'S Fall of Sagantum.*

—————Perdition to my soul !

O execrable murderess ! Wretch accurs'd !  
 This, this alone, was wanting to complete  
 Of woes and crimes thy complicated lot.  
 Now is thy measure full : The fabled plagues,  
 Wheel, stone, and vulture of the Grecian Hell,  
 Match not the tortures that I feel within :  
 Or my brain turns, or I'm already there.  
 The gloomy horrors of the place arise  
 Thick on my soul and realize apace.  
 See the grim Cerberus crouching shuns my sight  
 And owns a blacker shade than e'er he saw.  
 The triple furies curl their vengeful snakes,  
 Their baneful eyes shoot terrible dismay ;  
 They pull, they tear me to the dreadful bar :  
 In horrid pomp, th' infernal judges sit.

*FROWDE'S Philotas.*

O, this poor brain ! ten thousand shapes of fury  
 Are whirling there, and Reason is no more.

*Him*

To do w  
 VOL.



Him! him! a caittiff, black with every vice!  
 Debase herself to him:—The thought is Hell!  
 Well, well—and I, how have I doated on her,  
 Whole years of fondness; cherish'd, pleas'd, adorn'd  
 her  
 With all that Love can give—Yet she has done this!  
 Confusion on my folly! *FIELDING'S Euridice.*

How should it be  
 When the brain turns and feels the lash of Madness,  
 Can we do aught but well, when the hot spirits  
 Ferment and boil?—O excellent!—I feel  
 The quick rotation—Stop, O stop, old Time,  
 Thy hour-wing'd chariot, let my head relieve  
 Thy hoary age, and run the boundless race.  
*HAWARD'S Scanderbeg.*

Ha! who art thou, who with an ague hand,  
 Strikes trembling on the coward note of Fear?  
 The day has caught th' infection of thy look,  
 And sickens to a gloom, ev'n I perceive  
 An icy fear creep shiv'ring to my heart—  
 Thou hast done this—Away, Timidity!—  
 Now I blaze up, and emulate the sun—  
 I am all fire—Our blended rays descend,  
 And set the world on flame—'Tis a fit torch,  
 To light me to Destruction and Revenge.

\* \* \* \* \* Let Desolation  
 Take hands with Vengeance: Let the furies join  
 Their complicated horror—Sun, stand still,  
 And see me act this justice—Prophet, blush  
 At thy own impotence, that cou'd not strike,  
 So bold a blow as Amurat—Away—  
 Hark! how Fate thunders to the wond'ring world,  
 The sultan strikes—the universe falls down,  
 And at one blow I end the human race. *Ibid.*

What have I  
 To do with Heav'n? Damnation! What am I?  
 VOL. III. N All



All frail and transient as my laps'd dominions !  
 E'en now the solid earth prepares to slide  
 From underneath me, Nature's power cries out,  
 Leave him thou universe !—No—Hold me, Heav'n  
 Hold me, thou Heav'n, whom I've forsaken !—Hold  
 Thy creature, tho' accurs'd !

*BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa*

Off traitors ! Off ! or my distracted Soul  
 Will burst indignant from this jail of Nature  
 To where she beckons yonder—No, mild seraph !  
 Point not to life—I cannot linger here,  
 Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,  
 The scorn of human-kind !—A trampled king !  
 Who let his mean, poor-hearted Love, one moment  
 To coward Prudence stoop ; who made it not  
 The first undoubting action of his reign,  
 To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield  
 Thy helpless bosom from a ruffian's fury !—  
 O shame ! O agony ! O the fell stings  
 Of late, of vain repentance !—Ha ! my brain  
 Is all on fire ! a wild abyss of thought !—  
 'Th' infernal world discloses ! See ! behold him !  
 Lo ! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,  
 And mocks my feeble tears !—Hence ! quickly, hence  
 Spurn his vile carcass ! give it to the dogs !  
 Expose it to the winds and screaming ravens !  
 Or hurl it down that fiery steep to Hell,  
 There with his soul to rots in flames for ever !—  
 Ah impotence of Rage ! What am I ?—Where ?  
 Sad, silent, all ?—The forms of dumb Despair,  
 Around some mournful tomb ?—What do I see !  
 This soft abode of Innocence and Love  
 Turn'd to the house of Death ! a place of horror !  
 Ah ! that poor corse ! pale ! pale ! deform'd with  
 murder !

*THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismund*

REASON



## R E A S O N.

Good reasons must of force give way to better.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong will,  
And yet but shews a weak physician's skill;  
Gives nothing while the raging fit does last,  
But stays to cure it when the worst is past:  
Reason's a staff for Age, when Nature's gone:  
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Granada*.

Oh! why did Heav'n leave man so weak defence,  
To trust frail Reason with the rule of Sense?  
'Tis over-pois'd, and kick'd up in the air,  
While Sense weighs down the scale, and keeps it there.  
Or, like a captive king, 'tis borne away,  
And forc'd to countenance its rebel's sway.  
O no! our Reason was not vainly lent,  
Nor is a slave, but by its own consent!  
If Reason on his subjects triumph wait,  
An easy king deserves no better fate.

*Ibid.*

Reason, alas! it does not know itself,  
But man, vain man! would with his  
Short lin'd plummet  
Fathom the vast abyfs of heavenly justice,

DRYDEN'S *Oedipus*.

Reason! the pow'r to guess at right and wrong!  
The twinkling lamp  
Of wand'ring life, that wakes and winks by turns;  
Fooling the follower between shade and shining!

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*.

What art thou, but the very source  
And spring, from whence flow all our miseries?  
Thou art that glimmering light, by which alone  
We can discern those crimes, which otherwise



We ne'er had understood, at least as such,  
And so had known no guilt.

*FILMER's Unnatural Brothers,*

Reason!  
But what is Reason, when ungodly prelates  
Hoodwink the mind; and make us fond of d

*PHILIPS's Humphrey Duke of Gloucester,*

Deluded man! who fondly proud of Reason,  
Think'st that thy crazy Nature's privilege,  
Which is thy great tormenter! Senseless fools,  
In stupid dulness bless'd, are only happy:  
'They feel no threat'ning evils at a distance;  
Never reflect on their past miseries:  
'Their solid comfort is their want of sense.  
But Reason is the tyrant of the mind;  
Awakes our thoughts to all our cares and griefs;  
Distracts our hopes, and in a thousand shapes  
Presents our fears to multiply our woes.

*SMITH's Princess of Parma,*

Have a care of Reason:  
'Tis an unweildy weapon, double edg'd,  
To wound the female hand, that rashly draws  
Or plays too freely with it.

*JEFFREY's Edwin,*

Justice, Wisdom, Reason too is vain,  
(Tho' that perhaps may make it ebb one hour)  
But then the next, like a spring-tide, 'twill flow  
With greater force.—My passion is too strong  
In Reason's narrow bounds to be confin'd.

*WANDISFORD's Fatal Love,*

Reason is too, too feeble to oppose 'em:  
Man to destruction runs with eager pace,  
Nor sees his ruin—till his fate is past.

*TRACY's Pericles,*

In vain, my friend, we boast a reasoning mind,  
A form erect, by Nature's hand bestow'd  
To meet and look Misfortune in the face,



If shook with blasts of Passion, thus we fall,  
Prone and dejected, like the brute creation.

*BALLER's Injured Innocence.*

If, king of England, in this weighty matter,  
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,  
You love and seek the truth, let Reason judge,  
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd Reason:  
For never yet, since the proud selfish race  
Of men began to jar, did Passion give,  
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

*THOMSON's Edward and Eleonora.*

Wou'dst thou destroy the dignity of man,  
And level him with brutes?—depose fair Reason,  
And substitute wild, warring Appetites,  
Disgracing her mild sway?—But thou dost best—  
The man who dares to act as thou hast done,  
Is in the right to banish his reflection.——

*HARVARD's Regulus.*

Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,  
That loses all because she hazards nothing:  
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that to shun  
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

*S. JOHNSON's Irene.*

But, Reason's line wants depth to sound Heaven's will.

*HILL's Merope.*

Alas! had Reason ever yet the power  
To talk down Grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch  
Not feel his anguish! 'tis impossible.  
Could Reason govern, I should now rejoice  
They were engag'd, and count the tedious moments  
Till conquest smil'd, and Rome again was free.  
Could Reason govern, I should beg of Heaven  
To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep  
Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love.  
I should forget he ever won my soul;  
Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him;

N 3

Nay



Nay fly perhaps to yon detested field,  
And spurn with scorn his mangled carcase from me.  
*WHITEHEAD'S Roman Fairer.*

When Reason, like the skilful charioteer,  
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,  
And, spite of their licentious fallies, keep  
The radiant tract of Glory; Passions, then  
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,  
Firm in her seat and swift in her career,  
Enjoys their violence, and smiling, thanks  
Their formidable flame, for high renown.

*YOUNG'S Brothers.*

O what a pain to think, when every thought,  
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,  
And Reason knits th' inextricable toil  
In which herself is taken: I am lost;  
Poor insect that I am, I am involved,  
And bury'd in the web myself have wrought!  
One argument is balanc'd by another,  
And Reason, Reason meets in doubtful fight,  
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.

*YOUNG'S Revenge.*

## R E B E L L I O N.

If that Rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,  
And countenanc'd by boys and Beggary;  
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape;  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here to dress the ugly forms  
Of base and bloody Insurrection,  
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil Peace maintain'd,  
Whose beard the silver band of Peace has touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters, Peace has tutor'd,

Whose



Whose white investments figure Innocence,  
The Dove, and every blessed spirit of Peace:  
Wherefore do ye so very ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of Peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of War?  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine,  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Henry IV.*

To crush Rebellion, every way is just:  
Angels, that dar'd rebel, were tumbl'd down  
From heav'nly bliss, to howl in endless woe.

*Dancy's Love and Ambition.*

## RECONCILIATION.

Canst thou forgive me? canst thou, my Cleanthes?  
Let me embrace myself quite into thee!  
Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt; I meet thee,  
I close within thee, and am thou again.

*DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.*

Behold his anger melts! He longs to love you!  
To call you friend! Then press you hard with all  
The tender speechless joys of Reconcilement.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?  
Why thus indulge thy fears? and in despair  
Abandon thy distracted soul to Horror?  
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,  
And let them never vex thy quiet more:  
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,  
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,  
And all the longings of my first desires.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Alas! Cleora, whither have I wander'd,  
And stray'd a wanton from thy tender care!  
How has my ear been deaf, nor known till now



The gentle voice that lures me home to Love?  
 To Love, to Constancy, and plighted Faith?  
 'Tis there, ye gods, you've plac'd our highest bliss;  
 Seat of Consent, and calm retreat from Care;  
 Sweet softner of past toils, and present anguish;  
 There the kind partner of our Fates attends,  
 Or grief to mitigate, or heighten joy;  
 And each Cleora makes her master happy.  
 Forgive then my late insolence of words,  
 Vain outrage on thy sex, and empty taunts,  
 Be all forgot as all shall be amended.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

O my Daraxa! thou hast charm'd my soul!  
 This reconciling interview has sooth'd  
 My troubled bosom into tender joy!  
 As when the spring first on the soften'd top  
 Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely tresses,  
 And shakes her blooming sweets from Carmel's brow.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.*

## R E C O V E R Y.

The moment that I sunk upon my couch,  
 A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me;  
 Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought!  
 That, in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful,  
 Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toss'd,  
 Ready to bid farewell to suff'ring clay,  
 Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.  
 At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace;  
 My slumbers soften'd; and, with Health, return'd  
 Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,  
 And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.  
 Aerial music too, by Fancy heard,  
 Sooth'd my late pangs, and harmoniz'd my breast.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.*

— — — — — See, my Clerval,  
 Like a kind master, absent long from home,

The



The soul with smiles returns to its fair dwelling;  
Flows thro' the purple chambers of the heart,  
Where Life resides, to see that all is well,  
And wakes her kindling beauties to their lustre.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

## REFRESHMENTS.

So when the feather'd quire have fainted long  
Beneath the dog star's heat; if kindly rains  
Revive them from above, they meet half way  
The blessing, perch'd on some tall poplar's height;  
Refresh their plumes, and prune their drooping wings,  
Drink the descending shower, and sing its welcome.

*Jeffrey's Edwin.*

## REFORMATION.

I know you all, and will a while uphold  
Th' un-yok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he pleases again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking thro' the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holy-days,  
The sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but fair accidents:  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised;  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my faults,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.



I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

## REGICIDE.

— If I could find example  
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,  
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since  
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears even one,  
 Let Villainy itself forswear it.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Winter's Tale.*

Shed in a cursed hour, and by a cursed hand,  
 Blood royal, unreveng'd has curs'd this land:  
 Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a king's blood too!  
 And such a king! and by his subjects shed!  
 No wonder then,  
 If Monsters, Wars, and Plagues, revenge such crimes!  
 If Heaven be just, its whole artillery,  
 All must be emptied on us: Not one bolt  
 Shall err from Thebes; but more be call'd for, more  
 New moulded thunder of a larger size,  
 Driven by whole Jove. What! touch anointed power!  
 Then gods beware! Jove would himself be next,  
 Could you but reach him too.

LEE'S *Oedipus.*

How sacred ought kings' lives be held,  
 When but the death of one  
 Demands an Empire's blood for expiation.

*Ibid.*

Fine work above, that their appointed care  
 Should die such death!

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian.*

## REJOICINGS.

A love which knows no bounds to Antony,  
 Would mark the day with honours, when all Heav'n  
 Labour'd for him! when each propitious star

Stood



Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,  
And shed his better influence!

*DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

Summon the priests to speedy sacrifice;  
Crown every altar, heap the spicy piles,  
Till the vast fanes be hid in smoaky gums:  
No pensive look prophane the general joy;  
Nor orphan'd matrons be allow'd to mourn;  
Nor virgins widow'd on their bridal day.

*TATE'S Loyal General.*

Rouse up, ye Thebans, tune your Io Pæans:  
Your king returns triumphant! Haste, all haste,  
And meet with blessings our victorious king:  
Decree processions; bid new holidays;  
Crown all the statues of our gods with garlands;  
And, as you us'd to supplicate your gods,  
So meet your king with bays and olive branches;  
Bow down, and touch his knees! *LEE'S Oedipus.*

Let spacious Crete throughout her hundred cities  
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smok,  
And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll  
The fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven!  
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons  
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,  
And waste in grief! —  
Let them be cheer'd! let the starv'd prisoners riot,  
And glow with generous wine! Let sorrow cease;  
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy!

*SMITH'S Phædra and Hippolitus.*

Forgive that unprepar'd,  
We only with that joy, that transport, wonder,  
Which swell each Grecian bosom, thus receive you.  
And truly such a burst I have not seen  
Of that best triumph. City, country, all,  
Is in a gay triumphant tempest toss'd,  
I scarce could press along. The trumpet's voice  
Is lost in loud repeated shouts, that raise



Your name to Heaven. Ten thousand eyes, below,  
Ach to behold the conqueror of Troy.

*THOMSON'S Agamemnon.*

## RELIGION.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of  
His hat, it ever changes with the next block.

*SHAKESPEARE'S Much ado about Nothing*

Religion's veil'd in types from vulgar eyes ;  
None e'er return'd to tell celestial joys :  
If Heav'n were left for every one to see,  
Heav'n would be Hell, with too much company.

*FAME'S Love in the Dark.*

Zeal against Policy maintains debate ;  
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :  
The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,  
Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.  
The priestly office cannot be deny'd ;  
It wears Heav'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide :  
But why should we be punish'd if we stray ;  
When all our guides dispute, which is the way ?

*ORRERY'S Mustapha.*

————— Turn Christian ?  
If it be but for three qualities they have,  
I'll be none of their society ; first,  
They suffer their wives to be their masters ; secondly,  
They make men thieves for want of maintenance,  
And then hang them up for stealing : lastly,  
They're mad four times a year, which they call terms ;  
And then they're so purg'd by their physicians,  
Which they call lawyers, that some never are  
Their own men after.

*DAUBORNE'S Christian turn'd Turk.*

————— To prove religion true,  
If either wit or sufferings could suffice.  
All Faiths afford the constant and the wise ;

And



And yet even they, by Education sway'd,  
In age defend what infancy obey'd.

*DRYDEN's Indian Emperor.*

All under various names adore and love,  
One Power Immense, which ever rules above. *Ibid.*

By reason man a godhead can discern,  
But how he would be worship'd, cannot learn.

*DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.*

No power is safe, nor no religion good,  
Whose principles of growth are writ in blood.

*LEE's Caesar Borgias.*

If you've religion, keep it to yourself;  
Atheists will else make use of toleration,  
And laugh you out on't. Never shew religion,  
Unless you mean to pass for knaves of Conscience,  
And cheat believing fools that think you honest.

*OTWAY's Orphan.*

All faiths are to their own believers just;  
For none believe because they will, but must.

*DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.*

The ways of Heav'n, judg'd by a private breast,  
Is often what's our private interest:  
And therefore those who would that will obey,  
Without their interest, must their duty weigh. *Ibid.*

Jew, Turk, and Christian differ but in creed;  
In ways or wickedness they're all agreed:  
None upwards clears the road; they part, and cavil:  
But all jog on, unerring, to the Devil.

*LANSDOWN's Jew of Venice.*

Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
Sunshine and rain to bless the fruitful year,  
On different nations, all of different faiths:  
And (tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd,)  
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise,

Since



Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all,

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Religious lustre is, by native innocence,  
Divinely pure and simple from all arts :  
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,  
The harlot of your fancies ; and by adding  
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world  
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,  
And will not bear all lights.

*Ibid.*

The gods my foes—that sounds at first tremendous !  
But do we know there are such vengeful beings ?  
Unseen, who see us !—hear, but are unheard !  
Of thought the object, nor by thought conceiv'd !  
Dreams, superstition, priestcraft, downright priestcraft.

*Lewis's Philip of Macedon.*

Cast off thy idol gods ; and be a Christian,  
That single change reverses all our fates.  
Kind to the courted souls of Pagan converts,  
We have a law, remits their body's doom.  
This latent law, by Heav'n's peculiar mercy,  
Points out a road, and gives a right, to pardon.  
Religion can disarm a Christian's anger.

*Hill's Alzira.*

True religion  
Is always mild, propitious, and humble ;  
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,  
Nor bears Destruction on her chariot-wheels ;  
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,  
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

I tell thee Roman, all your fine distinctions,  
That call this man divine, and that a villain,  
Are but religion's cheat—

*Harvard's Regulus.*

Come then, Religion, holy, Heaven-born maid

Thou



Thou surest refuge in our day of trouble,  
To thy great guidance, to thy strong protection,  
I give my child.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

### RE MORSE.

What can a rebel ask,  
That can be granted by an injur'd king?  
Perhaps Remorse hath stung his impious soul,  
And re-impres'd the character of duty:  
The tyger will be fierce, the wasp will sting,  
The inhuman cannibal will eat his kind;  
Without remorse; remorse is dead in him,  
Nor will he know what godlike Justice is,  
Till in her wrath, she blast his guilty head.

*Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

When life is done,  
Useless were all deceptions, but needful is remorse;  
When oaths so ill devis'd require atonement,

*Cleaver's King John.*

O dire necessity, is this my province!  
Whither, my soul, ah, whither art thou sunk  
Beneath thy sphere? e'er while, far, far above  
Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,  
The trash of Villainy itself, which falls  
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.  
Does this become a soldier? this become  
Whom armies follow'd, and the people lov'd?  
My martial glory withers at the thought,

*Forne's Revenge.*

Why are my thoughts still minis'tring fresh pain?  
Why are new cares still rankling in my mind?  
Nature aloud calls out for balmy rest,  
But all in vain, my ever waking soul,  
Sits brooding o'er a train of images  
That constant rise in terrible array,  
And sink my resolutions into tears.  
But wherefore should vain fancies thus appal?



Is not an empire subject to my rule !  
 Have I not all that fortune could bestow ?  
 In every thing but name, an emperor !  
 Is not ambition glutted with my store ?  
 And yet that faithful mirror of the mind,  
 Reflection, still a gloomy prospect shews.  
 Remorse, the raven of a guilty mind,  
 Is ever croaking horrid in my ear ;  
 Often I strive to banish it away,  
 But the tormentor still returns again,  
 And like Prometheus's vulture ever gnaws.  
 What then is glory without soft repose ?  
 If sweet content is banish'd from my soul,  
 Life grows a burden, and a weight of woe.

*GENTLEMAN'S Servant.*

Tis ever thus  
 With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly ;  
 Remorse stings deeper, and relentless Conscience  
 Pours more of gall into the bitter cup  
 Of their severe repentance.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

### RE P E N T A N C E.

Oh ! my offence is rank ! It smells to Heav'n ! —  
 It has the primal eldest curse upon it,  
 A brother's murder ! Pray I cannot :  
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as will,  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
 And like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heav'n  
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the visage of offence ?  
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,  
 To be fore-stall'd ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
 My fault is past : But, oh ! what form of pray'r

Can



Can serve my turn? Forgive me my soul murder!  
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder!  
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen!  
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?

*SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.*

In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling: There the action lies  
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what Repentance can! what can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom, black as Death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd. Help angels! make essay!  
Bow stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,  
Be soft as finews of a new born babe:  
All may be well.

Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,  
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burden,  
Creep with the remnant of the strength they've left,  
Before the foot-stool of the Heaven they've injur'd.

*OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.*

For true Repentance never comes too late:  
As soon as born, she makes herself a shroud,  
The weeping mantle of a fleecy cloud:  
And swift as thought her airy journey takes,  
Her hand Heav'n's azure gate with trembling strikes;  
The stars do with amazement on her look;  
She tells her story in so sad a tone,  
That angels start from bliss and give a groan.

*LEE'S Massacre of Paris.*

Kind Heav'n who knows our weak imperfect nature,  
How



How blind with passion, and how prone to evil,  
 Makes not too strict enquiry for offences;  
 But is atton'd by Penitence and Prayer:  
 Cheap recompence! Here 'twould not be receiv'd;  
 Nothing but blood can make the expiation,  
 And cleanse the soul from inbred deep pollution.

*DENNIS's Rinaldo and Armida.*

At length the tumult of his soul's appeas'd,  
 And ev'ry doubt and anxious scruple eas'd,  
 Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road,  
 The peace his holy comforter bestow'd,  
 Guides and protects him like a guardian god.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

The hours of folly, and of fond delight  
 Are wasted all and fled: Those that remain  
 Are doom'd to weeping anguish, and repentance.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Let that night,  
 That guilty night, be blotted from the year!  
 Let not the voice of Mirth or Music know it!  
 Let it be dark and desolate; no stars  
 To glitter over it: Let it wish for light,  
 Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn!  
 For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame!

*Ibid.*

This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,  
 Fasting and tears, and hardships shall destroy:  
 Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,  
 Nor aught that may continue hated life.  
 Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,  
 Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,  
 On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave:  
 Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,  
 At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;  
 At length 'tis time, her punishment should cease:  
 Die thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.

*Ibid.*

*These*



These books teach holy sorrow and contrition,  
And penitence. Is it become an art then?

A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen

Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.

I've more real anguish in my heart,

Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew. *Ibid.*

I've inward turn'd my eyes upon myself,

Where soul offence and shame have laid all waste:

Therefore my soul abhors this wretched dwelling,

And longs to find some better place of rest. *Ibid.*

I will own the merit of Reproach;

And for those foolish days of wanton pride,

My soul is justly humbled in the dust:

Yet let the saints be witness of this truth,

That now tho' late, I look with horror back;

That I detest my wretched self and curse

My past polluted life. All judging Heav'n,

Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for 'em.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

'Tis time enough

To whine and mortify thyself with penance,

When the decaying sense is pall'd with pleasure,

And weary Nature tires in her last stage:

Then weep and tell thy beads, when aching rheums

Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,

And falling palsies shake thy wither'd hand!

The present moments claim more generous use. *Ibid.*

O ye powers! that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts!

If I've done amiss, impute it not;

The best may err, but ye are good!

*Addison's Cato.*

O Penitence! let me truly taste thy cup,

That throws men down, only to raise them up.

*WEBSTER'S Unfortunate Duke of Burgundy, &c.*

As



—As for myself  
 Here I renounce the world, and all its joys,  
 Resolved henceforth in some remote  
 And unfrequented hermitage to spend  
 The small remainder of my wretched days  
 At Nature's charge: Where the cold clammy earth  
 Shall be my bed; homely, but wholesome roots  
 My daily food, and water, from the  
 Nearest spring, my only drink. There, on my  
 Bended knees, I'll try to appease the anger  
 Of offended Heaven, and with repeated  
 Earnest vows, solicit pardon for all my faults.

*FILMER's Unnatural Brother.*

Sweet peace of mind! whence Pleasure borrows Taste,  
 Daughter of Virtue! Whither art thou fled?  
 To what calm cottage, to what blameless shade,  
 Far from these guilty walls! O walls! O race!  
 To horrors doom'd!—Before me gathers fast  
 A deep'ning gloom, with unknown terrors big.

*THOMSON's Agamemnon.*

—But thus 'tis ever,  
 When Courage wildly starts out by itself,  
 Nor asks Consideration's friendly aid;  
 Confusion joins him; then he wanders thro'  
 The thicket, Doubt; the maze, Perplexity;  
 And finds at last Repentance.

*HAYARD's K. Charles I.*

What is this time and place, and joys of Circum-  
 stance?

That wind our actions, so, at Heav'n's own hand  
 What's done may not unravel?—Pardon may—  
 There's the Lethean sweet, the snow of Heav'n,  
 New branching o'er the negro front of Guilt,  
 That to the eye of Mercy all appears  
 Fair as th' unwritten page—Yet self-convict,  
 Tho' Heav'n's free pow'r shou'd pardon, where's my  
 peace?

Thus,



Thus, thus to be driven out from my own breast !  
 To have no shed, no sheltering nook, at home,  
 To take Reflection in ! How looks the wretch  
 Whose heart cries villain to itself ?

*Brooke's Gaseous Vase.*

Good ruffians, give me leave ; my blood is yours ;  
 The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all ;  
 Let me but look one moment on the dead,  
 And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.  
 Is this Alonzo ? where's the haughty mein ?  
 Is that the hand which smote me ? Heav'n's ! how  
 pale !

And art thou dead ? so is my enmity :  
 I war not with the dust : The great, the proud,  
 The conqueror of Afric, was my foe.  
 A lion preys not upon carcasses :

This was the only method to subdue me ;  
 Terror and Doubt fall on me ; all thy good  
 Now blazes ; all thy guilt is in the grave :  
 Never had man such funeral applause.

If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great :  
 O Vengeance ! I have follow'd thee too far,  
 And to receive me Hell blows all her fires.

*Young's Revenge.*

What ! will this Penitence not move thee ? Know  
 There is a rose-lip'd seraph sits on high,  
 Who ever bends his holy ear to earth  
 To mark the voice of Penitence, to catch  
 Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,  
 And echo them in harmonies divine  
 Up to the throne of Grace. Ev'n Heav'n is won  
 By Penitence.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

Come, fair Repentance, daughter of the skies !  
 Soft harbinger of soon-returning Virtue !  
 The weeping messenger of Grace from Heav'n !

*Barrow's Absalom.*

R E P O R T.



## R E P O R T.

Reason with the fellow,  
 Before you punish, where he heard this;  
 Lest you should chance to whip your informitch,  
 And beat the messenger, who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

Open your ears: For which of you will stop  
 The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
 I from the orient to the drooping west,  
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth.  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in ev'ry language I pronounce;  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of Peace, while covert Enmity,  
 Under the smile of Safety, wounds the world:  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
 Whilst the big Year, swoln with some other griefs,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,  
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
 And of so easy and so plash a stop,  
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well-known body to anatomise  
 Among my household? From Rumour's tongues,  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,

T H O U G H T

So



So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession;  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark or likelihood.  
By being seldom seen I could not stir  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children, this is he.  
Others would say, where; which is Bolingbroke?  
And then I stole all courtesy from Heav'n,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Ev'n in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at; and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity:  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state;  
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scorns;  
And gave his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of ev'ry beardless, vain comparative:  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself by popularity:  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey; and began  
To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little  
More than a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was, but as the cuckow is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze;  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,

When



When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect,  
 As clouded men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full,  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation. Not an eye,  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

